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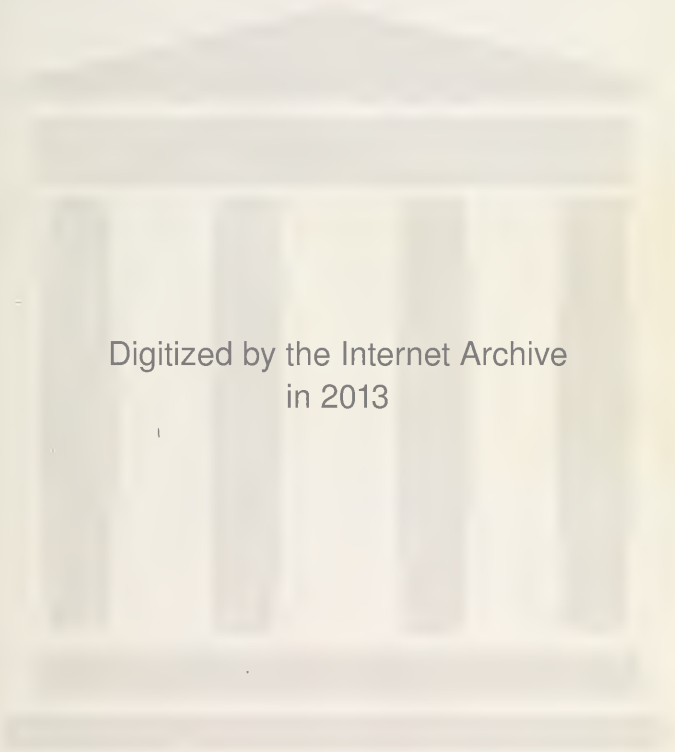

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UNIVERSITY
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W. A. Graham

University Magazine.

Vol. 1. MARCH, 1878. No. 1.

The Life and Character of Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

BY HON. WM. A. GRAHAM.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen :

Your design to erect in the centre of this town, a durable monument in commemoration of the services of General Greene, in the great struggle for the Independence of America, is, in my view, an object so noble and national, that I esteem it a privilege to give to it my most hearty co-operation. I have, therefore, considered the request of your Board of Managers, that I should appear here this evening to bear a part in the exercises appointed by them, and in this manner, possibly to render some aid in its accomplishment, as equivalent to a command.

It is surely most appropriate, that, here at Guilford Court House, almost within cannon shot of that battle field, which has passed into history by this name—in the busy hearts of men—in the place of public assemblage of the people—amid institutions for the instruction of the young—in sight of a great railway, the intelligent traveler on which, feels as he passes your borders, that then he is in classic land—that here, rather there on the immediate but now solitary scene of the conflict, there should be some striking memento of the illustrious American Commander who, though apparently defeated on that battle field, there rolled back the tide of invasion, which had pursued him for six hundred miles, delivered the State of North Carolina from conquest, and gave to his consummate adversary a check and a wound, which eventuated in his surrender at Yorktown.

Of the three great battles of General Greene in the South, Guilford Court House, Hobkirk's Hill, near Camden, and Eutaw Springs, in lower South Carolina, that of Guilford Court House was first in time, most important in its results, and most abounds in romantic interest. Not merely from the long, doubtful and severe conflict, on that bright, clear and cold March day—the readiness, sagacity, and calm intrepidity of the rival Generals, and the ardent heroism and perseverance of their respective hosts—but from the series of thrilling and striking occurrences, between the two armies, for two months preceding. From Tarletin's defeat by Morgan at Cowpens on the 17th of January, 1781, onward to this great contest on the 15th of March, there was hardly a cessation, of the most active hostile operations. The retreat and pursuit across Broad river on the borders of South Carolina, across the Catawba, and Yadkin and Dan into Virginia—the quick return of the American army with additional forces and supplies—the rising of the loyalists under

Weeks Collection

Pyles, and their suppression by Pickens and Lee—the maneuvering and skirmishing from Hillsborough across Haw river, Alamance and Reedy fork, to the Iron works on Troublesome creek—the arrival of new reinforcements there—the final advance—the grand struggle—the sullen retirement of Greene from the field, and the flight of the victorious British army, when in three days he returned to renew the fight, form a narrative scarcely exceeded in interest in the most admired stories of works of the imagination. Indeed his whole campaign of 1781, from the time of his superceding Gen. Gates, in command of the Southern army at Charlotte, until after the battle of Eutaw Springs in September, 1781, during which, he expelled Lord Cornwallis from North Carolina, and reconquered South Carolina and Georgia, is so fraught with stirring incidents, that almost every page of its history is calculated to cause the heart to beat, as at the sound of a trumpet.

When called to this service he had reached the thirty-ninth year of his age. Born of parents devoted by religious vows, to the most inviolable peace, and reared to mature manhood in the benevolent morality and pacific conduct of their denomination, his education, though respectable and sufficiently liberal to develop faculties of no common order, was very far removed from a preparation for the art of war. Yet he had a genius, which seemed to learn war by intuition, and which made him, with the single exception of the great Commander-in-Chief, the first soldier of the Revolution. Except as a school boy, he had not read Cæsar, and had never looked into a page of Xenophon, Turenne or Vonbon, but he had seen discipline under Steuben, and had been five years in the school of Washington. Entering as a Brigadier in 1775, he had served under him in New England, New York, across the Jerseys, at Brandywine and Germantown—had shared in the privations at Valley Forge, and had generally followed the flag of the Commander-in-Chief through the Middle States. When, therefore, Washington recommended him to Congress, for the command in the South, he mentioned him "as an officer, in whose abilities, fortitude and integrity, from a long and intimate experience of them, he had the most entire confidence."

The critical situation of the patriotic cause in the South at that juncture, rendered the selection of a Commanding General for this department, of the utmost importance. Charleston had fallen on the 12th of May, and the army of Gen. Lincoln, comprising all the continental troops of the South, and a still larger body of militia, had been surrendered to the enemy—a few days, thereafter, a Virginia regiment, under Col. Buford, had been literally cut to pieces, by Tarlaton, near the Northern boundary of South Carolina. General Gates, who succeeded Lincoln in command, and who brought with him the prestige of the conquest of Burgoyne, had on the 16th of August, been overwhelmingly defeated at Camden, but a few

days subsequently Gen. Sumter had been defeated and routed, and his force dispersed. The Royal Government had been re-established, in South Carolina and Georgia. The main British army advanced to Charlotte, and but for the opportune victory at King's Mountain, which compelled its retirement from the State, General Greene would probably have found the enemy in the very heart of North Carolina. The routed army of Gates having been reformed and re-inforced at Hillsborough, had returned to Charlotte in the direction of the enemy, when the command was transferred. But in the then condition of affairs, there was everything to discourage a mind, less adapted and accustomed to master events, than was that of Greene. Instead of complaining of fortune, he grappled with the difficulties which surrounded him, and endeavored to overcome them. He had the American faculty, so conspicuously and so often displayed by Washington, to invent means to effect the most important ends in circumstances, the most apparently adverse—to create armies as well as to combine, and maneuvre and fight them—to inspire confidence—to oppose troops half fed and clothed and armed, to veteran British regulars, supplied with all the appointments of war—to strike with celerity, when opportunity allowed, but to avoid battle when odds were against him. When he assumed the command of an army of less than two thousand men, one-half of which was militia, in a country exhausted by the recent occupation of the grand army of invasion, he immediately divided this small force, relying upon the resource of calling other militia from their homes, as events should require them ; and in less than six weeks, the right column of his army under Morgan with accessions of militia, under Pickens, M'Leewell, and Cunningham, had signally defeated the light troops of the enemy under Tarleton. And notwithstanding the persistent efforts of Lord Cornwallis from this time, in a pursuit of six hundred miles to bring him to a general action, he successfully evaded it, until re-inforced by superior numbers, he chose his own time and place, at Guilford Court House, and advanced to attack his adversary. So in his other great battles, within the limits of South Carolina, he was always the assailing party ; yet at no time did his regular force exceed two thousand men, while that of his adversary was estimated at four thousand. Ever on the alert, never surprised, dejected or dismayed, the persevering spirit, with which he was animated throughout this brilliant campaign, is embodied in a single expression of a dispatch to the Commander-in-Chief, in one of the darkest hours of his fortunes, in which he declares, "I will recover the country, or die in the attempt." Chief Justice Marshall, in a just encomium on his conduct of the war in the South, remarks it "as a singular fact, well worthy of notice, that although he never gained a decisive victory, he obtained to a considerable extent, even when defeated, the object for which he fought." How truly is this illus-

trated, in the flight of Lord Cornwallis from his victorious field at Guilford—in the retirement of Lord Powden from Camden after the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, and in the retreat of Col. Stuart, to Charleston, after that, at Eutaw Springs. With a generalship adapted to the nature of the war which he prosecuted, and the means afforded for conducting it, he arrested the adverse course of events, gave courage to the desponding friends of the country, and closed the war in the Southern department with a lustre upon the American arms which excited the admiration of the Confederacy and of the world. The State of North Carolina as "a mark of her high sense of the extraordinary services of that brave and gallant officer," voted him a devotion of 24,000 acres of land, in the most eligible part of her territory in Tennessee. The State of South Carolina as a like acknowledgment, bestowed on him 10,000 guineas, and the State of Georgia 5,000 guineas—to which each of these States added magnificent plantations, from the confiscated property of their disloyal citizens. Before taking leave of his military command, he had determined to make his future home among these Southern fields of his fame; and soon established his residence in the vicinity of Savannah, Georgia, where he found an early grave, in the year 1786. His public services were purely military. He did not, like Washington, Hamilton, Randolph, Knox, Davis, and others of his comrades in arms, survive to participate in founding our civil institutions, and to aid in their administration. Though there is little reason to doubt that the resources of his fertile and inventive genius, which had been equal to all the complicated difficulties of his military life, would have been as useful in the new fields of American Statesmanship as it had been in arms.

"The lives of such men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

I have deemed it a fit occasion while we assemble to unite our efforts in rearing a monument to General Greene, to endeavor to pass in review the military services rendered by North Carolina in the War of the Revolution. I am the more induced to undertake this task, because so far as I am advised it has never yet been attempted by any writer of history. It is true that here and there, among writers on that memorable event, the troops of the State are occasionally mentioned, and some of their achievements and sacrifices in the general cause of the country, like oases in the desert, appear in a creditable light, but for the most part they have been allowed to sleep in oblivion, and in some instances they have been recorded to the credit of other States. Brave men have lived since, as well as before Agamemnon, who have been denied justice, from the muse of history. It was the remark of a critic on Plutarch, that "read his compositions in what language you please, you will perceive that they are the work of a Greek." And it will

be obvious to the dullest critic of the various accounts of the American Revolution, that no one of the writers of them was a North Carolinian. I am far from believing this neglect and even misrepresentation of our history, has been owing to prejudice or intentional injustice. It may be ascribed almost wholly to the fact that we have no State history, and that a large portion of her annals have never been generally published. The Annalist precedes the Historian and in great part prepares his materials, and at this late day most writers appear to extend their research no further than what has been printed and published. After much discussion and controversy it is now conceded, that the people of the State spoke brave words at Mecklenburg in 1775, and that her provincial Congress in April, 1776, was the first in all the Colonies to instruct its continental delegates to vote for absolute National Independence. How did she give these sayings deed and maintain her resolves with arms? The answer involves inquiries and researches, necessarily tedious, but I trust not wholly unprofitable.

Of officers of the Continental line, she furnished one Major-General, Robert Howe, commanding, October 20th, 1777. Five Brigadier-Generals, Robert Howe, commanding, March 1st, 1776; James Moore, March 1st, 1776; Francis Nash, February 5th, 1777; Jethro Sumner, January 9th, 1779; James Hogan, January 9th, 1779. Of the latter, the two most distinguished for military genius, Moore and Nash, died early in the war. The first named of these had signalized himself, in a correspondence with the loyalist General, Donald McDonald, in February, 1776, in which he declared "the cause of the colonies the most glorious and honorable in the world, the defence of the liberties of mankind, in which he was determined to hazard everything dear and valuable"—in a spirited command, for the suppression of the loyalists within the State, and had at the head of his Brigade, co-operated in the first defence of Charleston, under General Lee, in June, 1776. He died a natural death, in Wilmington, in April, 1777. General Nash had been commissioned a Colonel in the Continental forces of the State, early in 1776; was also in service with the other Continental troops of North Carolina in the defence of Charleston, and being promoted to the rank of a Brigadier, united his Brigade with the army of General Washington, in New Jersey, in June, 1777. His fall in the line of gallant duty, in the battle of Germantown, Pennsylvania, amid the tears and regrets of his comrades, has caused his name to be recorded by a part, and only a part, of the Historians of the Revolution.

It is a fact which should not be lost sight of, in this period, that Massachusetts first becoming the theatre of war, had raised a force of 13,600 men, and had prevailed on the other New England Colonies to levy men, in like proportions, and that Congress in May, 1775, was induced to adopt this force, as a Continental army. This accounts for the further fact, that in the course of the war,

Massachusetts obtained appointments of five Major Generals and eleven Brigadiers; Connecticut, five Major Generals and five Brigadiers; New Hampshire, one Major General and five Brigadiers; Rhode Island, one Major General and two Brigadiers; and that almost all the troops of New England, in the service of the Union, appear as Continental soldiers. This army, except the officers, adopted by the Continental Congress, was with difficulty kept embodied, after the command was assumed by Washington, during the seige of Boston, owing to the brief term for which its men had been enlisted, and soon melted away, when the British forces evacuated that city, in March, 1776. When Congress, after the Declaration of Independence, came to organize forces for a more determined and protracted struggle, they called for eighty-eight Battalions, to serve during the war. These were apportioned, to be furnished by the States, in the quotos following: Massachusetts, 15; Virginia, 15; Pennsylvania, 12; North Carolina, 9; Maryland, 8; Connecticut, 8; South Carolina, 6; New York, 4; New Jersey, 4; New Hampshire, 4; Rhode Island, 2; Delaware, 1; Georgia, 1. Such were then considered to be the relative populations of the States, and their consequent liabilities to contribute men to the common cause.

But long before this requisition, North Carolina having proclaimed, that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all the Colonies," and driven out her Royal Governor an exile upon the sea, had marshalled her hosts, made expeditions and gained victories in the cause of the freedom of America. A thorough organization of her militia was provided for, by a Provincial Congress, assembled at Hillsborough in August, 1775; and at the same session six Battalions of Minute men for the defence of province, and two Regiments of Continental troops agreeably to the recommendation of the previous session of General Congress, were ordered to be levied without delay, and the officers of all these forces were appointed. For although in the latter description of troops the commissions issued from the Continental Congress, the several States selected all officers up to, and including the grade of Colonel, leaving to the confederation only the election of the Generals.

1. In December, 1775, one of these Continental Regiments under Colonel Howe, being stationed in the eastern section of the State, marched into Virginia, and in conjunction with troops of that State, defeated and suppressed a lawless army of whites and slaves under Lord Dunmore, the Royal Governor; compelled his Lordship, like his Royal colleague in North Carolina, to take refuge on board a ship of war, and burned the town of Norfolk to prevent his further machinations with his motley followers, who found refuge there. I agree with Mr. Jones in his defence of North Carolina, that the historical writers of Virginia have given but a cold and distant recognition, to this early and gallant assistance from a sister State, in rescuing her lower country from the ravages of a servile

war, and putting the King's Governor to flight, never again to set foot on her shores. On his return from this expedition, Colonel Howe received the honors due to his success, in being called into the presence of the Congress of the State, and greeted with an address of thanks and congratulation. And although her historians have given to it but a casual mention, we find in the correspondence of Governor Caswell in August, 1777, when the British fleet appeared in the Chesapeake, as was supposed with a design to make a descent on her coasts, that Governor Page of that State, most warmly acknowledged this important aid, and expressed his desire, that like succor might then be afforded according to her then necessity. The prompt reply of Caswell was that "this State will ever be ready to give to her sister States every assistance in her power."

2. While one of the Continental Regiments of the State was thus employed in Virginia, a portion of the other, under Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, with militia forces under Colonels Rutherford, Polk, and Neal, made an expedition against the Tories, in the Northwestern part of South Carolina, under Paris, Cunningham, and Fletcher, and uniting with the Whig forces of that State under General Richardson and Colonel Thompson, completely suppressed the revolt.

3. But a cloud was now lowering on her Southern coasts, which called for an united effort of the patriot forces of the State. Governor Martin, though expelled from the land, still lingered in his floating castle at the mouth of the Cape Fear, maintained a correspondence with his adherents within her borders; and threatened to excite the Indians to a war upon the frontiers, to arm the slaves against their masters, and with a large land and naval force that he daily expected, to ravage the country, and in conjunction with the loyal Highlanders on the Cape Fear to annihilate opposition and re-establish his Majesty's Government. The spirit of the country was roused to a sense of the impending danger, and ten thousand men were quickly found in arms to meet these domestic and foreign foes, and were on the march to the Cape Fear region. Fortunately the Highlanders rose before the arrival of the British force, were closely pressed by Colonel Moore in command of one of the Continental Regiments of the State, and triumphantly defeated by Colonels Caswell and Lillington of the militia, at Moore's Creek Bridge, on the 27th of February, 1776. On the effects of this important victory, it is unnecessary to dilate. Perhaps at no period of the war, in any State, was there so creditable an exhibition of patriotism and courage, as in this grand uprising of the people, when it is computed that every third man of the population fit for duty, was under arms. The whole subject is well illustrated in the lecture of President Swain in the Revolutionary History of North Carolina, and I take leave of it here, with the expression of my regret, that in the Life of Washington, by Irving, a work which will for ages be ranked among the American classics, no illusion

whatever is made to it, although Judge Marshall in his biography, had assigned to it its due prominence as a great event of the war.

4. Within three months from this time, we find the Continental Brigades of the State under Howe and Moore, both now advanced to the rank of Brigadiers in the Continental establishment, by hurried marches reaching Charleston, South Carolina, and taking part under Major-General Lee in the defence of that city, when the attack of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker was so triumphantly repelled. And it appears from a letter of Colonel Lillington to Governor Caswell, that they remained on duty in that State as late as February, 1777.

5. Simultaneously with this assault upon Charleston, the Cherokee Indians opened a bloody war upon the inhabitants of the frontiers, and Colonel Griffith Rutherford, by this time a Brigadier-General of the militia of Salisbury district, at the head of nineteen hundred men from his command, in July and August, 1776, crossed the mountains, ravaged their towns, compelled the more obstinate of the Indians to flee for refuge to Florida, and the body of the nation to sue for peace.

Before noticing the further service of our troops in the Continental line, I deem it proper to mention the names of those officers of the State, who held the rank of Colonel on that establishment in the order of their rank. These were James Moore, Robert Howe, Francis Nash, Alexander Martin, Jethro Sumner, Thomas Polk, Edward Buncombe, Alexander Lillington, Henry Irwin, John Armstrong, James Hogan, Thomas Clark, Abraham Sheppard, John Williams, William Lee Davidson, Archibald Lythe.

6. The campaign of 1776, in the Middle States, having resulted in the loss of New York, and the retreat of General Washington, through New Jersey, with a force greatly reduced by reason of short enlistments, the North Carolina Brigades were ordered to that service early in 1777. General Howe being left in command of the Southern department of the army, and General Moore having died, General Nash led these troops, and joined the camp of the Commander-in-Chief at Middlebrook, New Jersey, in the month of June of that year. Through the remainder of this year other troops followed from the State, and the nine Regiments called for by Congress, appear all to have gone forward to this department of the army. It should not be forgotten among the trials they endured, that the disease of small-pox prevailed both in the army and the country, to which they were sent, and that the process of vaccination not having then been discovered, the only mode of alleviating it was by inoculation, after due preparation of the system. Our Regiments were successively halted at Georgetown, Maryland, (now in the District of Columbia,) for this purpose, and an extensive burial place, is still recognized in that town, as the sepulchre of North Carolina troops, who died there of this malady. From this time forward, these troops formed a part of the army of the

Commander-in-Chief, were present at the battle of Brandywine, on 11th of September, and from a letter of Governor Burke, who appears to have left his seat in Congress to be present at this engagement, that portion of them, which constituted the Brigade of General Nash, co-operated with the division of Major-General Greene. At the battle of Germantown, on the 4th of October following, we are informed by Marshall and other historians, that General Nash was among the officers killed, and that is all we learn from them, of North Carolina having furnished any part of the army engaged. Whilst it is well known that Colonel Irwin and Captain Turner, of the North Carolina line, were also killed, and that Colonel Buncombe was taken prisoner. From a contemporaneous report of General Sullivan, to the Governor of New Hampshire, we are informed that a Regiment of North Carolinians, under Colonel Armstrong, in conjunction with his own division, had driven the enemy a mile and a half beyond Chew's House, near which the action commenced, before the panic, caused by the unknown condition of affairs, from the deep fog of the morning, seized the whole army, and occasioned a retreat, when victory was completely within their grasp. Mr. Irving also mentions this latter fact on the authority of Sullivan, though I think he confounds Armstrong's Regiment with the Brigade of Nash, from the fact of their both being North Carolinians. We have also reliable evidence that Colonel Hogan, of North Carolina, was distinguished in that battle. In a letter from Governor Burke, then a delegate in Congress, to Governor Caswell, in January, 1779, he justifies his support of Hogan for the appointment of Brigadier General, over Colonel Clark, whom the Legislature had recommended, upon the ground of sincerity of commission, and also that Colonel Hogan had "in that action behaved with distinguished intrepidity, and that Colonel Clark had been restrained by superior command, which denied him the opportunity to obtain like distinction." We are told in a letter of General Lockton McIntosh, from the camp at Valley Forge to Governor Caswell, that no troops suffered more in the intensely cold winter of 1777–'78, than did those of North Carolina in the the army of Washington. Indeed throughout the war, the arrangements requiring that the States should provide arms and clothing for their Continental troops, though the food for these subjects were furnished, or at least promised by Congress, our Continental forces, serving as they did out of the State, appear to have undergone great privations for want of necessary supplies. Though no general officer was appointed from the State, for more than twelve months after the fall of the gallant Nash, these Regiments continued to serve in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, as far North as West Point. Marshall, on the Hudson, fought gallantly in the battle of Mumville, and participated in the vicissitudes of the war in that quarter, until November, 1779, when they were ordered South, for the defence of South Carolina and Georgia. Its ranks

in the meantime had become thinned, from the casualties of the service, the nine Regiments had been reduced to six, and the supernumerary officers were sent home, but it is shown by a letter from Mr. Sharpe, one of the State's delegates in Congress, that when they passed Philadelphia, on the march to the Southward, the Brigade yet numbered seven hundred men, and levies had been continued at home to keep up their compliment.

7. It argues much for the disinterested zeal of the State in the common cause, that she permitted those troops to be absent at the North for three campaigns, during every one of which, her own borders or those of her adjacent States, were menaced or invaded by the enemy. In 1777, when the British Fleet passed up the Chesapeake and landed at the head of Elk, occasioning the application for assistance, by Governor Page, of Virginia, already mentioned, Governor Caswell promptly ordered the Generals of the militia to hold men in readiness to march to her relief in case of need. And in the autumn of 1778, when the enemy for the second time, prepared for a descent on the Southern extreme of the Union, Congress invoked the State for three thousand militia, to be forthwith levied and marched into South Carolina; and at the urgent instance of the delegation from the latter State, solicited Governor Caswell, who had achieved renown as a soldier, to assume the command of this force, with the rank of a Major General in the Continental service, second only to General Lincoln, who about this time succeeded Major-General Howe, in the Southern department.

This was probably the highest honor paid to the Executive Magistrate of a State, in the course of the war. The call was seconded in repeated letters by Governor Lowndes, of South Carolina, who expressed his hope "to baffle the enemy by the aid of his good friends in North Carolina," and by General Lincoln in person, who visited Caswell at Kingston, on his route to the Southward, and during his entire command there, appears to have maintained with him a correspondence indicative of the highest official and personal regard, and of his steady reliance for succor on the State under his government. The Governor, after some deliberation, thought proper to decline this flattering request, but adopted the promptest measures for raising the troops, For the command of them he selected Major-General John Ashe, an early and intrepid leader of the Revolutionary movement in the State, whose popularity and courage afforded a sure guaranty that the required contingent should be furnished, without needless delay. They were levied in the Wilmington, New-Berne, Edenton and Halifax districts, rendezvoused at Elizabethtown, in the county of Bladen, and were to serve three months, from the time of passing the State boundary. It appears from the Executive correspondence to have been impossible to procure sufficient arms for them, in either of the Carolinas or in Georgia. They suffered a surprise,

and were defeated and routed at Brier Creek in the latter State, in the month of March, 1779, when their term of service had nearly expired; and their high spirited, gallant commander, though acquitted of any imputation on his personal honor or courage, received the censure of a Court Martial for want of sufficent vigilance, which saddened the evening of his life.

[*To be concluded in April number.*]

Silence Speaks Aloud.

Amid the scenes of confusion and bustle, which so remarkably characterize the modern world, it is curious to observe the various methods devised by man for gaining superiority over his fellow-beings. Now loquacity seems to occupy no unimportant position among the instruments of success, while silence is generally considered of little importance, or the sign of mental weakness. Far from deserving such compromising opinions, silence is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, or the most vehement outbursts of rage. It is often the indication of a great mind. But while the beneficial effects produced by loud emphasis on many occasions, as in the pulpit and in the bar, should not be depreciated, yet when we remember that all those great heroes whose actions have surprised and dazzled the world, and whose fame is eternal, have gained their pre-eminence, not by this instrumentality, but by the silent achievements of their mind, we must conclude that there is something more powerful and exalted in silence. "Still waters run deep;" it is only streams of small dimensions which keep up a continual babbling; thus beautifully illustrating the fact, established by daily observations, that it is only those persons of limited mental powers, who are always seeking opportunities to display those powers. Of men whose "mind is their kingdom," silence is a prominent characteristic. It seems to be the greatest pride of Young America to mingle in the scenes of greatest din and commotion. To furnish fun and laughter for his companions, is his ideal of popularity and wisdom. It is disgraceful to be alone. Anything is better than self; the barking of a cur at his feet is more acceptable. He loves mirth and abhors silence. But if by so doing he thinks to enhance his own merit or to approach nearer the Temple of Fame, in vain has the light of all the experience of the past cast its rays upon him, and but purely theoretical are the lessons taught by the silent operations of nature. Planets effect their revolutions, vegetation springs from comparatively nothing, and Geological Metamorphoses take place, in such a degree of silence, as to elicit no thought from the crude and unobservant mind; but to the Astronomer and Geologist they speak in accents more impressive than the terrific peals of thunder or the violence of some volcanic eruption.

History, too, is not wanting in examples in which silence has been of the utmost consequence. In the fabled story of Ajax, when he was confronted, in the land of departed heroes, by his rival in life, as well as by his murderer, Ulysses, he cast a look of dignity and forgiveness upon him; and without uttering a word, completely humiliated his adversary. But nowhere in history is silence more significantly exhibited than in our own beloved Stonewall Jackson. His actions throughout life were marked by that degree of silence and gravity, which so well becomes a deep and noble mind. In moments of darkest despair, while the battle raged with dreadful fury and everything was in a tornado of excitement, his brow was always calm. At the battle of Fredericksburg, when his men were falling all around him and defeat seemed inevitable, after using every other means, he stood there facing the bullets, bathed in majestic silence. The effect it had upon his desparing comrades can be estimated only by the victory gained on that day. But the powers of silence are never more advantageously or majestically exhibited than when they are exerted in opposition to calumny or defamation, provided they be undeserved. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach or overlook it with a generous forbearance, or if possible, an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind; and is by far more effective in its results than a multitude of contentious words.

Lord Bacon, during his public life, was the victim of severe criticisms and defamation; and knowing that "neglected calumny soon expires," the only answer he made was silence and retirement; and his dying words were, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations and to my countrymen, after some time be past." His actions were productive of the desired result. The charges against him have assumed a doubtful significancy, and his reputation has to some extent been cleared. Of course his able works have been instrumental in turning the attention of mankind generally, from his private life, and thus of obscuring his acts, but no one will doubt that the manner in which he treated the charges has done much towards exonerating and restoring him to the respect and admiration of his countrymen and the world. Where this use is made of silence its effects are magical, falling like "coals of fire" upon the head of the calumniator. Among the ancients silence was considered a mark of nobility. The pride of our ancestors distinguished them from the vulgar, by the dignity of taciturnity In the man of business and birth, it was regarded as a mark of wisdom and distinction, while to the rabble was left the province of talking much and showing that he who talks much must talk in vain. In those times every family had its fool or jester, and no other member would so lower himself as to engage in any such undignified conduct.

But what would be the surprise and horror of those old nobles, could they awake from their eternal sleep and behold the state of

affairs at this advanced period of the world? They would find that, instead of profiting by their examples in this respect, as in every other, the world had undergone a revolution. So complete has the revolution been, that now silent men are as much in demand as fools and jesters were in former times, and voices have been found not to be always valuable. Above and beyond the influence exerted upon man by the silent agencies of this earth, there is one which, proceeding from the divine source of the Universe, alike mystifies and fills man with inspiration. It is the manner in which God reveals himself to man and the silence which attends the execution of His will.

Cornell University--From Eastern Carolina to Western New York.

With all the Institutions of the South, her Universities and Colleges went down at the close of the war, and the educational interest of North Carolina appeared to receive the greatest shock. This caused most of the young men of our State to leave for Northern Colleges, and to Princeton, Harvard, and others, they went in large numbers.

Not being able to secure the educational advantages offered at Northern Colleges, in my own State, in June, 1873, I left Eastern North Carolina to matriculate in the young University, which had just begun to bud into the magnificent flower it now is.

From the time I bid a sorrowful "good-bye" to my friends and to good old North Carolina till I reached Norfolk, I will say nothing. At Norfolk little is to be seen. Her famous Harbor, the Navy Yard, and Soldiers' Home, are the only attractions. The next evening at six o'clock, I boarded the elegant Bay-Line Steamer, and in a short time was riding at my ease up the Chesapeake Bay. The beauty of this trip has been the theme of numberless correspondents, and an attempted description by me would, I fear, prove uninteresting. The evening was delightful, and the passengers, loitering in small parties on the deck, enjoyed a delightful breeze.

We soon touched at "Old Point Comfort." It may be interesting to know why this fort, which was called Fortress Monroe and Old Point, is now known as Old Point Comfort. Years ago, in a terrible storm, a ship was wrecked, and a few of the crew were rescued by the seamen at Old Point. Among the rescued was an old sailor, who found himself among strangers. He sauntered along the docks one day, and entered a bar-room, where he called for "grog." Raising the beverage to his lips, he tossed it off, and with a knowing wink, smiled and remarked to the bar-tender, "Ah! that's a comfort." "Old Point, Comfort."

Leaving "Old Point" we steamed up the bay, which was calm. I sat alone upon the deck, gazing first into the sky above me and

then to the broad basin around me. In some respects they were alike, and it seemed as if we were floating in space between the skies. A few stars smiled down through the black-rifted night clouds, in feeble endeavors to light the surrounding. But in the foaming wake of the steamer, bright, foaming, dancing, phosphorescent ones smiled up at the heavens and me in seeming mockery.

Passing Fort McHenry early the next morning, we soon landed in Baltimore, the Monumental City. Here I met many North Carolinians, who were very enthusiastic in their praise of their adopted city.

Next day I took dinner at Elmira. Most Southerners know this city as the place of imprisonment for Confederate soldiers. I was told that only the walls of the prison were standing. Though mute, in themselves they speak of the many brave Southern men they have held secure.

It was nearly sunset when I came in sight of the buildings of the Cornell University. In a few moments I had reached my destination, and was at Ithaca, the home of Ezra Cornell. This village, for such it is called, with its 20,000 inhabitants, nestles at the foot of the University. Ithaca is a basin, whose sides are formed of towering hills, and from which the Cayuga Lake is the outlet.

The buildings of the University, constructed out of dark stone, are upon an eminence nearly a mile from the village, and from the high hill look down in stately gaze. They are firmly founded—built upon a strong rock—financially—and no storms can upset them. Their eminence in situation is but an emblem of that pinnacle, to which in a decade, the University has attained in the educational world.

The University gets its name from the founder, Ezra Cornell. Beginning life poor, Mr. Cornell, by his energy, tact and perseverance, gained great wealth, and it was his greatest desire to devise plans for the benefit of those by whom he was surrounded and others at a distance. His gifts to the University amounted to one and a half millions. This was not his only act of charity. He gave to the citizens of Ithaca an elegant library building and numbers of the best books for their benefit. No plan of improvement ever failed of his support. Generosity was his nature. With all his wealth Mr. Cornell was by no means ostentatious. In manner he was simple. With the masses he was very popular. I do not mean to write anything in his praise. I wish I were able to give to our readers a tribute such as his great worth demands. Inability leads me to exclaim, enough!

The day after my arrival was Sunday, and I spent the afternoon visiting the buildings. *En route* to the University you pass Cascadilla Place, a hotel for students and professors. The first of the buildings you pass is "The Sage College for Women." This building is the gift of Henry W. Sage, and is designed especially for the use of the ladies.

Mr. Sage also gave the funds for the beautiful chapel which has been erected. The two buildings were not completed when the writer was at Cornell.

The other buildings are North, South, McGraw, Sibley, Chemical Laboratory and Wood Shop. The first two of these are used for recitation and lecture rooms, and several of the students have very pleasant rooms in them.

Next in appearance to the Sage College is the McGraw building. Here are the Physics and Natural History rooms, Library, Museums and Architectural Draughting. It is surmounted by a towering observatory, at the top of which one can see for miles ; tall hills, wide plains, gorges and streams, all mingle into obscurity, and nothing but the blue beyond is seen. At the foot of the observatory are the chimes, which can be heard from a great distance.

The Library is an important feature. At any time students can get books to read, but cannot take them from the room. No talking is allowed. If you wish a book you write the name on a blank, (provided for that purpose,) sign your name and hand it to the librarian, who is always in attendance, and he will procure the book.

The Sibley building is the gift of Hiram Sibley, of Rochester. Here are found the Machine Shops, Printing Department and general Draughting Rooms. Many of the students take the course in Mechanic Arts, and have to work a certain number of hours a week in the shop. Those who take the course in Journalism find the practical advantage they derive from the printing office of incalculable value. The wood shop is where the students in Architecture gain practical instruction.

The last named places give employment to many students, who in this way pay their expenses.

The system of instruction combines recitations, lectures and original researches.

Like our own University, Cornell is situated in a healthy climate, and its surroundings are beautiful. Deep ravines, high hills, and beautiful falls, surround the village. The industries in the village are of interest ; a Calendar Clock Manufacturing Company, Gas Works, Agricultural Works, Paper Mills and others of less importance.

Cayuga Lake is a beautiful sheet of water forty miles long. On this lake the students can be found in seasonable weather, practicing in their long, narrow paper shells. In boating matters Cornell cannot be beaten. Twice the champion at the annual inter-collegiate regatta, her crew continues to float the pennant.

Fall Creek runs North of the University, and from here the water power is obtained for running the machinery and printing presses in Sibley building. The entire length of this creek is filled with beautiful falls, some perpendicular and others slanting, whose waters sparkle in the sunlight, giving out perfect rainbows.

A mile from the village is "Six Mile Creek," where in season is delightful bathing in the basins which have been formed by the falling water.

Butter-milk Falls is of peculiar beauty. The fall has a slant of over a hundred feet, and in the summer you can walk up the middle, which is a perfect stair way. In the winter, when water is abundant, a most beautiful sight is seen when the water trickles down through masses of ice.

Twelve miles from Ithaca is the Tauganic Fall, which is fifty feet higher than the world renowned Niagara. All of these places are visited by the students when time will permit.

It is pleasant to ascend the observatory on McGraw building and see the hills rise in succession behind each other; to see the distant chains of hills dyed in the gorgeous sunset hues; to feast the eye with their ever-varying tints. Or if you prefer seclusion, go to Lick Brook, where the moss-covered rocks invite the weary student to a pleasant resting place, and a secure retreat from the scorching rays of the sun. Views more interesting, more imposing, can no where be seen. I know whereof I speak.

DON.

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Dean Swift.*

LET me utter one practical word in conclusion—take care of your health. There have been men who by wise attention to this point might have risen to any eminence—might have made great discoveries, written great poems, commanded armies, or ruled States, but who by unwise neglect of this point have come to nothing. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care then, of the timbers of your boat, and avoid all practices likely to introduce wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of *habits.* The will, no doubt, has to sometime put forth its strength in order to strangle or crush the special temptation. But the formation of right habits is essential to your permanet security. They diminish your chance of falling when assailed, and they augment your chance of recovery when overthrown.—*Tyndall.*

The Voice of History.

Many are the voices which speak to man. In whatever direction in the broad world he turns, some voice, either sweet and musical, or hoarse and sad, greets his ear. How strange yet how true, is the diversity of messages uttered by the multitude of voices which keep the air in constant commotion. This world would be transformed into a scene of universal solitude were no voices heard to rouse the dreary races into activity. Each one speaks to its appointed object in such characteristic melody as will convince the drowsy ear of its individuality. The voice of history has a more powerful influence upon the march of civilization than any in the whole catalogue. It should be faithfully regarded by the present generation, for two reasons.

First, because it makes known to us the events of the past. Time past is gone forever. If we did not improve it, and profit by it when it was present, it must be forever lost. If all the actions of men, all the changes in the world, and all the operations of the mind were like swift-footed time, once past gone forever, the high endeavors of the Historian would be futile, and future generations would never be enlightened by the events of the past. Then what a glorious truth is it, that man is not to dwell in oblivion as to the real knowledge of the world in the past. The voice of history has been heard by almost every generation as it acted, either for weal or woe, in the "great drama." It comes to this generation burdened with the experience of former ages. It has something more than the bloody records of ambitious heroes ; something more than the infamous characters and moral heresies of superstitious monarchs ; something more than the system of idolatry in the pagan world ; something more than the feeble ostentations of pampered kings and vassals. It tells us of the increasing wave of national conquest as it rolled from the sunny regions of the historic Euphrates, to the north and west, depopulating cities, demoralizing nations, spreading sorrow and suffering, poverty and desolation over every hill, and plain, over every sterile waste, and verdant field ; how it rolled along the sacred shores of the Mediterranean, sweeping over classic Greece and heroic Rome, romantic Switzerland, and infidel France, until it deluged three-fourths of all Europe with human blood. Even more ; it gives us a more pleasing picture than this dark scene of degredation and crime. It proclaims the first scintillation of poetical genius, the first dim ray of philosophic truth, the flickering light of every science, and every art, and above all, the first dawning of the great and glorious Sun of Truth and Revelation, which at last burst forth through the accumulated darkness of four thousand years. It describes the progress of literature and learning, and the elevation of society from the obscurity of heathen night to the illuminations of mind and heart. It speaks not only to the crowds and assemblies, but to the united world.

The voice of history is important to this generation for another grave reason ; because, it is the varied experience of the nations which have peopled the globe. It was the opinion among the ancients that history was closely allied to oratory. The voice of history to them was the voice of eloquence. To the people of the nineteenth century, the voice of history is the voice of experience and advancement.

The world has been greatly benefited in every stage of its improvement by experimental knowledge. The rapid progress of art and science, of every branch of philosophy, and every department of learning, is attributable to the mighty accelerating force drawn from the inexhaustible store-house of experience. Each succeeding generation may profit by the experience of its predecessors. The chemist may display much originality in bringing to light new beauties, and unveiling new wonders in the atomic, but he is greatly indebted to the profound researches, and life experience of former masters. Some of the greatest philanthropists the world has ever known were skilled practitioners in the "healing art." Though these ardent lovers of the human race have become famous by their discoveries in physic, still they owe their success to the energy and experience of such men as Harvey, Gesner, and others, who have adorned the science of medicine. The political science no less than other sciences, owes its progressive development to the stormy scenes of revolutionary periods, and to "the shock, the shout, the groan of war."

Thus we see that no voice is better adapted to the instruction of this generation in science, art, and literature, than that which reveals the "record of ages." Has our nation given heed to the warning voice of history ? If so, why were wisdom and virtue exiled, peace insulted, prosperity blighted, and the stars of national hope blotted from the flag of Liberty and Independence ? The voices of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, were hushed in death. The nation seemed to have grown forgetful of the past. They were unmindful that by intestine strife, Greece lost its glory, its learning, and its power ; that imperial Rome fell not by the invasions of the Gaths and Vandals, but by the ravages of civil war ; that in the days of Charles I. and Cromwell, England's proud government trembled under the fatal consequences of fanatical party spirit ; that all the shocking scenes and horrible crimes of the French revolution were the results of frantic political strife. Why did this illustrious people close their ears to the appeals of wisdom, and fondly embrace the illusions of political passion, when they knew that by that passion the guillotine existed ; the innocent were punished ; Kings were dethroned ; the brave exiled, and nations subdued ? May not the sad story of our own nation stain the pages of history ! Let no Gibbon rise to taint its moral atmosphere with the breath of infidelity ! Let another Prescott, another Bancroft, write their names high on the marble columns of historic fame ; but let the

errors of our leaders, the horrors of our civil war, and the shameful lowering of public virtue, never blacken the pages of our history! Let such things be like the lost books of Livy, lost, lost forever!

MOTHER! HOME! HEAVEN!—Mother! Home! Heaven! the three beacon lights of life's ocean. Far out over the dreary waste of waters they shine with cheering light to the storm-tossed mariner; and when sorrow's dark cloud hides the blue sky, and the troubled waves rise higher and higher, warring with the winds, he steers his tiny bark to Memory's Isle, and carefully avoiding the broken hopes, that like rocks lie hidden beneath the treacherous waters, rests his tired heart in the golden rays of the star-like words—Mother! Home! Heaven! Rudely may the waves dash against the rocky coast below him; loud may the winds roar and cant their solemn psalm, and lightning may flash and thunder roll, yet he lingers, calm, untroubled, in time's old castle, turning over the records of the past, and reading with serene eyes the dim prophecies of the future. Far back in these beautiful days of long ago, he sees the form of mother, he feels the soft touch of her lips as she pressed loving kisses on the baby brow; or in the quiet of his loved Home, hears her sweet voice as she teaches him with closed eyes and reverently folded hands, to repeat, "Our Father, who art in Heaven," and then looks far into the distant future, and fancies the time already at hand when he shall anchor his bark on the shore of Eternity, and tread with joyous steps the golden streets of the Heavenly City, or linger by the crystal waters of the River of Life, with glad strains of welcome to him from the angel hosts gathered around God's Throne.

RISING IN LIFE.—Those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course—that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those who are busy; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or head, so long as over exertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world; and if so-called "reformers" would spend their time in efforts to make people more industrious, they would have no leisure to conceive and agitate those vexatious questions and impracticable theories which are constantly causing trouble and confusion, without any actual benefit to the human race.

THE celebrated John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says: "I know nothing I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying 'No.' You must expect unreasonable requests to be preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

Our Springs.

NO. I.—THE HUNTER'S SPRING.

The Springs that surround this Hill are as remarkable, in most cases for the beauty and picturesqueness of their situation, as for their number and the purity and delicious quality of their water. President Battle's address, on University Day, last October, stated that there were more than fifty fountains within a mile or two of the village. I propose in these papers to give some account of the most noted—their locality, traditions, if any, quality, &c. And herein I invoke the aid of all who love to haunt the cool recesses of these forests whether,

"nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aqual lene caput sacrae."

or, more actively inclined, they rove from glen to glen in search of the botanist's shy favorites, or, scorning such tame delights, tramp with dog and gun for many a mile through the short winter day, well satisfied to leave in the twilight, at some fair lady's door, the day's spoils and trophies. To all who are familiar with our woods, the way is open to celebrate the praises of whatever favorite fountain they choose. I do not pretend to a speaking acquaintance with more than some twenty or thirty, and shall be thankful for an introduction to others.

Of the wells that abound in the village of Chapel Hill and 'round the University buildings, there is little or nothing to be said. They are all noted for the coldness and purity of their water. A few of them have struck a *hard* vein, and give us water that "has a taste" and that is not good for the laundry, but nine out of every ten of them leave nothing to be desired. Dr. Mitchell used to claim that the well in the campus, directly in front of the old South Building, had the best water on the Hill. Our normal visitors last summer took great delight in this well, and certainly a prettier sight one shall seldom see than was afforded when the classes came out and ladies and gentlemen flocked around the well-house, and having drunk, drank again and still lingered there. By the way, Messrs. Editors of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, "ye who ken everything," can you tell us how it is that springs and wells have been time out of mind concurrent aids in love affairs, flirtations, and the like? Think of Moses flirting 'round a well. He certainly did. So did Jacob. Both of them met their sweethearts there, and Jacob being a sprightly youth of some seventy summers, went on so fast that he snatched a kiss at his first meeting. Though why he should thereupon have lifted up his voice and wept, I never have understood, unless the lady very properly boxed his ears on the spot.

Be that as it may, springs are critical places for young people to meet at, whether in a normal school, or long before normal schools

were invented, and I desire the Editors of this Magazine to state why. Given: a spring, x a lady, x a gentleman, — all observers, = 0. To find, what comes of it.

Let us leave these higher mathematical abstractions, and walk straight through our village, past the Baptist Church, past the tan-yard, past the colored Baptist Church, straight out to the colored folks' school-house which, considered as a piece of architecture, need not detain our attention. But just behind that school-house, which stands on land of the old Craig farm, you see a well-beaten path, leading to a spring frequented by the pupils of the school—a spring, poor wretch, in a perfectly bare, stony, treeless, shrub-less hollow, between bare hill. I searched for that spring one whole summer afternoon, a year or two "after the surrender," going a mile or two hither and thither, wondering where on earth the "Hunter's Spring" had gone to. How was I to recognize it as it looks now, when at the time I had last stood by it, six months before the surrender, it was in a forest—surrounded by noble sweet-gums, gushing from a hill rich with shrubbery, nature's wildest, most profuse growth, where rose-red trilliums were picked by the dozen, where even the shy lady's slipper adventured her foot, where the waters of the spring ran through a bed of sweet-mint, under a canopy of alders and spice-bush. All these surroundings had vanished as if by magic—there was not a blade of grass in the vicinity, since Freedom had come and looked upon it, and had built her latest charge, a school-house, on the hill, and sent them to drink at that spring.

Is it so always for a time after great social "improvements?" The old beauty is lost, destroyed, withered, at the touch of progress. The old romance dies out under the glare of daylight. The trees are cut down, there is no more shade—the grass and flowers are trampled out, and there is no more dew. The nymphs of the fountain and the grove depart with sighing and sore lament—the old is gone to return no more, and the new is present unadorned and unwelcome.

The world moves; it is Nature's law, but how harsh and sudden are the changes of a great revolution. Perhaps as the years roll on, the "Hunter's Spring" will regain its former gracious surroundings. Perhaps there will again be shade, and a growth of fertility and verdure about it, and inspiring associations, not of a primeval forest and the pioneer hunter and settler of new lands, but of a race disenthralled, elevated, educated. It will be the "*Freedman's Spring.*" And as a certain Freedman's son sang near two thousand years ago of a spring that he loved, and whose "prattling waters" he promised to make immortal, so it may well be in time to come that the son of some Freedman hereabouts may so sing of a second "*Fons Bandusiæ*" that our latest generations will seek inspiration by its side. Perhaps.

C. P. S.

Spots of Interest Around Chapel Hill.

All who have visited Chapel Hill can testify to the picturesqueness of its scenery, abounding in softly-swelling hills, some of which in the distance loom up to well-nigh mountain heights, with pretty vales "stretching in pensive quietness between," and watered by crystal streamlets that glisten in the sunshine and make sweet music as they leap and swirl and rush along their rocky beds. But around the "hill" are many spots of peculiar interest, its pride and boast; and these are by no means so widely known. They are:

PINEY PROSPECT,

from which there is a grand and striking view; and where there is a rock stained by the blood of a student who fell in a duel about his sweetheart.

IRON MOUNTAIN,

a mountain of iron, as its name implies. Several shafts have already been sunk in the bed of the mine; one to the depth of sixty feet. The resources of this mine are supposed to be inexhaustible, and its ore is of the finest quality. It is hoped that this will some day be the means of getting a railroad to Chapel Hill.

OTEY'S RETREAT,

where the renowned Bishop Otey, when a student at the University, used to go to study ——— to dream of his sweetheart, the students say. Certainly it is a spot by no means unfavorable to either luxury. It is a real sylvan retreat, a shaded, sequestered spot of wood with moss-grown rocks, over which the ivy clambers in rich profusion, and through which a little spring trickles on its way to a creek close by.

THE BED OF AN ARM OF THE SEA,

that once stretched from New York to Georgia. Surrounding the valley that formed the bed of the ocean, on the hill-sides old ripple marks may still be seen; and the superstitious people here say that on stormy nights the hoarse, deep roar of the sea may be plainly heard.

ROARING FOUNTAIN,

where a spring pours down a rock with a *tremendous* ——— *trickle!* And

GLENBURNIE,

where, from a rock in a stream, the spirit of a disconsolate maiden still mourns in audible sighs her lost lover.

All these are spots of peculiar interest, and the farthest from the "hill" is only a pleasant walk.

EDITORS' TABLE.

☞ *SPECIAL NOTICE.—Subscriptions are due immediately upon receipt of this, the first copy of the Magazine. Please forward immediately, as this is not a private enterprise, and we are absolutely bound to have the money NOW in order to carry it on. If all the subscriptions are not forwarded promptly, we will be compelled to reduce the amount of reading matter.* ☜

Salutatory--To the Reading Part of our People.

Ladies and Gentlemen : It has been now two years and a half since the re-organization of the University ; the Trustees and Faculty have incorporated in its new organization all the best features of its old and added such new ones as the advanced ideas of the present period demand. The University is now fully and thoroughly established again upon the broad basis of the hearts of the people and is rapidly carrying on its work of education and culture. One very important and attractive feature of its ante-bellum days, hitherto neglected, the societies now re-establish in this, the first issue of the University Magazine. The Magazine, in the past, thoroughly identified with the best interests of the University, added much to its usefulness and influence. It is proposed to conduct the enterprise on the same high plane, as formerly. Its objects are two-fold, first to cultivate a taste for things educational, a love for letters, and to stimulate thought in this direction generally, among the students of the University and the young people of the State, while the primary object of the educators of the State should be to teach all those sciences by which the material wealth of North Carolina may be drawn out for the happiness and improvement of our people, yet those literary pursuits, which mould the character of a nation and are a sure exponent of its culture, should receive hardly less attention. The South, though eminently and especially qualified, has not contributed her due share to the rich literary heritage of the American people. With proper attention, and with the increased activity in every department of labor, which the new era brought upon us, no one can doubt that we will soon retrieve our laurels. The

second object of the University Magazine is to rescue from obscurity and to preserve to posterity and the future Historian the records of North Carolina's great men, and those incidents of her history which deserve a lasting remembrance in the minds of her people and hold up to coming generations bright and glorious examples for their emulation.

With these few remarks, ladies and gentlemen, we come upon the Journalistic Stage and make our opening bow.

Celebration of the 22nd.

Old students will be glad to learn that the birth-day of Washington was appropriately celebrated by reviving the old custom of electing an orator for the occasion from among the students. Mr. Francis Donnell Winston, of Bertie, was the worthy recipient of this mark of honor and esteem. We transcribe an account of the affair from an entertaining letter to the *Charlotte Democrat:*

"The good old times seem to be creeping back on us. We have had an old-fashioned observance of Washington's birth-day, and we all enjoyed it greatly. Judge Battle was present, as he was on similar occasion sixty years ago, when Mr. Hugh Waddell, of Wilmington, N. C., whose grandson was one of the student auditors on Friday last, was the orator of the day. Then this position was considered one of the highest compliments that the students of the University could pay one of their fellows. Mr. Waddell was selected from the class of 1818, which counted among its members the Rev. Dr. Morrison, of North Carolina; Bishop Green, of Mississippi; Mr. Ham. Jones, of Salisbury, and President Polk.

The orator for 1878 was Mr. Frank Winston, of Windsor, N. C., who, as well as the orator of 1818, had in his veins blood that was consecrated to patriotism in the days of 1776.

It seemed entirely appropriate that one who is of the family of Patrick Henry should be selected to revive a good and time-honored custom of the University of North Carolina. And the selection most happy.

The youthful orator acquitted himself to the great satisfaction of all who heard him. He gave a sketch of Washington's life, illustrating it, if not by a chip from the famous cherry tree, by the hatchet that cut it out, or, if not by that very hatchet, by one of the family. He dwelt on the energy and persistence in effort that marked Washington's work throughout life, to the patriotism that marked the selection of him to be the head of an army before Boston, and of the intense love of country that animated his whole life. Very striking indeed was the quotation from Washington's remarks as he signed our National Constitution, before he was

elected our first President, wherein he congratulated his countrymen on the signing of this in ink, for any other would be signed in blood.

Time has turned that prophecy into history. How mad then are they who would again array the different sections of our country against each other. Do they want our Constitution to be not only resealed, but also re-written in blood?

A choir, led by Prof. Wilson, added another brightness to the celebration in the Chapel by rendering in very excellent style and taste, Judge Gaston's song, 'The Old North State.'"

Portrait of Hon. W. A. Graham.

It is with pleasure that we are able to present our readers with a portrait of Hon. W. A. Graham. We feel that we are not able to present to the public a sketch of Gov. Graham's life. In the future we promise such an article. No matter by whom his life is written, no one can pay a higher tribute to his memory than by giving the simple story of his honored life. He needs no words of high sounding praise, nor brilliant encomiums. Upon the hearts of the entire people his memory is engraven. He was the best friend to the University at all times, and just before his death he exerted himself in its behalf.

We wish we could promise to ornament each copy of the MAGAZINE with portraits, but our limited financial status will not at present allow it.

☞ It is the desire of the Editors to have the students contribute articles to the MAGAZINE. All are cordially invited to give us such thoughts as their time will permit. We reserve the time-honored right of consigning such articles as we may deem unworthy of publication to the "Balaam Basket." This must be done to preserve the character of the MAGAZINE and our reputation as Journalists. We would advise the students to let alone poetry. If there is a poet among us, three years have not evinced the fact. Write prose. Write sensible articles, and do not allow yourselves to "curl your tails in a patent, double and twisted, hard knot," and write a "curling" effusion which nauseates the Editors, makes the printers vomit, disgusts our readers, and pleases no one but yourself. Gentlemen, send us an article.

☞ To the student of the Freshman Class who sends us the best article for our next number, we will gladly furnish four copies of the MAGAZINE for $10.

The "Princeton Affair."

Like the *Cornell Era*, we must, to a great extent, view the "Princeton Affair" in a christian light.

A few weeks ago our Y. M. C. A. met and offered special prayer for the students of Princeton. What was the result? A row, almost a death, and several dismissals. This will not do.

We are at a loss to see why the disturbance should have occurred. If the gay young Sophs. get hilarious and "do up" the Fresh. at our University, nothing is said. It was certainly bad taste for the Princetonian Sophs. to shear the Fresh. of his gory locks, but since it is in good taste to wear the hair short, we see no reason why the gentleman should "get on his ear," unless he happened to be a Chinaman, and then he would of course have to fight, as by the loss of his queu he would have been expatriated.

Our Sophs. never indulge in any such. They deem a modest application of blacking sufficient to take the brilliancy (?) out of the face of a Fresh. And Princeton would do well to follow our example.

COMMENCEMENT ORATORS.—Maj. Jos. A. Engelhard, Secretary of State, has been invited, by the Dialectic Society, to deliver the annual address before the two societies in June next. The selection is a good one, and we will speak of this, as of the other selections, in our next issue.

Upon invitation of a Committee of the Alumni Association, Judge Grant, of Iowa, will deliver the Alumni Address.

☞ Apropos as to all this discussion about the possibilities of a tropical temperature in the next world, we think it in bad taste for the daily newspapers to flippantly bandy about arguments *pro* and *con* on the subject. It should be left to the "heavy weights," the *International Review*, the *Southern Review*, and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. And, gentlemen, ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of a non-Tartarean fancy, if you don't attend to the practical business of keeping your skirts clear of the mud of this world, you may be parched into a consciousness of your error, and may yet broil and sciz, with the rest of 'em, in the Great Frying-Pan of Eternity.

Our Advertisements.

W. T. Blackwell & Co., of Durham, who keep the "Original Durham Bull" stall-fed at all times, present our readers with an attractive advertisement in this issue. The force of printers' ink has helped to spread the fame of this well-known brand of smoking tobacco, and the Proprietors are well aware of this fact. If you will break the rules of health (Lewis) and use tobacco, be certain to get the best—"The Bull of Durham." See advertisement on last page.

Mr. A. Whitlock informs his patrons of the University that he will soon visit Chapel Hill and solicit orders for commencement suits. He keeps a fine line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. Preserve your orders till he comes and he will certainly give satisfaction, both as regards the quality of goods and price.

The old maxim, "that we should help those who help themselves," should be adopted by every one. Unless parties desire to benefit themselves by advertising their business, the student should not trade with them, but should give their orders to those who advertise in the University Magazine. Our rates of advertising are moderate, and any arrangement can be made with F. D. Winston, Business Manager.

☞ Prof. Kerr, the State Geologist, has given universal satisfaction in his lectures on the Geology of North Carolina. They were intended especially for the class, but outsiders were invited and the Professor every evening had a large audience to listen to his entertaining and instructive lectures.

☞ The New York *World* chuckles over the logically proved fact that there *is* a Fiddlers' Green, about ten miles this side. That may be, but you'll find that it's only "twenty minutes for refreshments!"

☞ Two of the original members of the Staff have seen fit to retire from the Journalistic Field. Possibly, a more plentiful supply of Phosphorus in their great nervous centres might have induced these gentlemen to remain with us. We are much pleased with their successors. We "welcome the coming and speed the parting" Journalist.

COLLEGE RECORD.

☞ At the election of Commencement Officers, on Saturday, 21st of January, Messrs. R. W. Winston, Windsor, Jas. S. Manning, Pittsboro, and David Bell, Enfield, were elected representatives from the Phi. Society; and Robt. Strange, Wilmington, J. M. Leach, Jr., Lexington, and E. B. Engelhard, Raleigh, from the Di. Frank Wood, Edenton, was elected Chief Marshal. His assistants from the Di. are, T. I. McNeill, Cheraw, S. C., C. C. Covington, Wilmington, and Jno. C. Angier, Durham; from the Phi., F. K. Borden, Goldsboro, Jno. M. Manning, Pittsboro, and Jos. E. Ransom, Jackson.

Alva. C. Springs, Charlotte, was elected Chief Ball-Manager. His assistants from the Phi. are, J. Carey Dowd, Tarboro, and Thos. Edmundson, Goldsboro; from the Di. they are, C. C. Cobb, Lincolnton, and Lucien Walker, Hickory.

Considerable interest was taken in the elections this year, and we are satisfied the above-named gentlemen will reflect full credit on their constituents. We commend the rosetted gentlemen to the ladies.

Music.—The Trustees having appropriated $100 for the teaching of music, the services of Prof. Wilson, long a successful teacher of the art, have been secured. He organized his class of about fifty members on Tuesday night, 5th inst.; they have a recitation twice a week, Tuesday and Saturday evenings, at 6:30 o'clock. Vocal music should be cultivated, if for no higher motive, at least for its importance in elocution, for training and developing the voice, giving it scope and power to express in oratory, all the varied emotions of the human soul.

College Band.—Why is it that we have no College String Band? We have among us several performers on different instruments, but they seem to lack organization. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will organize and entertain us these pleasant spring evenings, as did of yore the famous Cat-Gut Band of Clay Powell, Ike Emerson, and the Gobbler. And "Barber," let us not forget "Barber," sweet songster of the plain. The many friends of this last gentleman sadly miss his quivering cat-gut and his glad refrain. Mr. Barlow, we understand, will study medicine and settle in Texas. We suppose he's going to be a "Steer Doctor."

THE RECEPTION.—All who went, gladly testify to the pleasant character of the Reception given by Misses Nash & Kollock's famous school, on the evening of the 1st March. The original pieces of music, "Garribaldi's March," and "Eno Mazurka," composed and rendered by Prof. D. Anna, were received with appreciative applause. Chin-music, as is well-known, is *the* feature of Receptions at young ladies' schools. These pieces were all well and pleasantly rendered by the young steam-engines with banged hair. No regular warfare, no courting, as the returns so far indicate ; only a kind of a Skirmish Drill, in which Capt. Cupid, now and then, practices his Infant-ry.

☞ Certain wide-awake Grub-Purveyors, we understand, are charging heavy extras for pet "Tapes." This is why W——, of the Staff, clutches so frequently at the paternal purse-strings.

☞ Mr. Wm. Shakespeare Cates, Professional Charioteer and Jehu to the U. S. Postal Service, handles the ribbons gracefully. We commend him to the "scooting" public.

☞ Scene—Dining Room of Fashionable Boarding House. Two Zoologs intently engaged in improving the shining hour :

1st Z.—Make haste, Rob., you know we are going to walk out to the old bed of the ocean this evening.

"Rob." (shoveling in the debris.)—Well, I have been through, a quarter of an hour, but you don't suppose I am *going back on my Tape, do you ?*

☞ It is a well-known fact that many of the agents, who are flooding our cities and villages, are "tramps" and humbugs. There are a few who are reliable and sell a first-class article. We recommend only those whom we know. Therefore, if you desire to obtain a first-class, unabridged, illustrated, cheap, leather-bound, Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, apply to Prof. A. W. Mangum.

If you wish to show your lights before men, and want a Teutonic Student's, argentiated, nocturnal luminary, apply at once to Dr. Phillips. Orders can be handed to the Editors of the MAGAZINE. One person is not allowed to order more than five dictionaries and four lamps.

Personals.

"Coon" Bynum is dealing in horse-flesh.

W. B. Phillips, Ph. B., '77, is employed by the Agricultural Department as Assistant Chemist.

Van. B. Moore is enjoying life, while leisurely engaged in the same delightful pursuit. Success, Plus.

Sitting B. Green has been charged with deliberate attempt at "arson." He tried to burn up Neuse river.

Mr. Fernando G. James has been studying Law at Judge Pearson's. He applies for his license, we believe, in June.

If we are rightly informed, Mr. Jesse G. Cherry, of '79, is pursuing studies at Hampden Sidney Theological Seminary.

J. C. Taylor, B. S., '77, is eating "hash" in Galveston, Texas. He was lately in charge of an engineering party in Tennessee.

The numerous friends of Samuel "Tilden" Pender will be pleased to learn that he is alive, well and hearty. He is now talking.

Julius Johnston has been dreaming of a "Utopia here," with some sparkling, black-eyed, maid of Rockingham. Meanwhile he is studying Law.

"Stiffy" Lloyd is in business in Tarboro. Mr. Lloyd's well-known habits of steady *application*, while in College, are a sufficient guarantee of his success in life.

E. L. Frank, '81—Gobler—whose Falstaffian style of architecture was a source of terror to the "Fresh.," has been heard from. He was yelping for a pair of No. 12 shoes.

J. H. Sawyer, '79, delivers occasional lectures to the Sunday schools of Pasquotank. We learn that he is revising and commenting upon Boovie P. Dood's Electrical Psycology.

"Gov." Nixon is studying medicine. Those who noticed the "Governor's" unflagging devotion to the science last year, cannot but predict for him a bright and successful future.

F. M. Fremont, B. S., '77, is continuing his scientific researches into the arcara of nature as a Practical and Experimental Botanist. When last heard from he was "digging taturs."

J. M. Baker, B. S., '77, is developing himself as a "Medicine Man," in Gothem. He is now gloating with the "fiendish" delight of an enthusiastic scientist over the *disjecta membra* of some defunct dead-beat.

C. K. Lewis, '81—Euchre—will be delighted to furnish the latest edition of his valuable work on Euchre. The copy before us is neat and tastily arranged. In the preface the editor remarks that "ten o'clock is the hour for closing a game."

J. Clay Powell, B. S., '77, is ostensibly engaged in Agricultural Science and the Military Business. His real busines at present, however, is watching with intense interest the manipulations of the Bovines and Bruins of the matrimonial market.

Tributes of Respect.

DIALECTIC HALL, Jan'y 26th, 1878.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to cut down, in the midst of his youth and promise, our friend and former companion, ISAAC H. LONG: Be it

Resolved, First: That we are filled with feelings of the deepest grief at the sudden death of our friend, ISAAC H. LONG, and while we acknowledge the wisdom of Omnipotence, and yield with resignation to its decree, we can not but mourn over the loss of one, who just budding into manhood, gave every hope of a life of honor to his State.

Resolved, Second: That, from the beginning of his career with us, his stand has been among the foremost. His gentle, yet manly bearing, won him the hearts of all who knew him. With talents inferior to none in his class; with a heart that throbbed only with the noblest impulses, he was, more than all, a christian; and we are comforted with the belief that he has left this world, for a brighter one beyond.

Resolved, Third: That we who knew his worth, as a useful member of society, as a friend and christian, do offer to the bereaved family, who knew all the tender feelings of his noble heart, the tears of our warmest sympathy, and deepest grief.

Resolved, Fourth: That as a token of our grief, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, Fifth: That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the Alamance *Gleaner*, Christian *Sun*, and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with the request that they be published; also, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

A. D. COBLE,
E. HAYWOOD,
W. R. SLADE. } Committee.

UNIVERSITY OF VA., Jan'y 26th, 1878.

It is not often that humanity remembers with carefulness and fitness, those whose eyes are closed to earthly scenes. Forgetfulness of the virtues of the dead and the living, is a principle frequently manifest in human nature. If it be not true, why so many neglected graves, where neither a flower is planted, nor slab erected? Away from the sight of the new-made grave, where is deposited the remains of one of the purest young men of his time, I feel none the less acutely the loss—the loss, not to his immediate family alone,

to whom he was an ornament—but to his comrades in school, to his community, and to the unfulfilled possibilites of usefulness to himself and his fellows, of which his heart and head gave so sure a promise.

Isaac H. Long is dead! Yes, "his star of life sunk ere yet it had reached its full promise," and not a few there are, who can justly testify of a truth, to the character of that promise, and of the character of the young man, whom God has taken, almost before his life had burst into blossom. Truth, morals, and mind, were the elemental ingredients of his character. But for the last, he would perhaps, never have been known beyond his immediate neighborhood. His superiority in this regard, placed within the just scope of possible attainment, as bright a career as he had, with generous ambition, carved out for himself.

His devotion to truth in his daily walk and conversation, and in his unflagging pursuit for the same in his studies, is known—well known—to his numerous companions and associates. His morals were such, that upon a strict analysis of his character, it would be impossible for an enemy even, to find a scar.

Conscious of his own abilities, and yet with them, modest and unassuming; without an earthly fortune to aid him in his struggle to rise, he had evinced a determination to surmount these temporary obstacles, and thoroughly prepare himself for his cherished hopes of usefulness in the future. By his manliness, his sense of honor, and force of will, he soon won the confidence of his teachers, both at the school in Graham, and at the University; and in his classes, he won the highest average at both institutions. Much more could be justly said of Isaac H. Long, with the approval of his many friends, who feel that death has stricken a "shining mark" To his fellow-associates, his untimely death recalls with force, the truth that "man knoweth not his time;" that "life is but a shadow;" that "what is done, must be done quickly;" that at midnight, one may be called to his long home! Let not the virtues of this model young man die. They are a lovely heritage to his family, and his associates. And should a single complaint be raised against the hand that laid him low? No; perhaps without an enemy, he has passed away, leaving a bright example—a stainless name! *He has gone from a world whose friendships are transient; whose bitter mingles most largely with the sweet; whose cares and responsibitities, perplexities and troubles, double and tripple as life is prolonged.*

"Let him rest; it is not often
That his soul has known repose;"
Let him rest; they rest but seldom
Whose life-tenure brings them foes.
He was weary, working, hopeful,
But his life-crown oft has pressed,
"Sore, and temples sadly aching—
He was weary; let him rest."

B. F. L.

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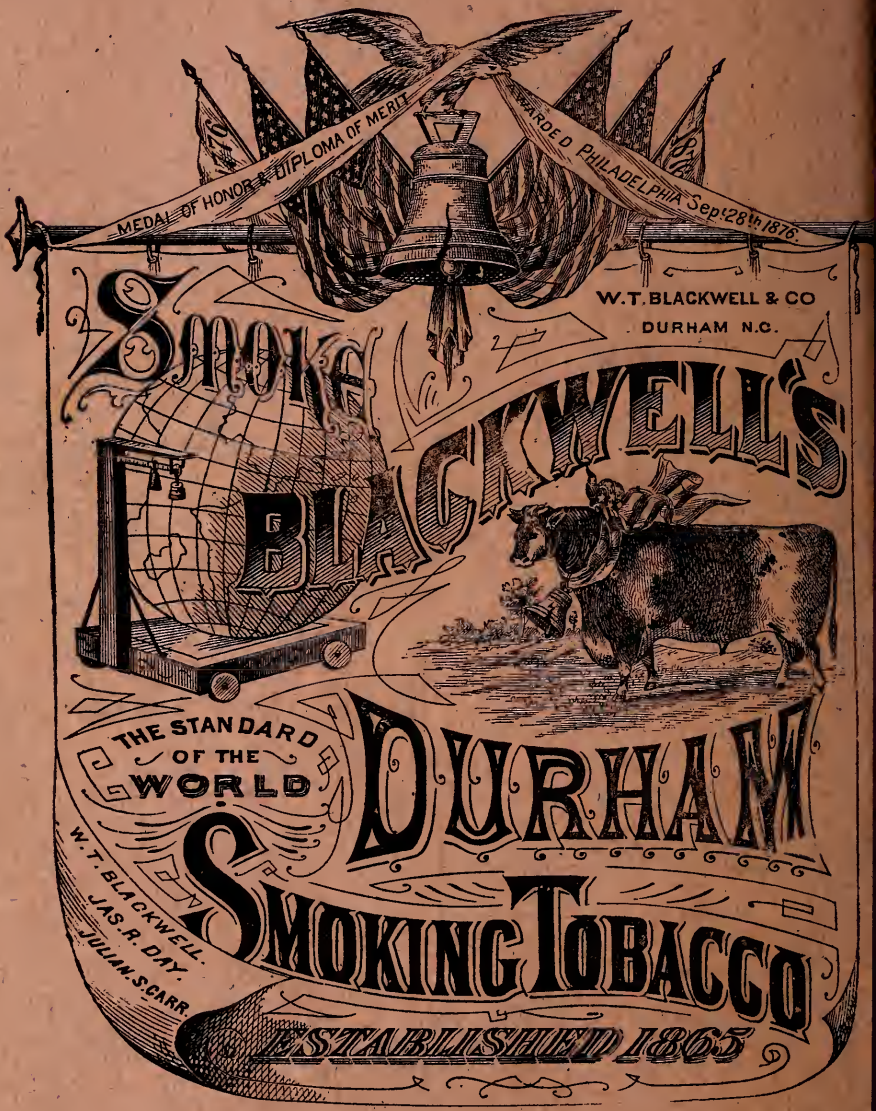

THE TIE THAT BINDS THE TWO HEMISPHERE

UNIVERSITY
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RESURGAM

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University Magazine.

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The Life and Character of Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

BY HON. WM. A. GRAHAM.

[*Concluded.*]

8. Within a short time after the requisition on the State for this quota of three thousand militia, came another for two thousand more, to serve five months—also to the southward, and the Continental recruits which had been assembling at Halifax, preparatory to being still forwarded to the north, were also turned in the same direction. And soon after the march of the division of Ashe, from the low country, Brigadier Generals Rutherford, of the Salisbury, and Butler of the Hillsboro districts, entered South Carolina by way of Charlotte, with this latter requisition, accompanied by the recent levies of North Carolina Continental troops, which were formed into two regiments, under Colonels Archibald Lythe and John Armstrong, and constituted a brigade under General Sumner. These troops forming a part of the main army under General Lincoln, were in the maneuvering and skirmishing between him and General Prevost, and were actively engaged in the battle of Stono, in June, 1779. It was unfortunate that the militia were ordered to but brief terms of service—three, or at most, five months, often going out of the State, so that the army of General Lincoln was frequently changing, and was often reduced to very limited numbers.

9. Our veteran regulars, who had served so long in the middle States, and marched the entire distance from New Jersey, in the unusually cold winter of 1779–'80, arrived in Charleston, under General Hogan, early in March. General Sumner was already there with his brigade; and new aids of militia, upon the urgent appeals of South Carolina and Georgia, and of General Lincoln, had been constantly supplied by our Legislature, as their successive terms of service expired. In a letter to Governor Caswell, of the date January 3rd, 1780, the General wrote from Charleston: "It affords me great pleasure to be informed that your militia have been drafted and are on their march, and may soon be expected here, where their services are greatly needed, and by the last accounts from Philadelphia, will probably soon be more so, while the continual exertions of your State, for the defence of this and of Georgia, leaves no room to doubt of their zeal in support of the common cause, and the particular interest of your neighboring States, who must view with pleasure your voluntary and timely efforts to preserve their safety and happiness. The impartial historian will

record these acts among those virtuous deeds which have reflected so much lustre on the three first years of American independence." Mr. Edward Rutledge, an eminent citizen, appears to have been dispatched on a special visit to the Executive of North Carolina, to urge speedy aid; and Governor John Rutledge, of the date of January 31st, writes to Governor Caswell that the enemy had certainly landed a large force in Georgia. "There is no doubt," he proceeds, "that the invasion and conquest of this State are their objects, and I therefore most earnestly request that the troops of your State, destined for our assistance, may be sent on, and that you will afford us what other aid you can, with the utmost despatch. I flatter myself that in this trying occasion North Carolina will exert herself to the utmost. It will be expedient that a body of your men should hang on our frontiers, and on the least prospect or apprehension of an insurrection amongst our disaffected, march in to crush it." The assistance so much urged did arrive, and the commanding general having determined to make an effort to defend the city of Charleston, it was encircled within the lines of siege, and more than one thousand of our militia, and all our Continental forces, were surrendered to the enemy by the articles of capitulation. The whole force consisted of three thousand men; of these North Carolina furnished at least one thousand seven hundred.

10. This dreadful blow to the Southern States was soon followed by the unresisted advance of the British troops, and the destruction of Buford's regiment of Virginia Continentals, by Tarleton, on the northern confines of South Carolina. Hitherto North Carolina had borne her part in the cause of the whole country by contributing men without limit to fight its battles in other States. What was to be done now, with the enemy at her doors, and her most reliable forces prisoners within the British lines, or on board prison ships at Charleston? General Rutherford, who seems to have been untiring in his exertions, and whose command constituted a species of national guard, of which each man was centered out with his wife or his parents, to be called into service at a moment's warning, quickly embodied the militia of Mecklenburg and Rowan to resist the advance of the enemy, and to keep down disaffection, now arising to a fearful height in consequence of our late disasters; and by his orders, Col. Locke, of Rowan, and other brave Whig leaders, defeated and dispersed the gathering of the Tories at Ramseur's Mills, and compelled a regiment under Colonel Bryan, in the forks of the Yadkin, to flee from the State to the British posts in South Carolina. At this crisis also appeared in the field the effective Legionary Corps of Colonel Davie, whose brilliant services have nowhere received justice, except in the Life of Jackson, by Kendall, where the great captain of 1812–'14 gives his youthful recollection of this accomplished soldier. His dashing exploits in the slaughter of Bryan's Tories, on the very edge of the British

camp, and retreating with success before the enemy were in readiness for attack, in the battle of Hanging Rock, in the surprise at Wahab's plantation, in the defence of Charlotte, and generally in annoying the outposts of the enemy, exhibited a genius for war which, in the opinion of Jackson, combined all the best qualifications of Sumter and Marion without their deficiencies.

Another body of Mecklenburg militia, on an alarm of the approach of the British on the west side of the Catawba, turned out early in July under the command of Colonels Irwin and Huggins, and being joined by General Sumter, of South Carolina, with an inferior force, and yielded to him the command of the whole. With these troops he fought the battle of Rocky Mount on the 1st of August, and in conjunction with the corps of Davie, that of Hanging Rock on the 6th of the same month. From the fact that the chief commander and several field officers in these actions was of South Carolina, the historians seem to have taken it for granted that the troops were of the same State. The memoranda of General Graham, furnished to Judge Murphy in contemplation of his undertaking to write the history of North Carolina, state that Davie's corps and the Mecklenburg militia, under the officers already named, constituted the great part of Sumter's command at this period, and that many of the field officers present from South Carolina had but few followers. General Davie, in his manuscripts, describes the force which attacked Rocky Mount as "a number of South Carolina refugees, under Colonels Sumter and Neal, and three hundred of the militia of Mecklenburg, under Col. Irwin;" while of that which fought at Hanging Rock he says: "The North Carolina militia, under Col. Irwin and Major Davie, numbered about five hundred men, officers and privates; and the South Carolinians, under Colonels Sumter, Loes, Hill, &c., about three hundred."

The late Governor Caswell, also, now a Major General of militia, took the field with a full division, and united it early in August with the Continental troops of Maryland and Delaware, which had been ordered South, under the Baron De Kalb, who was afterwards superceded by General Gates, and formed the centre of the line of battle at the disastrous defeat of Gates on the 16th of August, in which five hundred of the North Carolina troops, including Brigadier General Rutherford, were captured by the enemy.

The defeat and dispersion of the command of General Sumter three days thereafter, and the re-establishment of the Royal Government in South Carolina and Georgia, gave a still darker gloom to the patriot cause in the South.

11. Having in a discourse before the Historical Society of New York, which has been since published, treated of the services rendered by the State during the invasion of her territories, which was the next operation of the enemy, I am relieved from the necessity of expatiating on it here. The advance of the army of Lord Cornwallis to Charlotte; the gallant resistance made by the

corps of Davie, and the Mecklenburg militia, under General Davidson; the galling annoyances to his Lordship during his occupation of that town; and the annihilating defeat of the left column of his army, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ferguson, at King's Mountain, which caused his precipate retreat backward into South Carolina, are matters of familiar information. I deem it, however, a fit occasion to remark, that the State has never received her due share of credit for the men she furnished for the achievement of that ever-memorable victory at King's Mountain. Not only were the commands of Shelby, Sevier, Cleaveland and McDowell unquestionably her citizens, but I think it clear that a large portion of that of Colonel Williams, who are reported in history to have been South Carolinians, and to have numbered 400 men, were also of North Carolina. That heroic officer himself was a native of Granville county, in this State, but had been a resident citizen of South Carolina several years prior to this action. After his adopted State had been overrun by the enemy, he seems to have retired to his native land, and on the 8th of September, 1780, says Dr. Johnson in his "Traditions of the Revolution in South Carolina," Colonel Williams was authorized by Governor Nash, at Hillsboro, to raise 100 men. He joined the mountaineers in the pursuit of Ferguson, at Cowpens, on the 5th of October following, with near five hundred men, and was accompanied by about sixty men under Colonel Hambright and Major Chronicle, of Lincoln county, in this State, who had joined him on his march. By what route he had proceeded from Hillsboro, how many men he had levied in this State, and where he was joined by that portion of his force which consisted of inhabitants of South Carolina, I have not been able to ascertain. Doubtless there were many gallant refugees of that State within our borders who gladly united themselves to his standard; (for Governor Rutledge himself was at that time at Hillsboro) but the circumstances warrant the conclusion that a considerable part of his four hundred men were raised under the authority derived from Governor Nash. It is remarkable that Judge Johnson, in his Life of Greene, should in his account of this battle, have designated Colonel Cleaveland as a South Carolinian, and in that of the Cowpens he speaks of Major McDowell as of the same State, when they are as well known historical characters in North Carolina as Nash or Davidson, and their commands were every man mountaineers of the then Salisbury district. And Lee and other writers, from the fact of General Pickens, of South Carolina, having been in that campaign elected to the command of the brigade of North Carolina militia, after the fall of General Davidson, in February, 1781, have credited these troops, more than seven hundred men, to South Carolina, when there were not 40 South Carolinians amongst them.

It is mentioned by the former of these authors more than once, and with an emphasis that implies a reflection, that North Carolina

had not a Continental soldier in the field from the fall of Charleston until some time after the evacuation of her territory by the British in 1781; and some ground for the censure thus intimated may be possibly found in the earnest invocations of General Greene in his communications to the authorities of the State urging the re-establishment of his Continental battalion. Every indulgence is freely accorded to the urgency or importance of the commanding General in that season of dread and doubt; but the philosophic historian, with a more minute examination of facts, would have found both excuse and reason for this apparent delinquency. A State whose Continental troops had been from the outset of the struggle, now five years, so constantly in service in other States: in Virginia in 1775, in South Carolina in 1776, in New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New York in 1777, '78 and '79; and who lost all that remained of these veteran battalions, in addition to more than one thousand militia, in defence of the capitol of South Carolina in 1780, and who had been always but tardily supplied by monies from the Continental Treasury for their support, might well be pardoned some delay in levying troops, which required supplies that by no possibility could she command. Herself the theatre of a most active foreign invasion, every success of the enemy in which was ripening a ferocious civil war; cut off from all commercial intercourse, on the one hand by the British occupation of South Carolina, on the other, by the landing of an army under Arnold at Norfolk, Virginia, and a threatened invasion from that quarter; added to which, her own port of Wilmington fell in the hands of the enemy, about the time that Lord Cornwallis passed the Catawba; with few transports, a short stock of provisions, and an almost total destitution of salt, the commonest necessary of life—to have raised and maintained a respectable regular force would have been difficult, if not impossible. On the other hand, a militia man in those days was regarded as a "self-sustaining institution;" mounted on his own horse, with his own domestic arms—generally a rifle, pistols, and a sword, swung high under the arm, if he was so fortunate as to own these; a shot bag, which sustained the breech of the rifle, while the muzzle was held in a leathern foot fastened by a strap to the right stirrup, with great-coat, blanket or coverlid, and a pair of saddle bags for the food and clothing of the rider, and a wallet of provender for his horse—they went forth without baggage wagon, quartermaster or company, to maneuver and to battle with the well appointed and trained regulars of Britain. In her besieged and environed situation, the State had nothing but men to contribute to the common cause, and these she poured forth in a profusion more than equal to the public demand. Besides Davidson's brigade, which, we have seen, after his fall passed under the command of Pickens, and which served with great effectiveness the greater part of this campaign, and the brigades of Butler and Eaton, which gained us

laurels on the field of Guilford, it appears from the journal of the Board of War, established by the State in 1780 for the more energetic prosecution of the war, that large bodies of militia, under General Allen Jones, of the Halifax, and General Gregory, of the Edenton districts, ordered out to the aid of General Greene, were halted and discharged, on account of the scarcity of the means of subsistence.

In turning to the statute book after the organization of the State government, we find that besides attending to the requisitions of Congress for Continental troops, or militia, in 1777, there appears "An act to enable the Governor to send an aid from the militia, to oppose the enemies of the United States, if the same shall be requested by Congress," begining thus: "Whereas, opposing the enemies of the United States by vigorous and powerful efforts will greatly tend to bring the present war to a speedy and happy conclusion, and this State is at all times willing and desirous of assisting to the utmost of its power in the common defence;" and empowering the Governor to detach from the militia an aid, not exceeding five thousand men, to march to such place in the United States as the Congress shall direct, and serve for twelve months; and declaring that the Governor may march with and take command of these troops, if it shall be adjudged by himself and the Council to be consistent with the safety of the State and of use to the public service. In January, 1779, there was passed "An act for raising forces for the defence of this and the neighboring States," directing fifteen hundred men to be raised, to serve for three months, in the army commanded by General Lincoln. Again, in May, 1779, "An act for raising regular forces for the defence of this and the neighboring States," which provides for the levying of 2,000 men. In October, 1779, "An act for sending an aid to South Carolina and Georgia," reciting that, Whereas, on the representation of the State of South Carolina, it appears absolutely necessary that an aid should be sent from this State to the aid of that State and the State of Georgia; and ordering out three thousand men, including these directed in the act last mentioned. In April, 1780, besides a statute for raising three thousand men to complete the Continental battalions of the State, there is "An act granting an aid to South Carolina," directing a levy of four thousand men, to serve for three months from the time of leaving the limits of the State, and appointing Richard Caswell, Esquire, Major General to command this aid, as well as all other militia of this State, now in service. In September, 1780, "An act establishing the Board of War," "for the more effectually and expeditiously calling forth the powers and resources of the State against the common enemy," and in some degree to act as a substitute for the General Assembly, which, though then holding two sessions each year, could not be "constantly in session." The subject is still followed up in January, 1781, in "An act to regulate

and establish the militia of the State," and an act to fill up the Continental battalions of the State, now reduced from six to five; in June, 1781, in "An act for raising troops out of the militia of the State for the defence thereof," raises one regiment; an act to compel the counties to furnish their quotas of Continental troops; and "Act for drafting militia to re-inforce the Southern army," which orders five hundred men to be levied to march to such posts or places in this State, in the State of South Carolina or Virginia, as the commander-in-chief of the Southern army shall direct; "and in April, 1782, for raising troops to complete the Continental battalions of the Sate." A glance at these acts will convince the most skeptical of the unfaltering spirit and energy of the authorities of the government, and subsequent events will show that there was no decline in the spirit of the well affected portion of the people. If there was delay, therefore, in recruiting our Continental troops, it was by reason of hindrances beyond control. Her militia, we have seen, were hurried forth without stint, and although some of them ingloriously abandoned the post of danger at the great battle here, others, sons of the soil of Guilford, rallying around the heroic Forbes, with him offered up their lives a willing sacrifice to the liberty and the glory of their country. Indeed, badly armed and clothed and provided as many of our militia were in several of their expeditions, it would seem an act of cruelty in a government which had any other alternative to expose them in open battle with the thoroughly accoutred soldiers of the enemy.

12. We have time only to hint at topics, not to discuss them. General Greene, after purusing his victorious adversary from Guilford Court House to Ramsay's Mills, on Deep river, formed the bold design of carrying the war into South Carolina. He accordingly took that direction on the 7th of April, and on the 2nd of May fought with Lord Rowden the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, and here the militia of North Carolina, omnipresent on the battle fields of that State, still attended. It is stated both by Marshall and Lee that two hundred and sixty men, under Colonel Read, of this State, formed his second line of battle.

13. Her Continental battalions being by this time also re-organized, one of them, under Major Eaton, who gallantly fell in this service, co-operated with General Pickens and Colonel Lee in the reduction of the posts of the enemy in upper South Carolina, and Augusta, in Georgia. The residue joined the camp of General Green, at the High Hills of Santee in the month of August, the whole forming a brigade of three hundred and fifty men, under Brigadier General Sumner. With them was again a detachment of North Carolina militia, consisting, according to Johnson, of one hundred and fifty men, under Colonel Malwady. These troops constituted one-fourth part of Greene's entire force at the battle of Eutaw Springs, and in that fierce conflict both the militia and reg-

ulars covered themselves with renown. Johnson quotes a letter from General Greene to the Baron Steuben, in which, speaking of the militia of the two Carolinas, which formed the first line, he says of their gallantry: "Such conduct would have graced the veterans of the great King of Prussia." Of the brigade of Sumner, under whom were Colonel Ashe and Majors Armstrong and Blount, he also declared "that he was at a loss which most to admire—the gallantry of the officers or the good conduct of their men."

But in this field North Carolina is entitled to something more than appears on the records of history. The memoranda of General Graham assert that of the State troops of South Carolina, under Sumter, the regiments commanded by Colonel William Polk and Wade Hampton, at least, were wholly or in great part raised between Yadkin and Catawba, in this State. We also find, in an act of the Legislature of June, 1781, to compel the counties of the State to furnish men for her Continental battalions, that those counties were excepted which had recently "furnished men for the Southern army, to serve ten months under General Sumter." It appears, likewise, in the Executive correspondence, that in the course of the war, leave to recruit men both for South Carolina and Georgia, within our limits, had been asked and granted on previous occasions.

After this memorable battle a state of hostilities and alarm still existed, and other troops, both militia and Continental, continued to be furnished by the State to the Southern army, in accordance with the acts of the Legislature already briefly referred to, but active military operations having mainly ceased, in consequence of the surrender of Cornwallis, which soon followed, and the evacuation of Wilmington by Major Craig, a detail of them is deemed unnecessary.

14. The memoranda of General Graham presents an intelligible account of the expedition of General Rutherford, after his return from captivity of twelve months as a prisoner at Augusta, in the autumn of 1781, with about twelve hundred men, from Mecklenburg, Rowan and Guilford, against the post of Wilmington and the Tories of the intervening country, which chastised the latter and compelled the departure of the garrison in that town to the main army in Charleston.

15. Of the incidents of the Tory now within our limits, especially between the Cape Fear and the Pee Dee; of the risings, maraudings and devastations of Fanning and his comrades, which continued with great fierceness even after the retreat of the royal forces from Wilmington; and the numbers and services of these "extemporaneous hosts" of gallant Whigs, who resigned, and in many instances lost everthing, battling against them in the cause of the country, we have not time to speak here, nor in my hurried investigations much material to speak from. The historian, however, in estimating the military exertions of the State, in the cause of the

country, we have not time to speak here, nor in my hurried investigations much material to speak from. The historian, however, in estimating the military exertions of the State, in the cause of the country at large, will not fail to observe that they were put forth not only under the disadvantages to which allusion has been already made, but under the incubus of a domestic foe, in several sections formidable, in most requiring vigilance, and in the district just mentioned dominant for twelve months, at least, in the darkest period of the contest.

In these hasty notes I have but sketched the index to the volume of the military history of the State during the Revolution, and this very imperfectly and doubtless with many important omissions. In an address of this nature, necessarily brief, collected from materials such as could be obtained from limited sources, in intervals snatched from other pursuits, amid many interruptions, there is no opportunity to dilate on events, or to do justice to the heroes and patriots who shaped the destinies of the State, and led her armies and marshaled her forces in the trying scenes we have endeavored to review. If I can but attract attention to these topics, and cause the imperfect outline to be filled up by those of more ability, leisure and material, I shall be compensated for the labor and attention bestowed upon them. In view, however, of the just reputation acquired to the State by their services were as they have now been presented, we are struck with the observation, from the military mind of Davie, during the state of hostilities between this country and France, when in writing to Iredell, he remarked "that in the event of a war, the population and military resources of the State would give to her a character in the Union which, from the course of circumstances, she seems to have lost."

From geographical causes, it has been conceded that her neighboring States enjoyed over her some advantages in commerce and exchanges; but in the day of adversity, when the independence of all were at stake, drafts upon her for men were at a premium, and the balance in her favor.

He who shall recover from oblivion, rescue from ruin and misrepresentation, and establish the truthful fame of the State in this department of her history, is entitled to be cherished as a public benefactor. Even the undertaking deserves the encouragement and approbation of all patriotic citizens. The announcement of his intention to write the history of the State, by the late Judge Murphy, while there yet lived many of her men of the Revolution, was itself a fortunate event; for although he did not live to perform the task, he awakened attention to the subject, saved much material that was passing away, and demonstrated that it was a history rich in honorable renown and well calculated to justify the feeling of a just national pride. I rejoice to know that now another son of the State, of profound learning, accomplished scholarship, matured judgment, habits of labor, and a zeal for her just rights, truly

filial, has such a work in progress, and that in due time we may expect historical justice to the long neglected military services of our fathers. Heroic deeds and generous sacrifices sink into forgetfulness without literature or art to embalm them for future ages. Literature and art combined are still more potential to this beneficent result. Your monument, gentlemen, comes in aid of history, and will be itself a history. While it shall serve to keep in perpetual and bright recollection the invaluable services of Greene, it will also awaken patriotism and excite to virtue, by commemorating those of our immediate fellow-citizens, who acted and suffered in the same glorious cause, to the fame and memory of future ages.

A Student's Life as Conditioning Professional Life.

Eminence of character is the goal for which learned men direct their course. To do good and to acquire true immortality have called forth powers of the mind that have astonished the world—dispelled the darkness of ignorance, which during many centuries debarred mankind from the light of learning and true religion. Among the myriads of human beings who have existed upon the earth, a few intellects of high order, whom the dark shades of oblivion can never obscure, attained the standard of true greatness, and remain as noble instructors and exemplars to posterity.

Now there are certain fundamental principles and qualifications indispensable to success in the vocations of life. To the student these acquirements are of much importance, being highly requisite for conditioning professional life. They are consistent with his advancement and excellence, and objects worthy of deep and penetrating thought. With them he can attain that degree of proficiency which will insure success; without them, all his endeavors will be abortive, and inevitably result in positive failure. These qualifications are not easily obtained—these principles are not wholly inherent by nature; both are more or less the effects of habit, thorough discipline and incessant labor. Labor is the basis of all human achievements; man is so constituted that action is the only medium through which he can cultivate and improve his mental and physical powers. At his entrance upon the arena of life he is in a very feeble state, but by exercising his faculties they are developed to a vast extent. As the germ of an acorn gradually becomes the stately oak, with its extended branches and beautiful foliage, worthy of admiration, so does man, primarily in a state of helplessness, attain by assiduous labor the ability of a Newton or Napoleon. Youth is, in fact, "the sowing time of life." As the kind of seed deposited in the soil conditions the quality of the harvest, so the habits of industry and economy, and the principles of virtue, acquired in youth, condition the period of manhood and

life. Let youth be employed in improvement and discipline—in accumulating a stock of useful knowledge, and professional life will be marked with success and prosperity. A student's life is a period of preparation, a time to acquire knowledge, to establish a firm character and implant true principles in the mind, which are highly conducive to usefulness and pleasure in whatever profession he may labor.

The question then occurs, what method must be selected to attain these acquirements to develope the faculties of the mind, which are necessary to prepare the student for the duties of professional life? In the first place, nothing is more applicable and congruous than system, the fundamental order of nature, without which labor availeth nothing. By it the worlds and planets move harmoniously in their respective revolutions; all things on earth, from the largest to the most minute, pertaining directly to nature, conform to the same general regulations of a Supreme Being. Now this is equally applicable to man, a rational being, to some extent a free agent, having the power of voluntary action, of judgment and discretion, capable to select and derive means of accomplishing the final cause of existence. There is need of system in study and in action. Each division of the mind requires investigation and careful study; each faculty must be trained and improved. The disciplined mind makes deep researches in the regions of thought, unfolds the mysteries of science, penetrates the regions of ether, exhumes and utilizes the precious minerals of the earth, and elevates man's moral nature.

In the second place, perseverance, associated with systematic labor, is essential. A determination to succeed in every undertaking produces an effect, resulting in the accomplishment of any object. Continual effort is a sure process of realizing an end and successfully executing an enterprise. Great deeds are not the result of moments, but require years of perseverance, energy and hard toil, which produce firmness and stability of character, unyielding to obstacles that may interpose. The student must acquire the habit of persevering in study, close application to text books, thorough investigation of every subject, produce originality in thought, a reliance upon self-knowledge. "'Studies," says Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament and ability."

The success of eminent men is usually ascribed to genius. We do not deny the truth of the prevailing idea; but some men make geniuses out of themselves by hard study, close attention and assiduous labor. Attention is necessary to learn anything thoroughly, is the most important of intellectual habits, and goes far to mark that noted difference observed in the mental capacity of individuals. The power of concentrating the mind upon one object alone overcomes difficulties and masters the most intricate studies. Attention was the secret of Patrick Henry's greatness; while others conversed, he observed what they said, and obtained that insight

into human nature which afterwards enabled him to sway public assemblies at will.

The study of languages, sciences, mathematics and literature is important to improve the faculties of the mind. A regular curriculum is always preferable to an elective system. Give the mind the proper course of discipline; direct its powers to one object, and attain it, as the great astronomer discovered the law of gravitation, "by always thinking." Cowper says:

> "He that would win the race must guide his horse
> Obedient to the custom of the course;
> Else, though unequalled to the goal he flies,
> A meaner than himself shall gain the prize."

America cannot compete with the Old World in thoroughness of education. Here cities are being built, mines worked, and great natural advantages for agriculture, which make physical labor in great demand; therefore, less time is devoted to mental instruction. Our young men often conceive a delusive idea, which they call "saving time," and spend but few years at college, hurry over a course of mental training, and enter professional life sadly deficient. The final result is, the loss of more time than necessary to complete a thorough education. The one thoroughly educated can vigorously pursue a profession, gain honor and reputation; the other, poorly educated, never rises above the point of mediocrity. The proper mode of saving time is essential to the student. The old adage, that "time is money," is true; save the golden moments and you will accumulate a fortune. The peculiar situation of the student at college often induces him to squander the fragments of time, which causes a neglect of duties and the formation of pernicious habits, that cling to him through life and sap the foundation of success.

In the last place, virtue is of much importance to condition professional life. A heart imbued with piety and implanted with religious morals always gives weight and dignity of character to its possessor. Without the principles of virtue, true nobility cannot be attained. They are the beacon lights that guide man through the meandering course of life and direct him to positions of honor and usefulness. Virtue elevates the mind, fills the heart with noble desires and links man with his creator; it is the source of true happiness; like the genial rays of the morning sun, that beautify and enliven all nature, it animates the soul, exalts it above the follies of the world, liberates it from the contamination of sin and adorns it with the principles of religion, without which true greatness cannot be obtained.

Europe presents many bright intellects, who, by their labor and learning, have torn the mantle of ignorance and superstition from her shoulders, and have broken the fetters of popedom and firmly planted knowledge and true religion. Erasmus restored learning,

Luther true theology, and Addison fine literature. They were men, from early youth, inured to hard study and toil. But why enumerate men of foreign countries? They are here, in our own fair land of Southern sunshine—Washington, Marshal, Gaston, Calhoun and Stephens, eminent characters worthy of the honor bestowed upon them; Lee and Jackson, at the sound of whose names every true Southern heart beats with a quicker pulsation. These are a few of our great men who did not acquire their immortality or gain the love of their countrymen by chance or chicanery, but by hard study, severe labor, self-denial and sacrifice of fortune.

In conclusion, the student in possession of the qualifications and principles, which we have noticed, namely: systematic labor, perseverance, a correct idea of saving time, and virtue, will succeed in professional life. Let them become habitual to him; the force of custom is great; sways the mind and body; "is most perfect when it begins in young years; this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early education." Good habits are real ornaments of life; a source of profit and pleasure. They tend to restore the fallen nature of man; "foot-lights," that shine far down the coming years.

Let these acquirements be the student's aim, and he will reach the eminence of character, recline at the portals of fame, drink deep draughts at the fountain of knowledge, take pleasant strolls in the groves of science, enjoy the favor of Heaven, and die honored and lamented.

BETA.

The Fine Arts.

It is settled that there are eight of the fine arts, namely:

ELOQUENCE,
POETRY,
PAINTING,
SCULPTURE,
ARCHITECTURE,
MUSIC,
LANDSCAPE GARDENING AND
THE HISTRIONIC ART.

These, after dispute as to one or two of them, are established as fine arts. Efforts have been made, but without success, to add others to the list.

Writers on this subject agree that a high standard of scholarship and of taste can be attained only by a study of the fine arts.

An eloquent speech is exceedingly rare. We think that we often hear them. Not so. A perfect painting or statue has never been seen. The same is true of buildings.

Having thus pointed out the way to ripe and polished scholarship, I leave it to your readers to fill up the picture by reading the books on the subject. What are the elements that enter into each of the fine arts?

April 6th, 1878. G. T. W. RUSKIN.

The Practical Service of Imperfect Means.

BY R. P. P.

Stored away within the deep recesses of the human soul exists a latent power, a flickering spark, a germ from which emanates that energy which struggles, conquers and ever lives; but as the vitalizing rays of the vernal sun, and the stimulating essences of fertilizing substances, must first combine to develop the hidden beauties of any reproductive germ, so this latent power, destined to burst the tyrannical bonds of time and merge into the full-fledged energy of manhood, must be nourished and irrigated by a stimulus, mild in its properties, but compulsory in its effects. To the youth, fettered by the shackles of poverty, disheartened by the derisive sneers of Fortune's children, but infused with a natural and powerful love of glory and honor, stimulation is essential; a stimulation by which that deep, heroic principle which lies deep down in that "heart of hearts," which has been smoking and smouldering and yet struggling, shall burst upon the world in all the fullness of its irresistible grandeur, shattering to atoms the erratic theories of speculators and scientists, and finally lying down to rest wrapped in its own mantle of immortal glory. This stimulus should be encouragement. To the man, whose mind has been purged by the experience of years, but whose struggles on the way to the temple of glory have been obstructed by heartless critics and sneering contemporaries, stimulation is also essential; a stimulation calculated to cast off that lethargic stupor—to excavate from his spacious but down-trodden intellect pearls of thought whose brilliance shall cause the arrogant fault-finder to quail and tremble. This stimulus should be consolation.

Pass in review before you for one moment the world's shining galaxy of heroes; tear away that almost impenetrable veil of sacredness that hovers around them; peer beneath this external hypocritical membrane of the world's favor; look down into their very souls, and behold what a marvellous commingling of intellect and idiocy, sanity and insanity, virtue and vice, meets your thunderstruck gaze. Here, then, ambitious youth, find your encouragement; here, then, desparing man, seek your consolation. There is a deep, unfathomable wisdom in this imperfectness of things and men, and it might well be said that this imperfectness is eminently practical in its use. Its first practical service consists in its offering a complete teste of mental solidity. The mind, in its normal condition, rough-hewn and delicate, must be submitted to the treatment of imperfect means. This alone will determine its capacities and regulate its speculations. On everything, spiritual as well as material, certain interstitial spaces have been left, and there is an unsoundness in the whole structure. Here is the province of the mind: to fill up these spaces, until the whole structure shall partake

of the perfectness of its parts; to render the impracticable practicable is a test of mental soundness necessarily confirmatory. It presents an ordeal fired throughout with adversity; it is the Scylla and Charybdis of the intellect, abounding in rocky shoals and hostile aspects; but, visible through a long vista of difficulties, sparkles the joyful and placid sea of success. There is true sublimity in the thought of the severe conflict which, however distasteful it may be, moulds and fashions into faultless symmetry the untutored mind, and in the anticipation of rest eternal, immortal, glorious in the extreme.

That grand old system of peripatetic philosophy, the most prominent exponent of ancient greatness engraved on the page of history, might well be revived in this century of ours, when golden apples are ready to fall into your mouth whether you are willing to receive them or not. Though the means in this system were imperfect, the ideas advanced desultory, it produced a marvellous acuteness of intellect, strength of memory and powers of observation and retention. This imperfectness of things and men necessitates an independence—ennobling, God-like, prophetic. Sitting alone, enveloped in the solitude of your own soul, surrounded by imperfect means, necessity compels you to dig out unaided the gems with which to construct your own throne. Conceal not from the ambitious youth the red-hot furnace situated on the highway to greatness; describe it to him in all the vividness of its horrible terrors, and see if he tremble; if he does, mark it, no golden pathway will greet his cowardly tread. No mental regimen can be so accurate, so empirical, so conclusive, as that offered by imperfect means. Let this, then, be encouragement to the struggling youth; curse not the stringencies of poverty, look not with contempt upon ancient tardiness, but accept them as your teachers and your guides.

The world is, and always has been, full of imperfect means. The sublimest, most heaven-like poet; the deepest, most incontrovertible philosopher; the most faultless prose writer; the bravest, most heroic warrior; the most pious, God-like saint—all are imperfect, and the seeds of mental or moral derangement find a congenial soil in some one of them. But who can say that these intellectual and moral "screws" have not interwoven themselves into everything, both profitable and pleasing? What youthful mind, imbibing the romantic imagery of Byron, does not assimilate to itself his most noble, heroic sentiment? And yet, Byron lived and died a victim to the morbidness of his own mind, and even some of his most excellent productions are tinged with an unnaturalness indicative of unsoundness in intellect; and "poor Chatterton" too, and many others of less notoriety. Bacon, the philosopher and statesman, almost a divinity in one and almost a devil in the other, presents an unparalleled example of moral derangement. Thomas DeQuincey, though he was one of the most eloquent and wonderfully brilliant prose writers of all ages, yet evinced an astonishing slavery

to a most destructive and disgusting practice. It is needless to mention the names of Alexander and Napoleon, who, combined with an inconceivable heroism, exhibited the basest servility to passion ever recorded in history. Bunyan, the spotless saint, almost like the prophets and apostles of scripture, is undoubtedly a marvellous compound of enthusiasm scarcely separable from insanity, and his allegorical expressions remind us more of fanatic zeal than of deep religious principle. Such are the reflections which should give consolation to man in his hours of darkest despair, and the stimulus which should create a vital spark in the dying embers of his expiring energy.

The Spirit of Despotism.

War and most artificial evils can be traced to the spirit of despotism, a rank, poisonous weed which grows and flourishes even in the soil of liberty, when overrun by corruption. It grasps sceptres, upheaves thrones and hews down armies with resistless sword; it hurls nation upon nation in the shock of war, grinding the bones of the innocent to powder; through its agency we hear the moans of the dying, blending in mournful unison with the wailings of the tempest; it fans the flames of iniquity, and we hear the clatter of iron hoofs and the roar as of an earthquake; we see iron soul and the first flower of youth in deadly combat with heroic energy and the giant oak of age, and we discern the shattered remnant of the bewildered, wavering, bleeding host sink from the pinnacles of prosperity and glory into an abyss of anarchy and want.

A man possessed of this spirit, exposed to temptations which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and overflowing with desires that cannot be restrained, cannot be tempted or overawed by Sinai's thunder, though that thundor echo the voice of love and mercy. Where is the nation that has ever existed in this world of crime and corruption that has not had its very heart wrung by this contaminatiom of man? Intemperance may corrupt a people, prostitution may corrupt a people, the want of education may corrupt a people, ill-founded dogmas may corrupt a people; but bad government, through despotism, has corrupted mankind more than all other causes combined.

Turkey! Italy! Egypt! how changed from what you were when inhabited by ancient Greeks, Romans, Egyptians. Nature still does her part. Is there any reason to suppose the earth less fertile? The corn laughs in the valleys. Are the mental faculties of men who once inhabited free countries, but now enslaved, produced in a state of less perfection at this hour than in the days of their illustrious forefathers? The fact is, despotism has counteracted the charity of nature. Fear, the lowest, meanest and most despicable element in man's character, must of necessity become

the predominant passion in all countries subject to the uncontrolled dominion of any man or set of men. They crouch beneath their despot, rejoicing at the great privilege, as they would say, of being allowed to drink, eat, sleep and die. They think themselves happy if they are suffered by a fellow-creature, as weak and more wicked than themselves, to creep through the world unmolested and to make their exit from the drama of life without having to drink the dregs of the poison-bowl, or feeling the keen edge of the sword, or passing long weary years in prison.

The world is now old, and she may, if she only will, profit by the examples of experience written amid flames, lamentations and tears. She has decisively decided that despotism is the grand source of human degredation. It is the box, so to speak, from which every curse has issued and scarcely left hope behind. It may seem absurd to some of you, to even speak of such a thing, as that despotism ever has or ever will injure these United States. But if it has heretofore overthrown the greatest empires of the world, may we not, with reason, fear and tremble for that which is to be their destiny? Have they ever felt its power? What was it that caused the people of the United States to dare to ape the thunder and lightning of heaven, and, assisted by the contrivances of man, rendered their imitative devices more terrible and deadly than the thunders and lightnings themselves? Undoubtedly it was, in a great measure, owing to the spirit of despotism. It delights in war. As to which side possessed it, let a generous and unbias posterity determine.

Every since the struggle, the continual cry of corruption has been heard over the length and breadth of the land, and *corruption* is one of the strongest symptoms of this disease. It is contagious. It does not operate in the increase of the despotic spirit among the highest orders only and the aspirants at political distinction and consequence, but also on the crowded ranks of commerce. But we need never fear flanking from this direction as long as North Carolina is represented in Congress by such men as she has there to-day. It is well known that they take an active part in squashing the rings of corrupt, ambitious and despotic politicians. When we cease to have such men as these, the advocates of this merciless spirit will no longer skulk; they will no longer walk in masquerade, but will come forth bold and defiant.

In the time of Roman Tiberius, just before the fall of the Roman Empire, spies, informers and false witnesses were adopted by men then in power. And we may say, without casting reflections on any one, let the time be to-day or when it will, when such means are adopted by men in power to strengthen themselves or their party in office and destroy virtuous opposition, there is reason to fear, in spite of all professions to the contrary, that the despotic spirit of the degenerate Cæsars waits but for an opportunity to display itself in Neronian atrocity. It is seen in every day life, in

every nook and corner, in school and, it may be, at home, in every society and order, in church and state.

We might laugh at its evils, and treat them with the contempt they so justly deserve, did they not lead to the forging of chains for men born free, to the plundering of the poor of their property, to the shedding of the blood of the innocent. In order that it shall be our curse no more, it should be repressed on the first and slightest appearance. It should be the object of every good man, as far as his abilities extend, to extirpate this spirit from the globe, let it be found in public or private life. It should be swept from the earth or trampled under foot from the North to the South pole.

R. B. K.

March 30th, 1878.

The Dead.

How few there are, who read the ordinary list of deaths, in our daily newspapers, ever know anything of the depth of human feeling, or the intensity of human suffering, which is recorded in the simple and brief notices, usually read with so much carelessness. Finding no familiar name to arrest attention, or awaken sympathy, we think no more of the matter. What care we for the long midnight vigils of watchful, affectionate friends, the weary, aching head, or the afflicted, desponding heart? We do not feel the pain, the languishing sufferer has experienced, and we know nothing of the agony which exhausted his frame, and wore out his weary nature, nor do we care for the spirit that has fled its frail tenement, and uttered its final farewell. We know nothing of the heart-breaking anguish which it felt, and the hot, burning tears, which gush out in the agony of severed friendship, from bosoms bursting with excess of passionate grief. We know nothing of the strength of the affections thus torn asunder, of the hopelessness of the first flood of tears, of the depth of protracted suffering, or the intensity of affliction, which real friends have been called upon to endure. It is a melancholy thought, that the tendency of every thing is to decay; that the happiest prospects and brightest visions of future bliss, are but delusive fancies, which become extinguished, when they shine most vividly, and give the strongest evidence of permanent duration. Hopes, which were angels in their birth, become but things of earth, because of their connection with human frailty and decay; and thus it is that dear objects, upon which we lavish most flattering hopes of human happiness and bliss, are removed from us, almost before we are conscious of the palsying illness which guarded the spirit.

> "Yet this must be, 'tis so decreed by fate,
> That we must go, some soon, some late,
> To rest in mother earth, and then await
> The just decrees of God."

DAE.

EXEGESIS.

DEDICATED TO DR. JOHN W. DRAPER.

"Knowledge—it excites prejudice to call it Science—is advancing irresistibly, as remorselessly, as majestically as the ocean moved on King Canute's chair, which represents traditional truths, and moves back an inch at a time."

OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES.

Far back in the distant ages,
The early days of time,
When truth was veiled like Isis,
In parables sublime;
The sages taught the people,
To earth it would come down,
And Kings should bring an off'ring,
The new-born Babe to crown.

But when the virgin mother,
For all the tribes of earth,
By the touch of man unsullied,
To her first-born child gave birth:
The priests and Levites, scoffing,
The truth would not believe,
And, though God-like were his teachings,
The Christ would not receive.

Every age repeats the story,
And the people loudly cry,
"This man shall not rule o'er us,"
While the truth they crucify.
By the touch of man unsullied,
In the virgin womb of Time,
'Tis brought unto perfection,
In majesty sublime;

And through that trackless region,
The infinitude of space,
Found stepping-stones, where Science
The Universe might face;
And wrote its wondrous teachings
On Nature's mighty page,
With which no man may tamper,
In this or any age.

As o'er the earth remorseless,
The moving glacier crept,
Truth—that's knowledge crystallized—
Adown the ages swept.
It had no need to hasten,
Its step though slow was sure,
Behind it—Time's infinitude;
Eternity, before.

Then, O ye men of Israel!
Unto yourselves take heed,
For, if of man this counsel,
It never can succeed;
But ye cannot overthrow it,
Though the truth ye crucify,
If, haply, ye are fighting
'Gainst the Lord of Hosts, Most High.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

The Yosemite Valley.

AN EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE, DELIVERED BY PROF. J. L. TOMLINSON, BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY NORMAL SCHOOL.

Of the great sights of the State, which year after year attract an increasing number of intelligent and cultured tourists from all parts of the world, Yosemite Valley is, of course, the chief and most remarkable.

No pilgrims to Mahommed's tomb at Mecca, or to the Juggernaut of Hindoostan, ever manifested more interest in the superstitious objects of their veneration than do the intelligent and devout worshippers of the wonderful in nature in their pilgrimage to the great Yosemite Valley.

"Yosemite," which is Indian for "Great Grizzly Bear," is situated high up in the Sierras, about 160 miles directly east from San Francisco, and about 50 miles southeast from the Calaveras grove of Big Trees just referred to.

* * * * * * * *

It were needless to essay a description of that scene. All epithets are useless, and all vocabularies bankrupt, for it was too strangely wonderful and too wonderfully strange. But it did seem to me as I gazed, that here was nature's last, most cunning hiding place for her utmost sublimities and rarest splendors. It was but a little strip of land to look down upon after all—nothing but earth and water, and tree and air and sky—but the stupendousness of the surroundings!

There were arched and pillared rocks so massive, so immense, so eternal, it seemed they might have formed the foundation walls of a continent, and domes so vast they seemed like young worlds rounding out of chaos. Therein nature had worked her divinest miracles with water and sunlight—lake, river, cataract, cascade, spray, and mist and rainbows by the thousands. The picture was divine and impressive, and with closed eyes methinks I can see it as I saw in that glorious hour. In all my life, let it lead me wherever it may, I think I shall see nothing else under heaven so grand, so awful, so sublimely beautiful as that first vision of the valley.

However enchanting this spot of earth may be, we must not linger here too long. Loth to leave, we turn, and following our guide commence the steep descent into the valley, around and down and down and around the zig-zag trail, we cautiously and patiently wend our rough, steep way. The riders groan, the horses grunt, the ladies are frightened, the gentlemen are uneasy, the guide laughs until, at last, the bottom is reached, where hard by are the rippling waters of the Merced river, which being interpreted is called the River of Mercy. Wearied and worn we make our way up the valley along the river for a couple of miles to the hotel.

On our way thither we ford countless streams of pure cold water

that leap over the valley walls and flow down into the Merced. We pass through gardens of blooming Azaleas and beautiful wild roses, and sweet scented violets and wonderous ferns, through great parks of oak and cedar.

Far above us the firmament seems to glow like a sapphire; around us, in all its rare and undefinable magnificence, closed in by vast perpendicular walls of granite, on whose brows, thousands of feet above the rest, giant domes and mighty obelisks, columns and great gothic spires, which seem to top some grand old cathedral, musical with the echoes of falling waters, murmurous with the high moaning sweep of the pine or the low laughing swell of the firs, and fragrant with the perfume of the flowers, extend this enchanted land of the New World, the Valley of the Yosemite. * * *

The Merced River, whose waters are let loose by the sun from the regions of snow further back and higher up in the Sierras, is about 100 feet broad and 5 feet deep. It comes rushing down through gorges and over huge boulders and makes its first great plunge over a precipice of 700 feet, and forms the Nevada Falls. By the time it has reached the bottom it has spread out to a width of 200 feet, and forms a beautiful sheet of silvery whiteness. After leaving these falls, the river, in its wild fury, goes bounding on from rock to rock, from cascade to cascade, and leaps over another lofty cliff of 400 feet, scattering its diamond spray-drops hither and thither with great beauty and brilliancy, and forming a waterfall which is appropriately called Pi-wy-ack, for interpreted from the Indian it means "the cataract of diamonds."

* * * * * * * *

On our immediate right, as we journey down, looms up that mighty ridge called "Clouds Rest," always hooded in a misty whiteness. It rises up to the dizzy height of 7,000 feet, or nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the level of the valley. * * To look down into that awful abyss was almost more than human nerve can bear. The large trees, 250 feet high, seemed dwarfed into utter insignificance; the Merced looks like a thread of silver running through the woof of dark green foliage; the hotels are indistinguishable toy-blocks; the waterfalls in the distance like white ribands fluttering in the breeze.

* * * * * * * *

I shall never forget the splendor of the sight that greeted me at the foot of "Bridal Veil." The rising spray, in gracefully undulating and gauzy sheets, wrapped me about in ethereal folds. Encircling the falls were the two large and brilliant rainbows, and arching my head and extending down to either foot, was a beautiful little bow, into whose bright colors I could extend my hands, and which altered as long as I remained in the mist as often as I stepped. The silvery spray, now expanding, now contracting with the fickle breeze, now glittering in the sunlight like a veil of diamonds, now changed into one vast and many-colored cloud, which

threw its misty drapery over the falling torrent, as if in very modesty to veil its unspeakable beauty from our too eager admiration.

Never did the glory of God's creation stand out as beautiful as then and there. Dumb in praise, silent in admiration, I gazed in wonderment and awe amounting almost to adoration, and as the sun went down, silently and reverently turned and reluctlantly stole away from the enchantment of Bridal Veil, from the Valley of the Yosemite, from the Garden of the World.

The Origin of Man.

This subject long agitated the leading scientists of the word. Of course no one now doubts that it is settled forever. The genius of a Huxley and a Darwin has torn away that mystic veil which shrouded, like the gathering gloom of twilight, the early records of man's natural history. They have torn away the curtain, and man's genealogy stands recorded in letters of meat on the great tablet of animated nature. We almost fear that we insult the intelligence and culture of our large body of scientific readers by discussing this worn out theme in the full blaze of the electric light of the nineteenth century; but we only propose a short *resume* of the progress of man. Bigots have now ceased their jargon, and all sensible seekers after truth—all those who have pored with enthusiastic delight over the historic pages of comparative zoology—now lay their shriveled paws on the great book of nature and solemnly swear that man was descended from a protozoa. Let us go back for a moment to that much frequented place of resort, the dim twilight of antiquity—of pre-historic antiquity—and catch a glimpse of the morning nap of our venerable and venerated ancestor and ancestress. See him, the "gray-haired" oyster, laving his wearied limbs in the crystal depths of some primeval sea; observe her, the partner of his joys and sorrows, the only genuine, *bona fide*, common mother of humanity, stretched out, cheek by jowl, beside him. Let the poet sing in rapturous strains of the loves of the angels; let mistaken Milton, blind as a bat, twang away on his old jews-harp the story of a naughty coquette and her serpentine beau; but ye apostles of the creeds of science, ye "Advanced Thinkers," attend to the history of man, prince of humbugs. And so our forefathers gradually extended their operations; as big fish and little fish, eater and eatee, they sloshed around the waters on foraging expeditions, seeking whom they "mout" devour. Thus the great Leviathans of the deep smacked their jaws on human steak long before the Rev. Mr. Jonah answered the call of "supper for one!" Ages roll on, and man, embryo man, regularly sheds his skin. No longer doth he disport himself with joyous *negligee* in an evening swim with his comrades, but letting the dead past float away its dead, he swells

the nocturnal tide of melody with brother cats and dogs. Whether man ever roved the blue ethereal or not, is a question yet unsettled by scientists; he may have buzzed with the happy humming insects, he may have rung in with the twittering songsters of air, but as this sketch recognizes only the well authenticated facts of scientific research, we leave our ancestors' ornithological experience to some fanciful dreamer. *Tempus fugits* along.

Where Paris now sits enthroned in imperial splendor, her magnificent temples and monuments pointing skyward as exponents of her grandeur, the progenitors of her great men, myriads of years ago, may have trotted calmly along under the starlight, their tails hanging in pensive reverie between their legs. Such is man and such is his history. And who dare question the historical or scientific accuracy of these assertions? Doesn't old mother Nature squawl out in every cadence of the bull-frog, every note of the goat, and every trill of the Prima Donna, the eternal kinship of flesh-bound spirits? Aint the old lady endorsed by a Tyndall, a Darwin and a Huxley, and "others too numerous to mention?" And they are all, all very bloody boys. Yea, verily, ladies and gentlemen, we have come cavorting down the corridors of Time under strange and divers aspects; and what's more, we are eating our kinfolks day by day. Turn off the gas.

P. S.—You are not in the dark; you can see your way by the electric light. Boys, stop kissing those females over there.

The Great North American Natural Curiosity--The Dismal Swamp of North Carolina.

BY J. T. KING, M. D.

[From the Baltimore Herald.]

The coasts which surround the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and also the Atlantic shores of North America from the points of Florida to the mouth of the Chesapeake, are bordered by a large number of marine marshes, forming a continued series over hundreds and thousands of miles in length. In this immense series of coast marshes, all kinds of vegetation seem to flourish, and threaten to get the better of the mud and water and to convert them into terra firma. To the South, upon the shores of Columbia and Central America, the mangroves and other trees of like species plunge the terminal points of their roots deep into the mud, crossing and recrossing in an arch-like form, and retaining all the debris of plants and animals under the inextricable net-work of their natural scaffoldings. The shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in Louisiana, Georgia and Florida, are bordered by cypress swamps or forests of cypress, (cupressus disticha); these strange trees, the roots of which, entirely buried, throw out above the layer of water which

covers the soil, multitudes of little courses, the business of which is to absorb the air. For millions of acres, nearly all the marshy belt along the seashore is nothing but an immense cypress swamp, with trees bare of leaves, and fluttering in the wind their long hair-like fibres of moss.

Here and there the trees and muddy sod give place to bays, lakes, or quaking meadows formed by a carpet of grass lying upon a soil of wet mud, or even upon the hidden water. In Brazil these buoyant beds of vegetation are frequently met with, and the significant name of "tremendal" has been given to them. In Ireland these are called "quaking bogs." The least movement of the traveler who ventures upon them, makes the soil tremble to some yards distance. To the north of Florida, in the Carolinas and Virginia, the belt of cypress swamps continues; but in consequence of the change of climate and vegetation, the quaking meadows are gradually converted into peat-mosses. Evaporation being much less active in these countries than those situated further to the south, and the dry season being much less prolonged, the water arising from rain and inundation remains as if in the pores of an immense sponge, in all the interstices of the entangled mass of mosses, sphagnum, converfae and other aquatic plants. The whole marsh swells toward the centre, because the droplets, divided by innumerable stalks, cannot spread out laterally, and are drawn by capillary attraction into the fresh beds of plants which are formed above the other ones. The surface of the marsh is incessantly renewed by a carpet of green vegetation, while below the dead plants, deprived of air, carbonize slowly in the moisture which surrounds them; these are the beds of peat which form upon the ground just as the layers of coal were formed in previous geological epochs.

On the southern side the first great peat-bog of a well defined character is the "Dismal Swamp," which extends along the frontiers of North Carolina and Virginia. This spongy mass of vegetation rises twenty feet above the surrounding land. In the centre, and so to speak upon the summit of the marsh, lies Lake Drummond, the clear water of which is colored reddish-brown by the tannin of the plants. A canal which crosses the Dismal Swamp to connect it with the adjacent streams, is obliged to make its way along the marsh by means of locks.

To the north of Virginia, peat-bogs proper become more and more numerous, and in Canada, Labrador, etc, they cover vast expanses of country. All the interior of the Island of Newfoundland and inside the enclosure formed by the forest on the shore, is nothing but a labyrinth, a great part of which is still unknown, of lakes and peat-bogs. Even on the sides of the hills there are marshes, on so steep an incline that the water from them would disappear and run off in a stream if it was not stopped by the thick carpet of plants which it saturates. Many a large peat-bog which may be crossed dry-shod, contains more water than many lakes filling a hollow of the valley with deep water.

Opposite Newfoundland, on the other side of the Atlantic, Ireland is hardly less remarkable for the enormous development of its peat-mosses or bogs. These tracts of saturated vegetation, in which sphagnum palustre predominates, comprehend nearly two and a half millions acres, the seventh part of the whole island. The inhabitants continue to extract from them every year immense quantities of fuel. The spaces left by the spade in the vegetable mass are gradually filled up again by new layers. After a certain number of years, which vary according to the abundance of rain, the depth of the bed of water, the force of vegetation, and the slope of the soil, the turf "quarry" is formed anew. In Ireland it generally takes about ten years to entirely fill again the trenches, measuring from nine to thirteen feet in depth, which are made in the bogs on the plain, when a fresh digging of turf may be commenced. In Holland crops of this fuel may be gathered on an average every thirty years. As every thing in nature is continually changing and modifying, peaty marshes, like lakes, are all either in a period of increase or a period of decay, some form while others disappear. Independently of the action exercised by the labor of man, the vegetation of peat-bogs may cease to be produced in any basin, either because the water flows away naturally through some wide outlet after the heavy rains, or because some river, by changing its course, has exhausted or immoderately swollen the mass of water necessary to the nourishment of the peat; or again, because the rain, becoming either more rare or more frequent, has dried up the basin or converted it into an inundated marsh; lastly, the sinking or upheaving of the soil may also, according to the various conditions of the relief of the country, be the cause of the disappearance of the flora of the peat-bogs.

The same causes acting in contrary directions, give rise to and increase these enormous masses of plants swollen with water. In Ireland, the Low Countries, the north of Germany and Russia, heaps of former trunks of forest trees, oaks, beech, alder and others, are frequently discovered, which by their decay have made way for the peat-mosses. The sphagnum, too, often takes possession of what man had previously made himself master, and in many places roads, remains of buildings, and other vestiges of human labor, are found below the modern bed of vegetation by which they are now covered.

Certain peat-bogs in Denmark and Sweden may be considered, on account of the curiosities which have been found in them, as perfect natural museums, in which the relics of the civilization of ancient nations have been preserved for the savants of our own day.

The air above the peat-mosses in Ireland and other countries in the world is not often unhealthy, either because the heat is not sufficient to develop miasma, or else because the vegetation, by absorbing the water into its spongy mass, impedes the corruption of the liquid, and produces a considerable quantity of oxygen.

Farther south the peat-mosses which are intermixed with pools of stagnant water, and especially marshes properly so called, generate an impure air, which spreads fever and death over the surrounding country, unless marshes are surrounded with dense forests, which arrest the dispersion of the gas. The latter exercises a most injurious influence on the general salubrity of the district, for during dry weather a vast area of the bed of the marshes becomes exposed, and the heaps of organic debris lying on the bottom decompose in the heat and infect the whole atmosphere.

The average of life is much shorter in all marshy countries than in the adjacent regions. In Brescia, Poland, in the marshes of Tuscany and in the Roman plains, the wan and livid complexion of the inhabitants, their hollow eyes and their wrinkled and feverish skins, announce at first sight the vicinity of some centre of infection. There are some marshes in the torrid zone (Central America) where the decomposition of organic matter goes on with a much greater rapidity than in the temperate climates; no one can venture on the edges of these districts without peril of his life. As Froebel asserted in his "Journey across Central America," the miasma was so abundant and concentrated that not only could it be smelt, but a distinct impression of it was left upon the palate.

There is nobody who has not actually been through the "Great Dismal," that has the slightest conception of what kind of a place it is. Judging from its name, the popular imagination makes it a vast swamp, quagmire and unwholesome fen, dark, silent, and damp, where the light of the blessed sun never enters; a spot that seems cursed, and from whose black murky surface noisome vapors arise that breed disease and death. This is a popular belief, and it is a popular fallacy. No idea can be more erroneous. The Dismal Swamp is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which all the drainings of the surrounding country flow; on the contrary it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir, that in its vast sponge-like bulk gathers the waters which fall from the heavens, and pours them into five different rivers, which flow onward to the sea.

Any one would imagine that the "Dismal" was a veritable charnel house that spreads its miasma throughout the country; on the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is formed entirely of green timber; there is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying all around in the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing, it turns into peat, and lies, indissoluble by air and water, for ages perfectly sound.

There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma, no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetation, no marshes exposed to

the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, the air is laden with odors as sweet as the fragrant woods in May, when the sweet perfume of flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the ante-bellum days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to the shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its health. Mr. Riddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole life-time, and they never knew a death caused by miasma, or a solitary instance of ague and fever.

The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medicinal drink as are the waters of the famous Virginia "mountain spas." It is often used by naval vessels going on a long foreign cruise on account of its healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a very pleasant taste.

The soil of the Great Dismal is composed entirely of clay and vegetable peat. It is spongy and loose. A pole thirty feet long was shoved steadily down by my guide and did not begin to touch bottom. The swamp is alive with game, and the lake with fish. The animals are bear, deer, raccoons and squirrels. The fish are the black-bass, or chubs as they call them here, which rise readily to the fly. Specklefish, beachfish, gars, catfish and perch, they all bite freely at bait, and make game fight if hooked. Fishing is entirely done with rod and reel. Though the bear abound in the swamp, it is very hard to get a shot at them. You can often hear them crashing through the cane-brakes, but rarely see them. A few months ago one big black bear deliberately passed through the village in a dog trot. It raised the village, old men took their single barrels that hadn't gone off for a hundred years, and that were all the world like Rip Van Winkle's fowling-piece, and instantly snapped them off. Everybody got their arms, but Monsieur le Bruin kept on regardless of the bird-shot that rattled against his hide, and at last, after traversing the entire town, disappeared in the woods beyond, where no doubt, in bear language he told his wonderful adventure.

To the feral peltry trafficker, sportsman and scientist, few localities or regions of the earth are more attractive and interesting. It is the paradise of the hunter. Within its broad area, one hundred miles in length, by an average of thirty in width, live and roam almost every species of feral animal. The fugitive negro slave of ante-bellum times, bears, deers, wild hogs, wild cattle, wild turkeys, coons, possums, otter, minks, turtles, foxes, birds of land and aquatic species of every plumage and every note. Fish are caught in the great Lake Drummond the year round. No region is more salubrious, and the water of Lake Drummond is so anti-

septic that it is used by the United States Navy on board the vessels destined for foreign voyages and distant naval stations. The water is deeply colored by the tannin of the juniper and cypress forests.

That this vast area was anciently the bed of the ocean is indisputable, and upon the receding of the sea, in time became covered by a rank vegetation, jungle and forest. Innumerable conflagrations have raged and swept over its entire surface, destroying the vegetation and forest, even to burning the roots of the trees and the rhizomas of plants, until the soil is a vast cineritious bed, or deeply accumulated deposit of ashes. The decorticated and deflorated growths and forests now stand silent, lonely, ghostly, weird, blighted, blasted, gloomy, the abiding place of Negro Hottentots and the lair of feral beasts; yet in the midst of this gloom and desolation a vast and profitable industry is conducted, the cypress shingle manufacturing. Millions of them are annually exported, and transported by the Dismal Swamp Canal that has its debouchure at Norfolk and Portsmouth.

Upon the confines of the Dismal Swamp one will find the Magnolia Salt Sulphur Springs. These springs are one of the few in this country or Europe known to the medical profession as furnishing waters containing iodine, bromine and potassium in combination. These waters are a sovereign remedy in dyspepsia, glandular diseases, rheumatism, calculous affections, renal complaints, eutaneous eruptions, diabetes and Bright's disease, and especially in the mollites ossium or crooked legs of children. This locality is especially suitable as a winter place of sojourn for invalids who desire to escape the rigors of a northern winter. Here is where the genial southern climate begins, where one will find almost perennially a balmy and equable temperature, and by its proximity to that great thermal artery that trends along the Atlantic coast, the great Gulf Stream, the mean winter range of temperature is seldom below 45 degrees, never down to zero.

This region is the paradise of the Scuppernong grape and small fruits, as strawberries, blackberries, &c. Nowhere has nature done more for the husbandman. Here are inexhaustible marl and muck beds, which when manipulated or composted are the best of fertilizers.

Twelve miles from the great Dismal is the beautiful town of Suffolk, with its neat houses, umbrageous streets, and hospitable, cultivated inhabitants. It stands upon a plain environed by majestic forests, through which wind bough-canopied roads in all directions. Such a road leads from Suffolk to the Old Brick Church near Smithfield. This ancient edifice was erected in 1632; nothing remains but the crumbling walls and moss-grown roof. The ancient worshippers are nothing now to any of the present living. Such is the fate of all, the arrogant and humble, the rich and poor. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

In this genial climate the floral world delights. Everywhere, through wood and field and by the way, the lovely yellow jassamine flings its sweetness wastefully. The fence-posts are crowned with great scarlet clusters of the trumpet flower; the coral honeysuckle also grows wild. I beheld the very fences wreathed, and the corn-fields all a-tangle with it. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Not a path leads in any direction but it is lined with those rare flowers and vines which build the fortunes of our Northern florists, but which here in their native haunts bloom and fade away almost unheeded. It was my fortune to see for the first time that pearl of shrubs, the crape myrtle, in flower. It grows freely here, even in the door-yards of the humblest cottages, over which it sheds a grace and glory all its own. Who can describe its bloom? It seemed to me like a fleecy, fragrant, rose-colored cloud, lying lightly on the dark green glossy foliage. This section is a home our bees would long for if they knew of it, for though they might not be able to "banquet on through a whole year of flowers," yet on every side is spread a generous feast, which winter scarcely at any time would so cover with his white napkin as to leave them unsupplied. And in this favored clime, not only the fig, pomegranate and almond flourish, but of our own fruits and nuts not one is wanting. So with the grains; and on one side may be seen acres and acres of cotton in bloom, on the other, equally wide fields of corn. Of grapes, there is no doubt but that the famous cluster represented as being born upon the shoulders of the spies of Eshcol could here be rivalled, if any one chose to turn his attention that way.

I HAVE one other point only to present; that is, energy in execution. By this I mean application, activity, perseverance, and untiring industry in that business or pursuit, whatever it may be, that is undertaken. Nothing great or good can be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity to drive the mightiest ships "across the stormy deep," are utterly useless without a moving power. Energy is the steam power, the motive principle, of intellectual capacity. It is the propelling force; and as in physics, *momentum* is resolvable into quantity of matter and velocity, so in metaphysics, the extent of human accomplishment may be resolvable into the degree of intellectual endowment and the energy with which it is directed. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with minds. Hence, we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave and justly leave, their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction and preferment.—*Stephens.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

☞ *NOTICE.—The Editors hope to be able to make the* MAGAZINE *more and more attractive in point of quantity of reading matter. But to do this it is necessary that our subscribers pay up and our subscrtption list be increased. Friends and subscribers would confer a favor by showing lheir copies of the* MAGAZINE *to Alumni of the University and others who would be likely to subscribe.* ☜

Companionship of Books.

To how many of us do our leisure hours bring a feeling of loneliness, and it may be of despair? How many of us are suffering the "dyspeptic gnawings of *ennui*," without realizing the thousand sources at hand, from which we might draw enjoyment without weariness and "pleasure that knows no satiety"? I fear the number is very great. This is because we have never fully estimated the companionship of books.

Much time is not needed at the University for preparing recitations, and this should be devoted to that culture which can only come from a constant perusal of the works of the standard writers. How many of our students have read Hume and Macauley, so as to call vividly to mind the prominent characters who have participated in the drama of England's progress? Have any of you a favorite poet whose melodies are ever in your mind, and whose songs are a companion to you in your loneliness? Have you read books of travel and acquainted yourself with the characters and customs of other people? Learned of their modes of government, of worship, of their manner of acquiring wealth?

If you have read as you should and have become attached to the standard writers, you have friends whose society is delightful. They are persons of all ages, distinguished in council, war, and letters. Easy to live with, always at your command; they are never out of humor, and answer all your questions with readiness. Such is the companionship of books, and such it should be to every student. If we wish to know the events of the past, or to have the secrets of nature revealed to us; to learn how to live, or know how to die; to have our melancholy dispelled, then we should seek the

companionship of books. A taste for reading is of the greatest importance, and all should cultivate it.

Sir John Herschel felt the true delights of reading when he wrote to his friend: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading."

Fletcher says—

> "That place that does contain
> My books, the best companions, is to me
> A glorious court, where hourly I converse
> With the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes, for variety, I confer
> With Kings, and Emperors, and weigh their counsels,
> Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
> Into a strict account, and in my fancy
> Deface their ill-placed statues."

☞ We regret that we are not able to adorn the first page of this number of the MAGAZINE with a portrait of one of the distinguished sons of the University. Our means will not allow it. We will strain every nerve to make the MAGAZINE attractive, and with a little aid from outside sources, we may yet have a mezzotint portrait in every issue of the MAGAZINE.

☞ The able address on "The Life and Character of General Nathaniel Greene" was delivered in Greensboro by the late Gov. Graham. It has never before been published, and we are under many obligations to Maj. Jno. W. Graham, of Hillsboro, for furnishing it to us. Maj. Graham, in this as in other instances, has been very kind in helping us. We only wish the thousands of graduates would render us the assistance that Maj. Graham has. We fear that, unlike him, most of our graduates cease to long for old Alma Mater after years of separation. This should not be. They should continually revert to the scenes of their college days, and render every assistance in their power to aid all that pertains to their University.

☞ As yet we have received none of the college journals to which we sent our first number. Brothers, do not slight us; we wish to become acquainted with you. We sought the introduction and you have not yet honored us with your permission to be introduced.

☞ Before we issue another number of the MAGAZINE the time for electing our successors will have passed. We cannot conjecture who our successors will be.

Very few of the students have taken a hand in the game we are playing. Of course it is the wish of the management of the MAGAZINE to have the students of the University contribute any articles their leisure may permit. Those who expect to be editors ought by all means to give some evidence of their powers; but probably it is unnecessary for the vast amount of latent genius which is in the University to show itself, or to make any effort to obtain the position of editor. There are several students who could fill the position we occupy with credit to themselves and to the University. We fear these men will not be elected, since personal popularity enters too much into our elections. It is well enough to have a popular marshal, or a popular ball manager, but it will not do to let popularity rule the election for representatives and editors of the MAGAZINE. We have labored to so regulate the working of the MAGAZINE as to give our successors as little trouble as possible. We feel that we have done this, and if the best men among us are elected our successors the MAGAZINE will become a fixed institution.

☞ Without presuming to dictate to our able Professor of English, we think we can suggest a new feature in the senior year which will be very improving, and at the same time create a decided interest in the course. It is by no means a new idea, but one which prevails to a great extent in most of the Northern colleges and universities. It is this: Let the professor, at the commencement of the year, assign to each member of the class the task of writing a comment upon the life and writings of one of the standard poets. This will, of course, require considerable reading, and will acquaint the class with the character of the man and of his thoughts; besides, it will accustom the class to making close surveys of written character, and will open a field for original work. These lectures by the students, following in succession, would constitute a complete biography of the greatest poets.

We hope the Professor will see the advisability of this, and will soon have not only his class, but all the students, listening to a dissertation on the life of Milton, or Chaucer, or Scott, or others, no less distinguished.

☞ It is fashionable now to say, "A bovine puer with a porcelain orbit."

☞We are denied the privilege of engaging in the acquatic sports, which forms so important a factor in the physical life of many colleges. Since we are debarred this manner of developing our physique, we should indulge to a greater extent in the field sports and in gymnastic exercise. Of late, a decided interest has been manifested in base ball, and two select nines have been constantly at work. Base ball is not a Southern game; at least, no Southern club is able to compete with the Northern teams. This is for want of practice—continued practice.

In the matter of exercise our students are spasmodic. A few weeks ago foot ball engrossed the attention of the students, but "kicking a bag of wind" is no longer indulged in. "Shinny" ceases to call out the entire body of students every afternoon, and the man who could take a crooked stick, make a desperate rake at the ball and catch his opponent in the eye, is no longer a hero. Our small amount of gymnasium apparatus is rotting, and stands as a decaying monument to the architect who formed it—Prof. Bond.

A short walk up University Avenue, or to Couchtown, is usually indulged in before supper. This is well enough, especially when, in the words of President White, of Cornell, one is accompanied by an *agreeable companion.*

We need exercise of a heavy nature, and we hope these suggestions will be of some avail, and that the ball grounds and gymnasium will no longer remain deserted, but will become frequented by all the students.

☞We thank the Raleigh *News* and *Observer* for their kind notices of our first issue. The *Observer* suggests that we omit the column of "Personals." Of course we do not expect the "Personals" to interest any one except the students. All of the college periodicals see fit to devote a short space to the absent students, and we think it a good plan. Our "Personals" were more *personal* than we expect to have again. In this column we wish to keep the students posted as to the whereabouts and successes of their predecessors. None except students are expected to see the point of the "Personals," and if our Magazine pleases our distant subscribers in every way, with the exception of "Personals," we will feel well pleased.

☞We insert a well written article on "The Dismal Swamp." It deserves a more permanent place than the columns of a newspaper.

☞North Carolina needs the Moffett Bell Punch. Jing-a-ling!

COLLEGE RECORD.

☞ The interest in the currency question has not yet died out in this vicinity; in fact, as the months go by, public opinion becomes more and more marked in favor of the "dollars of our daddies."

☞ Mr. A. Whitlock has come and gone. He made a very successful trip. His samples were very fine and his past reputation is a sufficient guarantee that his suits will be the cynosure of all eyes at our approaching commencement.

☞ The lecture on The Scattered Nation, by Gov. Z. B. Vance, '54, last month, was a treat not only to the University, but to the citizens of Chapel Hill and vicinity. No matter upon what subject the Governor speaks he handles it with masterly strength. The lecture was instructive, amusing, eloquent.

☞ It was not intentional on our part. We detest eaves-dropping. We could not help it. It occurred at the reception in Hillsboro last month, and he said to her: "Several times in my life I have thought I was in love, and thought I had found the rest my heart was seeking, but never until now, have I experienced that deep feeling of true love which permeates man's heart." He was a C. H. Freshman.

☞ We are pleased to see again in our midst Prof. Wren, attended by "Charlie," his faithful squire. We wish the Professor the utmost success. Dancing is taught in the U. S. Military and Naval Academies, and is not to be neglected in the general rounding and polishing off of a gentleman. Some of us would not be materially injured by this operation. Of course we do not mean you, dear reader; we are personally acquainted with you and know you to be an accomplished ladysman, but, you know, some of our friends, while they might be technically termed bloods, have still, it must be admitted, a hoosierical tinge to their gore. Those who are devotees to Terpsichore, are now delighting in the perfect way in which they can "do" the "Boston Dip"; the "Baltimore Hop," and the "Chapel Hill Crawl." This latter step was the peculiar characteristic of Sitting Green, '81, and we hope the Taurine's mantle will fall on the shoulders of some one who can wear it with the grace of its first proprietor.

☞ It gives us real pleasure to chronicle the fact that Brother Jones, of the Staff, was awarded the Debater's Medal, on April 6th, by his fellow-members of the Dialectic Society. Mr. Jones should feel especially complimented, considering the proficiency of the gentlemen who contested the palm with him. Competition is indeed the life of trade. We are much pleased to state that representative J. Madison Leach received the Declaimer's Medal, we understand, by a very flattering vote. Gentlemen, our congratulations.

☞ What has become of the University String Band? Harriss can be heard most any day "pickin" juba after the old plantation style. Judge Simmons amuses himself and legal friends with solos on the bones. Winston is anxious for a chance to manipulate the "wiolinceller." Can't somebody give these three gentlemen some tunes to play? We might add to these Palmer, of horse-shoe notoriety, and Morton, of the tambo. If this quintette would meet and agree upon the same time, their practice would cause a reformation in the expressions of those who happen to be near them during the regular hour for practice.

☞ At a recent meeting the following were selected to represent the University when a base ball challenge is received: A. Phillips, '80, c.; Williams, '79, p.; R. Winston, '79, s. s.; Askew, '79, 1 b.; Phillips, '77, 2 b.; J. S. Manning, '79, 3 b.; L. Walker, '81, l. f.; Pemberton, '81, c. f.; F. Winston, '79, r. f. They have met a select nine several times, and have beaten invariably. Askew's playing on the base is beautiful—in fact, much better than behind the bat, and he is the best catcher in the State. Several nines have recently been organized and have done some work. We have no class nines, but if a trial of skill was made, '79 would prove victorious.

New Advertisement.—We call the special attention of the students of the University to the advertisement of Dr. Roberson & Harris. Besides keeping a stock of the best drugs, they have constantly on hand the best brands of chewing and smoking tobacco, and the finest brands of cigars. We do not recommend night suppers, but if students will eat out of time, they can find nothing nicer than the canned meats and fruits, which this firm sell very cheap. Mr. J. N. Emerson, their very obliging clerk, will be pleased to wait on the students at any time. Be certain to find out that the article you want is not at Roberson & Harris' before you purchase elsewhere.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The MAGAZINE is at last under way. After sending off a multitude of prospectuses, and seeing personally a good many of the Alumni and others, the editors finally procured enough subscriptions to warrant their establishing the MAGAZINE. There has been, from necessity, a good deal of delay and doubt. Being a new enterprise, one in which so many persons, through the societies, were pecuniarily interested, and those having it in charge being pressed by other and more important duties, it has necessarily lacked some of that order and system which it would have otherwise had. There have not been wanting individuals ready to carp and sneer at the enterprise, both before and after the first issue. Such beings (we will not call them men) have no more public spirit than one-half of a blind, deaf, but ready-braying ass. We suppose, however, every praiseworthy undertaking must be snarled at by some; fice seem to be necessary in the economy of the universe. Blind buzzards of ill omen they are, that would alight with blundering officiousness on the fly-wheels of time. They ought to rot from the foulness of their own petty malice, and the only proper disposal of their carcasses would be to haul them out as a *petit souper* for the carrion birds of the vicinity. And others find fault with the size of the MAGAZINE, as if the editors were expected, or had the right, to disregard the subscription list and run the societies one or two hundred dollars in debt for the year. Putrid idiots! concatenated compounds of asinine stupidity! How, in the name of all the fiends of Gehenna, can the editors run a $600 MAGAZINE on $480—*promised?* It were well if some of our "censorious wiseacres" would find out what they are talking about before they attempt their would-be criticisms.

☞ We were quietly musing in our sanctum. To vary the monotony of the hour, we had placed in our window a harp, named after the famed Eolus. We were listening with wrapt attention to the delicate, never varying tones caused by the vibrations of the silken threads fanned by the pensive and sportive zephyrs. To an unobservant eye the music came from an unknown source. Our musing was interrupted, and in he walked. His face gave evidence of the imprint of age. It is currently reported that he had fought in the grand struggle for liberty. He had listened to the roar of cannon, and seen the flash of the sabre; had marched with majestic step to the martial notes of drum and fife, while above his head the

banner of freedom unfolded its silken folds to the rays of the sun. As he entered, the gentle breeze, which had died out, began again to stir through the leaves of the trees, and we happened just then to yawn. At the same time the harp began to make sweet music. He thought the tones proceeded from the depths of our musical soul. As the wind rose and fell we yawned and sighed, and the confusion depicted on the face of the hero of '76, was deplorable to see. He had heard of "Wyman, the Wizard"; had seen jugglers from Japan produce innumerable articles from unseen sources; had seen the dagger disappear down the neck of the performer and come out again. But he had never heard music come, as he supposed, from the "inner man." He left none the wiser. We have never mentioned this before, but it has been praying on our mind. This is written—"*according to Gunter.*"

Journalistic.—F. D. Winston, '79, and R. P. Pell, '80, have assumed the editorial management of the Chapel Hill *Ledger*. Much success to you, brother quill drivers. May your success be recorded with a quill plucked from the tail feathers of the bird of glory.

Personals.

Buz-z-z—Zip. So goes the *gnat.*

Rob't Lee Payne is in the "Pill-box and Sawbones" line.

Arrington, '78, has been appointed keeper of the aviary.

H. B. Nixon, '79, appears to be in a very sportive humor.

George Washington Britt instructs the young idea how to scoot.

Wanted—Information as to the whereabouts of "Dixon & Dulay."

O. G. Thompson, '77, is conductor on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.

Narbo desires an assistant keeper of the aviary. The birds fly around too much for him.

Barrow, '79—Probe—is Master Accountant in a large manufacturing establishment in Jackson.

D. C. Stone, '54, is Mayor of Galveston, Texas. He is also a member of the Cotton Exchange.

Mr. Botdoud requests that gentlemen walk up and pay their Ball fees. Give Bartholomew a call.

Messrs. Billipeel, Tommed and Bilbinom are the champion Bloods of the East Building. Ladies, take notice.

Wanted—A half a dozen young, healthy alligators to stock the Aquatic department. Apply to D. Enderson, Janitor.

Mr. Haugh Sester is on a stampede. Gnats are so troublesome, that it is really expensive to keep our Menagerie in order.

H. W. Stubbs, '79, is reading law in the office of Jas. E. Moore, '62. He will hang out his shingle in Williamston, Martin county.

"Remus" B. Parker drifteth leisurely on the current of events. We believe he farms. C. Wheat Hunter likewise "drives his jocund team afield." Gee!

Aaron Bill Elijah Capel is dealing in dry goods, groceries, &c. We hope he will succeed; at all events, we venture to say the *prophets* are on his side.

Hugh L. Cole, '57, is Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City. He has lately been conducting the investigations of the Ring Frauds of that city.

Tom Day is the foreman of W. T. Blackwell & Co.'s immense establishment. May fortune scatter her blessings with unstinted hand along the pathway of this genial, warm-hearted blood.

Jeems Roderick Staton studies medicine in the interim of his dikes. Take off those kids, Jim, and put down that bamboo switch. They are not the usual "apparatti" for carving dead niggers.

We understand that the Rev. Jordan Weaver, a prominent Baptist divine of this city, has been selected to deliver the baccalaureate sermon at Wake Forest College the ensuing commencement. "Goobers to-night, gentilmen?"

Andrew Jackson Smith is tunneling Blackstone; in fact, he is clawing it all to pieces, leaving not a stone unturned (no pun intended). We thank him for his kind expression about the MAG.? Sidney, "old boy," success to you. Brace up!

Lewis, '78, will be glad to give instructions in the science of "The Pocket Gymnasium." He will also teach the Hygienic effect of exercise and will furnish, on application, all the rules of health. His treatise on the "Didapper Flirt" is soon to appear.

Charles C. Vines is engaged in prosperous agricultural operations. Mr. Vines was, we believe, the first old student to subscribe for the MAGAZINE, *and with the money, two dollars and a half, legal tender of the U. S.* May his cotton patches blossom as the rose, and long may he live, surrounded by his young Vines and fig trees.

Wm. H. Smith, Ph. D., of Michigan, late Professor of Natural History in this institution, is studying medicine, we have been informed, at the University of Michigan. He has written to one or two of his old friends here. Dr. Smith was an excellent professor, and it is much to be regretted that he could not be persuaded to remain with us.

"Josh Whitby" has immigrated to Northampton, and is catering to the Farmerial public as a Purveyor of Fertilizers. We understand he intends farming soon. We were with Mr. Whedbee in the department of Natural History, and it may not be amiss for us to say that his classmates look for him to do something for the cause of scientific agriculture, in our State.

"Professor" Charles Bond is diligently engaged in assassinating time. "The sweet memories of departed days" creep over us as we call to mind the loved and lost. Dear Charlie! when shall we meet again? The University is indebted mostly to the skill and enterprise of this gentleman for the gymnasium, and the bath located in a sylvan retreat. We will extend his time and look for him to do well in life. Success, 'Fess.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

Rooms of Y. M. C. A. of University N. C.,
March 15, 1878.

Whereas, The Allwise Ruler of the Universe has seen fit, in His infinite wisdom, to take from us our much esteemed brother, Isaac H. Long, therefore

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to the will of Heaven, we cannot but deplore the loss of him whose life has been so suddenly ended.

Resolved, That in his death the Young Men's Christian Association has lost an earnest, sincere Christian; one who had given his heart to his Creator "in the days of his youth;" and we can, in the language of the great poet, truly say, that

> "We venerate the man whose heart is warm,
> Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
> Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
> That he is honest in the sacred cause."

Resolved, That while we would not intrude upon the privacy of domestic grief, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be spread upon the journal of the Y. M. C. A., and sent for publication to the University Magazine, *Alamance Gleaner* and *Raleigh Observer*.

J. D. Gunter,
H. T. Watkins, } *Com.*
Frank Wood.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Chapel Hill, N. C., Jan. 21, 1878.

WHEREAS, He who giveth and taketh away all things did, in His wisdom, on January 19, 1878, see fit to remove from among us our friend and classmate, I. H. LONG, of Graham, N. C., whose faithful application to study, gentlemanly bearing towards all, and high Christian character, render him pecularily dear to us,

Resolved 1*st*. That we do humbly submit to the decree of our Heavenly Father, praising Him that in His goodness He saw fit to take one who we trust was ready to receive the reward for his well doing.

Resolved 2*d*, That we do deplore the loss of him whose generous heart, amiable disposition and brightness of mind stamped him as a man of great usefulness for the future.

Resolved 3*d*, That in token of our bereavement, and of our appreciation of him as a companion and student, we do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved 4*th*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, assuring them of our sympathy in their sad affliction.

Resolved 5*th*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, *Alamance Gleaner*, *Raleigh News* and *Raleigh Observer*, with the request that they be published.

A. L. PHILLIPS,
T. H. BATTLE,
J. E. SCOTT,
M. C. S. NOBLE,
J. E. RANSOM,
P. P. NORFLEET.
Committee of Sophomore Class.

A. WHITLOCK,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

MEN AND BOYS' READY-MADE CLOTHING,

TARBORO, N. C.

☞I will visit the College in March. All those desiring to be well-clothed and fitted, will do well to place their orders in my hands. I guarantee a fit, and please the most fastidious, in style and prices. Samples sent on application. Address A. WHITLOCK.

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Awarded Diploma at North Carolina State Fair, 1877.

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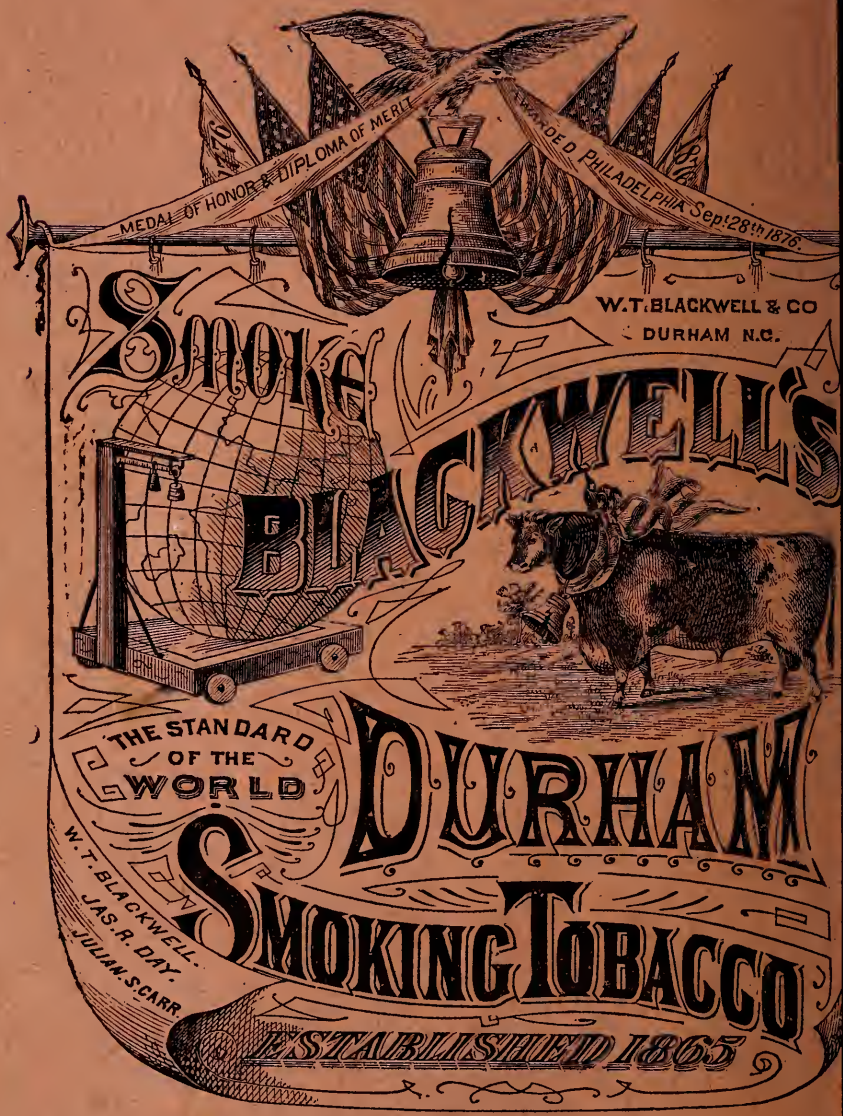
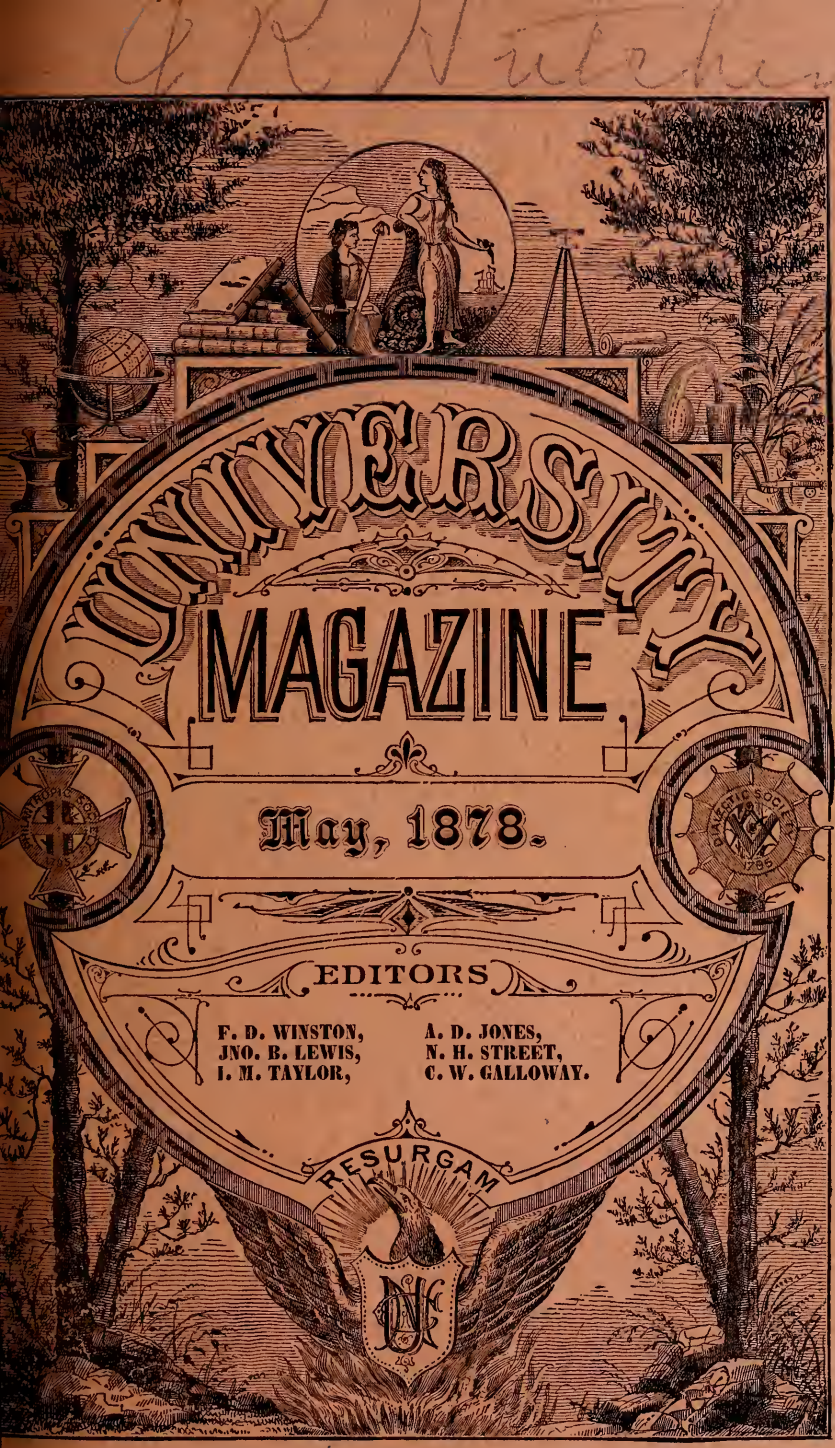


THE TIE THAT BINDS THE TWO HEMISPHER


UNIVERSITY
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May, 1878.
EDITORS
F. D. WINSTON,
JNO. B. LEWIS,
I. M. TAYLOR,
A. D. JONES,
N. H. STREET,
C. W. GALLOWAY.
RESURGAM

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University Magazine.

Vol. 1. MAY, 1878. No. 3.

The Life and Character of Hon. David L. Swain.

BY GOV. Z. B. VANCE.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 20th, 1878.

SIR:—At the last regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, held in this city on the 16th of the month, it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Board are hereby tendered to His Excellency Governor Vance, for his able, eloquent and instructive oration on the life and character of the late Hon. David L. Swain, delivered at the last annual commencement; that the Excellency the Governor be requested to furnish a copy of the oration for publication, and that the Secretary of the Board be instructed to notify him of the adoption of this resolution."

In accordance with the instructions of the Board I have the honor herewith to notify your Excellency of the unanimous adoption of the foregoing resolution. Very respectfully,

W. L. SAUNDERS, Sec'y Board Trustees.

To the Excellency Governor Z. B. Vance, Raleigh, N. C.

THE ORATION.

That great range of mountains, extending from the St. Lawrence to the plains of Alabama, called by De Soto APALACHIAN, and by the Indian tribes ALLEGHANIES, which, in their tongue, signifies the *Endless*, attains its greatest elevation in the Black Mountain group, in the Western part of this State.

This group lies partly within the counties of Yancey, McDowell and Buncombe; and the tallest peak of the cluster, and of all the peaks east of the Rocky Mountains, is Mt. Mitchell. From its dominating summit there is thrown off a ridge which runs west, south, and southwest, in a zigzag shape, alternated with deep gaps, tall summits and frightful precipices, until it melts away in the peninsula of plain which is enclosed by the waters of the Swannanoa and the French Broad in the county of Buncombe.

In this range, about seven miles from where these waters meet, there is a little gorge-like valley scooped out of its western slope, which spreads its narrow bosom precisely in the face of the setting sun. The tall dome of Mt. Mitchell literally casts its shadow over this mountain-cradled vale, as the sun first comes up from the Eastern sea.

Great ridges hem it in on either side, gradually melting on the south into the sloping hills on which stands the town of Asheville.

A bold fresh brook from springs high up in the heart of the mountain, ripples through the bottom of this vale, reinforced by a hundred smaller streams pouring from the ravines on the right and left, and empties its bright fresh floods into the French Broad, five miles below the county seat. Near the very head of this valley is a charming little homestead, consisting of fertile bits of meadow on the brook-side, above which are open fields swelling upwards to the skirts of the mountain forests. In the midst of these fields, where the ground slopes gently towards the brook, there stood, about the beginning of this century, an old-fashioned log-house of the kind familiarly known to our mountain people as a "double-cabin." An orchard of a growth and fruitful luxuriance peculiar to that region, surrounded the house and curtilage, imparting that air of rustic beauty and abundance which constitutes a special charm in simple country homes.

This spot at the period indicated, was the home of an honest, upright and intelligent man, whose name was George Swain; and here, on the 4th day of January, 1801, was born the child who became the man to whose memory we desire to do honor this day.

David Lowrie Swain was the second son and child of George and Caroline Swain. His father was of English descent, and was born in Roxboro, Massachusetts, in 1763. He came South and settled in Wilkes, now Oglethorpe county, in Georgia, served in the Legislature of that State five years, and was a member of the convention that revised the Constitution of Georgia. His health failing, he removed to Buncombe county, N. C., in 1795, and was one of its earliest settlers. He was for many years Postmaster at Asheville, and until within two years of his death; becoming insane a year or two previous to that event. Soon after his settlement in Buncombe, he was married to Caroline Lowrie, a widow, whose maiden name was Lane, a sister of Joel Lane, the founder of the city of Raleigh, and of Jesse Lane, the father of Gen. Joe Lane, late U. S. Senator from Oregon, and Democratic candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Gen. Breckinridge in 1860. This lady had three children by her first husband, one of whom, the late Col. James Lowrie, of Buncombe county, lived and died a citizen of most excellent repute. By her last husband she had seven children. All of these are now dead.

George Swain was by trade a hatter, but like all the thrifty men of his day, he combined farming with his shop, and was a successful man in both, as success was then measured. Whilst his hats were famous all the county over, his little farm on Beaver Dam, the name of the stream on which it was located, was considered a pattern in that period of rude agriculture. His apple-trees, under the shade of which young David was born and reared, were the product of cuttings brought all the way from Massachusetts—a great and tedious journey then—and some of the varieties which he thus imported still remain in that region by the names which he gave them.

He was a man of some learning and much intelligence, mixed with a considerable degree of eccentricity. Like all New Englanders he believed much in education, and struggled constantly to impart it to his children. He was possessed of a most wonderful memory, and I have heard it said by a lady who, as a girl, was intimate in his house, that he often entertained her and other visitors for hours together with the recitation of poems, without book or manuscript.

In this humble but instructive home, secluded from anything that could be termed fashionable society, but trained to industry, and instructed in the ways of integrity, young David Swain's early youth was passed. I cannot subscribe to the phrase so usually employed in describing such biographical beginnings as this, when it is said that the subject of the memoir was "without the advantages of birth." In fact, for a child to be born amid such surroundings, and with such blood in his veins as coursed through those of young Swain, constitute the very highest advantages which could surround the birth and bringing up of a young man who was to fight his way in a country like ours.

The surest elements of success are commonly found in the absence of indulgences in youth, and the most successful warriors against fate are those who are taught by stern necessity to fight early.

Gov. Swain was fond of recurring to the scenes and influences of his early life, and always felt that he had been fortunate in possessing a father to whom he could look with respect and confidence. He maintained a close and confidential correspondence with him from the time he left his roof to make his own way, and often referred to it as having had a most beneficial influence upon him.

In the summer vacation of 1852, he visited Buncombe, and I accompanied him out to Beaver Dam to see once more the place of his birth, then and now in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Stradly. On a spot not very far from the house, he stopped and told me that near this place was the first time he ever saw a wagon. This wondrous vehicle, he said, belonged to Zebulon and Bedent Baird, the grandfather and great uncle of your speaker; Scotchmen by birth, who came to North Carolina some time previous to 1790, by way of New Jersey.

There being no road for such vehicles, this wagon had approached the house of Mr. George Swain, he said, in the washed out channel of the creek, and the future Governor of North Carolina stood in the orchard waiting its approach with wonder and awe, and finally, as its thunder reverberated in his ears, as it rolled over the rocky channel of the creek, he incontinently took to his heels, and only rallied when safely entrenched behind his father's house. He enjoyed the relation of this to me exquisitely. As a palliation of his childish ignorance, however, he added that this was the first wagon which had crossed the Blue Ridge.

With healthful labor at home, and healthful instruction by the fireside, the days of his early childhood passed, till he attained the age at which his careful father thought he should be placed under other instructors. At the age of 15 he was accordingly sent to the school near Asheville, called the Newton Academy. Its founder and first teacher was the Rev. George Newton, a Presbyterian clergyman of good repute, who was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Porter, another Presbyterian clergyman, and then by the late Wm. Smith, of Georgia, familiarly known as "*long Billy.*" This Academy was justly famous in that region, and educated in whole or in part many of the prominent citizens of that country beyond the Blue Ridge, and elsewhere. Gov. B. F. Perry and Hon. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, M. Patton, R. B. Vance, James W. Patton, James Erwin, and many others of North Carolina, were classmates of young Swain at that school. A lady who is now living and was also a schoolmate of his there, tells me he was a most exemplary boy and diligent student, soon and clearly outstripping all his associates in the acquisition of knowledge. This superiority was doubtless due to the aid of an exceedingly strong and tenacious memory which he inherited from his father, and which characterized him through life. Mr. M. Patton informs me that young Swain taught Latin in the same school for several months.

I am not aware that he attended any other school till he came to the University in 1821; in that year he entered the Junior class, but only remained some four months. Want of means most probably prevented him from graduating. In 1822 he entered upon the study of the law in the office of Chief Justice Taylor, in Raleigh. He obtained license to practise in December, 1822; and referring to that event in his address at the opening of Tucker Hall, August, 1867, forty-five years afterwards, he gives a most entertaining picture of the Supreme Court which granted his license, and of the great North Carolina lawyers who at that time were practicing before its bar.

Returning to the mountains, with his license in his pocket and a sweetheart in his eye, he went hopefully to work, and became almost immediately in possession of a lucrative practice. The good people of his native county were quick to perceive his talents and integrity, and in 1824 he was elected a member of the House of Commons from Buncombe. So great was the satisfaction which his conduct in that capacity gave to his constituents, that they continued him as their member by successive elections until 1829.

In his character as Legislator he was most distinguished for his industry and attention to details, especially in the department of statistics and taxation, in which he soon became the highest authority in the body of which he was a member. He was prominent in getting the bill passed for the building of the French Broad Turnpike, a measure which revolutionized the intercourse between Tennessee, Kentucky and South Carolina, bringing an immense stream of emigration, travel and trade through western

North Carolina, and adding greatly to his own popularity among the people of that region.

In 1829 he was elected by the Legislature Solicitor of the Edenton Circuit, a circumstance remarkable in our legal annals, both on account of his extreme youth at the time of his election to so important an office, and because the Edenton Circuit was in the most distant part of the State from his residence, and it had been the custom to select for that office a lawyer residing in the district for which he was elected. This compliment to his learning and ability was conferred upon him without solicitation, under the following circumstances:

A bitter contest had sprung up between two candidates for that position, one of whom was the notorious Robert Potter, and the friends of neither consenting to give way, by common consent both sides agreed to take young Swain.

He rode only one circuit, when the next Legislature elected him a Judge of the Superior Court over Judge Seawell, then an able and eminent practitioner at the Raleigh bar. Swain was at that time the youngest man ever elevated to the Bench in this State, except Judge Badger, who was elected at the age of twenty-six. He had ridden four circuits as Judge with great acceptance, when in 1832 he was elected by the Legislature to be Governor of the State over several competitors, and was inaugurated on the 1st day of January, 1832. Under the Constitution of 1776 the term of the Governor was only one year, and Gov. Swain was re-elected in 1833 and 1834 successively. Just previous to the close of his official term in 1835 he was elected President of the State University, under the following circumstances:

It is said that he would have continued in politics if the way had then been clear for him to go to the U. S. Senate; or that he would have continued in the law, could he then have returned to the bench. But the way to neither being at that time open to him, he had no desire to return to the practice of law, or to continue further in State politics, in which he had already attained the highest honors which his State had to bestow. Under these circumstances, he turned his eyes towards the Presidency of the University, vacant since January, 1835, by the death of the venerable and lamented Dr Joseph Caldwell. But great as was his reputation as lawyer and politician, his character as a scholar was by no means so established, nor had public attention been directed to him as a fit person to take charge of an institution of learning. He one day called his friend, Judge Nash, into the Executive office and told him frankly that he desired to be made President of the University; and seeing that the Judge did not express much approbation of the project, he asked him to consult with Judge Cameron, and if they two did not approve of it, he would abandon the idea. Nash promised to do so, and on meeting Judge Cameron, gave him his opinion that Swain would not do for the place. Cameron, however, dissented at once, saying that Swain was the very man; that though

it was true he was not a scholar, yet he had all the other necessary elements of success; and that the man who had shown he knew so well how to manage men, could not fail to know how to manage boys. So, at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, Judge Cameron nominated him and secured his election to the Presidency. This closed his political and judicial career.

I have omitted to mention, however, in its chronological order, a most important part of that career. In 1835, whilst Governor, he was elected a delegate from the county of Buncombe to the Convention of that year which amended the Constitution. Perhaps no portion of his political service was of greater importance to the State than that which he rendered as a member of that Convention. His sagacity, liberality, and profound acquaintance with the statistics of the State, and with the history of the Constitutional principles of Government contributed very largely to the formation of that admirable instrument, the Constitution of 1835, a more excellent one than which, our surroundings considered, was never framed by any English speaking people. Few men in our annals have risen in life more rapidly than he, or sooner attained the highest honors in every branch of the Government, Legislative, Judicial and Executive. In making an estimate of his character and capacity in these offices, we shall be compelled, beyond doubt, to conclude that it required very substantial abilities to enable him thus to reach and sustain himself creditably in them all.

His practice as a lawyer was a very lucrative one to have been acquired at so early an age. As an evidence of the esteem in which his abilities and learning were held, he was, at the age of twenty-seven, when he had been a lawyer but four years, retained as counsel for the State of North Carolina with Geo. E. Badger, in a most complicated mass of litigation, involving the title to more land than was ever sued for under one title in our State (except perhaps, that instituted by the heirs of Lord Granville in 1804.) Several hundred thousand acres of land had been granted to William Cathcart, Huldeman, and Elseman, citizens of Pennsylvania, lying in the counties of Burke, Buncombe, Haywood, and Macon. Subsequently, these same lands in great part were sold in smaller lots to settler citizens by the State, under the belief that when patented originally by Cathcart and others, they were not subject to entry, for the reason that they were within the boundaries which had been reserved to the Indians by various treaties. One hundred suits in ejectment were brought against these settlers in the Circuit Court of the United States by the heirs of Cathcart. All these actions were dependent on similar facts, and each one involved the validity, accuracy and definite character of various surveys made at sundry different times during a period of nearly half a century previous thereto, under treaties between the State and the Cherokee Indians, and between the United States and the same Indian tribe. The State resolved to defend the titles it had given to its citizens, and employed Badger and Swain to contend with Mr. Gaston who

was for the plaintiffs—a very high compliment to both of them. Here was a field wherein Gov. Swain had no superior, and where his peculiar talents came specially into play. A complicated maze of long forgotten facts was to be resurrected from buried documents, dimly traced surveyors' lines and corners through hundreds of miles of tangled mountain forests were to be established, partly by the evidence of old grey-haired woodmen, and partly by the fading outlines of the rude maps and indistinct field-notes of the surveyors of that day; and old treaties and musty statutes were to be brought out of the dust and made to speak in behalf of the rights of our people.

In such a work his soul delighted, and to his faithful labors and indefatigable energy must the final success of the State be mainly attributed. For though he was put on the bench, and from the bench was made Governor before the test case was tried in 1832 and the victory won, he never ceased his labors in this behalf, and his official letter-book of that period is filled with evidences of his zeal and research. Judge Badger, who was as generous as he was great, and who followed the case up to the Supreme Court of the United States, where he was assisted by Mr. Webster, frankly acknowledged that the cause was won mainly by the careful preparation of Swain. Another circumstance connected with this litigation, worth the mention in these days is, that notwithstanding the vast amount of valuable work he had done already, yet because the cases were not concluded when he was made a judge, Gov. Swain voluntarily returned half of his retainer into the Treasury. All of which goes to show that in selecting him out of so many able and older lawyers to assist Mr. Badger, the State had chosen wisely indeed. There were giants in those days, and the giants were honest.

During his service in the Legislature no great or exciting issues were before the people, and his career there displays no extraordinary effort in any direction. He soon acquired, however, a high reputation for learning and industry in dealing with the practical questions of the day, among which then was the very vexed one of the ratio of representation in the Legislature between the East, where were many slaves, and the West, where there were few. This finally forced the calling of the Convention in 1835. It was, however, an era of great political importance, viewed in the light of subsequent events. The great political parties—Whig and Democratic—which have shaped the destinies of these United States for full half a century, were then crystallizing from the confused and crude opinions of our early American politics. All thinking men began about this period to range themselves with one or the other of the schools which undertook to construe the Constitution of the United States, to ascertain its meaning and its powers, and to define its relations with the States. A gigantic, and as it would seem, an endless task indeed. Swain sided with Adams, Clay and Webster, whose followers began to be called

Whigs. Of the prominent men of that day, who agreed with him, or with whom he agreed, were Gaston, Morehead, Badger, Mangum, Cherry, Graham, Stanly, Moore, Miller, Outlaw, Rayner, and many others. Of those who adhered to the school of Jefferson and Calhoun, were the venerable Macon, Ruffin, Haywood, Saunders, Branch, Edwards, Seawell, Shepherd, Donnell, Fisher, Craige, Venable, and many more of equal talents. It is not practicable to enumerate all the mighty men of that day, who controlled our affairs, and gave tone and character to our society. No State in the Union had a larger list of very able citizens, and we can pay no higher compliment to Gov. Swain than to say that he rose up among such, and was the peer of them all.

As before stated, he rode but four circuits as Judge. From all his decisions during that time, there came up but eighteen appeals. Of these, thirteen were sustained by the Supreme Court, consisting of Ruffin, Henderson and Hall, and in one other he was sustained by the dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Ruffin, leaving but four in which he was unanimously overruled. This, says Mr. Moore, who is now our highest living authority in matters relating to the law, is an evidence of judicial ability more satisfactory than could elsewhere have been furnished among our Judges, and no higher compliment could have been paid him. Mr. Moore also informs me that Swain was very popular as a Judge, even in those days when the only road to popularity in that office was the honest and able discharge of its exalted duties. In the contest for Judge, when he was elected over Judge Seawell, he first acquired a nickname which stuck to him till after he retired from politics. Repeated attempts with various candidates had been made to defeat Seawell, who was obnoxious to the party to which Swain belonged, but all these efforts had failed until his name was brought forward. "Then," said an enthusiastic member from Iredell, "we took up old '*warping bars*' from Buncombe, and warped him out." After the Governor became President of the University he lost this humorous and not ill-fitting *sobriquet*, and acquired from the College wits the geographical *descriptio personae*, "Old Bunk," which adhered to him through life.

The official letter-book of Gov. Swain during his administration shows that his time and labors were principally devoted to the questions of constitutional reform; the coast defences of North Carolina; the claims of the State against the general government; the removal and settlement of the Cherokee Indians; the adjustment of land titles in the West, and other matters of domestic concern.

During this time, however, many letters of literary and historic importance were written by him. There is found on those pages a letter written by Mr. Jno. C. Hamilton, of New York, son of Alexander Hamilton, propounding eleven inquiries relating to the History of North Carolina; more particularly with regard to the system of her Colonial and early State taxation; and the reasons of

certain action of her Convention in regard to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and kindred topics. Gov. Swain's replies to these queries show a wonderful amount of information and research into the minuter sources of our early history; clearly indicating that he was possessed in a high degree of those peculiar talents which constitute the true historian. Most of his literary labor throughout his life was in this department, and his collections were especially rich in the early history of North Carolina. Who is there left now in our State able to use the material for its History which he had been accumulating through so many years? To this great work he had intended to devote the closing years of his life. What stores of information perished with him! He was the special vindicator of that much-abused and much-misunderstood class of men, the Regulators of our colonial times. No man in the State has done so much to clear their fame—few have been so competent. The papers contributed by him to the N. C. University Magazine on the subject, would form a volume if collected, and their great value is indicated by the numerous inquiries instituted for them by men in various States of the Union. His lecture before the Historical Society in 1852, may be said to have settled the question of the merits of the Regulators, and their service to liberty.

It was during his administration that the only white woman was executed who ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law in North Carolina. This was a Mrs. Silvers, of Burke county, hung for the murder of her husband. So far as my knowledge extends, but one other, a colored woman, has ever been hung in this State. As Governor of the State, in 1833, he laid the corner stone of the present capitol amid imposing ceremonies; a building designed with perhaps as pure and simple taste as any in America, and as solid and enduring as any in the world.

On the 12th of January, 1826, he was married to Miss Eleanor H. White, daughter of Wm. White, Secretary of State, and granddaughter of Gov. Caswell, a union productive of great domestic happiness to a man so fitted as he by nature, and by a life of unsullied purity to appreciate the ties of home, and the love of wife and children. By this lady there were born to him several children, of whom but three, two daughters and a son, ever reached maturity. His oldest son, David, who died in childhood, was a boy of great promise. His eldest child and daughter, Anne, died unmarried in 1867. The second daughter, and now only surviving child, Eleanor Hope, married Gen. S. D. Atkins, of Freeport, Illinois, where she now resides. The son, Richard Caswell, was killed a few years since, near his home in Illinois, being crushed to death by falling between two railroad cars while in motion. There is now no male representative of the name surviving.

From the time that Gov. Swain entered upon his duties as President of the University, his career is marked by few notable events of which his biographer can make mention. Although the work he did here was undoubtedly the great work of his life, it is

impossible for us to compute it. As with the silent forces of nature which we know to be the greatest that are exerted in this world, but which yet elude the grasp of our senses; so is it impossible for us to measure the power of the able and faithful teacher. The connections between moral cause and effect are much more difficult to trace than those between physical cause and effect, but although in either case the lines are dim the wise do not fail to see that they are there, and that the results are powerful. It is conceded that the imperceptible and benign force of light and heat which lifts the mighty oak out of the earth, and spreads its branches to the skies, is infinitely greater than that of the noisy whirlwind which prostrates it in the dust.

Says Mr. Herbert Spencer: "In every series of dependent changes, a small initial difference often works a marked difference in the results. The mode in which a particular breaker bursts on the beach may determine whether the seed of some foreign plant which it bears, is or is not stranded, may cause the presence or absence of this plant from the Flora of the land, and may so affect for millions of years in countless ways, the living creatures throughout the earth. The whole tenor of a life may be changed by a single word of advice, or a glance may determine an action which alters thoughts, feelings and deeds throughout a long series of years."

We know that the moral tone of a community is the main-spring of its glory or its shame; that that tone is to a great extent imparted by its educated men; we know, too, that no man has ever lived in North Carolina whose opportunities for thus influencing those who control her destinies have been greater than Gov. Swain's were; and I am quite sure that no man ever more diligently and earnestly improved those opportunities. There is this too, further and better to be said, that in the whole course of his contact with the young men of North Carolina and of the South at this University for a third of a century, the whole weight of every particle of influence which he possessed was exerted in behalf of good morals, good government, patriotism and religion. The sparks of good which he elicited, the trains of generous ambition which he set on fire, the number of young lives which his teachings have directed into the paths of virtue and knowledge, and colored with the hues of heaven, who but God shall tell? If we could see events and analyse destinies as only the Most High can, how wondrous would appear the harvest of David L. Swain's sowing! How many great thoughts worked out in the still watches of the night; how many noble orations in the Forum stirring the hearts of men; how many eloquent and momentous discourses in the pulpit; how many bold strokes of patriotic statesmanship; how many daring deeds and sublime deaths on bloody fields of battle; how many good and generous and honest things done in secret; how many evil things and sore temptations resisted; in short, how much of that which constitutes the public and private virtue of our people, the pros-

perity, the honor, and the glory of our State might not be traced to the initial inspiration of David L. Swain! Say what you will for the mighty things done by the mighty ones of earth, but here is the truest honor and renown.

For whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; but he that helps to shape an immortal soul, and fit it for the service of Heaven and humanity, verily his memory shall endure until that which is perfect is come.

How well do I remember the many occasions during my sojourn at the University, when he as my preceptor, esteeming such influences of greater importance to the class than the texts of the lessons, would for the time give his whole soul to the stirring up of these generous and emulous sentiments in the hearts of his pupils. The very first recitation in which I ever appeared before him was one such. I shall never, never forget it. In 1851, I entered the University, and joined the senior class as an irregular. This first lesson was in Constitutional Law. A single general question was asked and answered as to the subject in hand, and then he began to discourse of Chancellor Kent, whose treatise we were studying; from Kent he went to Story, from Story to Marshall, repeating anecdotes of the great Americans who had framed and interpreted our organic law; and touching upon the debate between Hayne and Webster. From these, he went back and back to the men and the times when the great seminal principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty were eliminated from feudal chaos, and placed one by one as stones polished by the genius of the wise, and cemented by the blood of the brave, in the walls of the temple of human freedom. He told us of the eloquence of Burke, of the genius of Chatham; he took us into the prison of Eliott and went with us to the death-bed of Hampden; into the closet with Coke and Seargent Maynard; and to the Forum where Somers spoke; to the deck of the Brill where William, the deliverer, stood as he gazed upon the shores of England; to the scaffolds of Sydney and of our own glorious Raleigh. Warming as he went with the glowing theme, walking up and down the recitation room, which was then the Library of the "old South," with long and awkward strides, heaving those heavy passionate sighs, which were always with him the witnesses of deep emotion, he would now and then stop, reach down from its shelf a volume of some old Poet, and read with trembling voice some grand and glowing words addressed to man's truest ambition, that thrilled our souls like a song of the chief musician. A profound silence was evidence of the deep attention of the class, and the hour passed almost before we knew it had began.

I afterwards learned that this lecture was intended for my benefit, as I was a stranger to the class and had entered it under some disadvantages, and in his kindness of heart he supposed I needed some encouragement. But such were frequently given us. Nor

were these digressions from the chief business of the hour always of a serious nature. The gayest wit and brightest humor often illumined the moments when not content with putting forth his own conceits, he exerted himself to draw forth those of the class, and if he succeeded sometimes in bringing forth a repartee that struck *pat* upon his own head, no one enjoyed it more than himself. Like a true humorist and story teller he enjoyed the taking as well as the giving, with the utmost good fellowship.

From the day that Gov. Swain became the chief officer of the University his life was literally devoted to its interests. The same traits of character which had hitherto secured his success in life were especially needed here. His prudence, his cautious far reaching policy, his constructive ability, his insight into character, and remarkable faculty for suggesting valuable work to others and setting them at it, his forbearance, charity, self-control—these were all brought into play with marked results. The reputation of the Institution, and the number of its students steadily and continually increased. In 1835, there were not over 90 in attendance. In 1860, there were nearly 500.

Gov. Swain was eminently a progressive man. He loved to suggest, and to see his suggestions taken up and carried out. What a number of improvements the record of his management here shows that he inaugurated! The excellent system of street-draining in Chapel Hill, by stone culverts, the planting of elms, the enclosing of the college grounds, and their improvement and ornamentation with shrubbery; all these were planned by him, and executed under Dr. Mitchell's superintendance. He first employed a college gardener. He was the founder of the State Historical Society. He established, and assisted largely to support the University Magazine, and was himself one of its most regular and valued contributors. He was one of the foremost friends of the N. C. Central R. R., and offered to be one of a number to take the whole stock at once. He first introduced the study of the Bible into college, and of Constitutional and International Law. And he was an earnest advocate for humanizing the course of study, making science more popular and more prominent.

He was always deeply interested in the prosperity of the village of Chapel Hill, believing, and justly, that its welfare was identical with that of the college. Circumstances since his death have amply proved the truth of this. He had ever a kind word, and a charitable estimate for every man, woman and child in the place.

Thirty-three years of his best days, and the sincerest labors of his existence were spent here in the training of young men. As yet, no monument has been erected in these grounds to commemorate his virtues and his labors. The valley of humiliation—nay, of the shadow of Death—through which our beloved Institution has passed, in which she was despoiled of everything but her glorious memories, and I trust, her gratitude, is the apology which can be offered for this seeming, but not real, neglect. A simple tablet to

his memory might well be inserted in any of these walls, and fitly written thereon might be the words found in the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in the crypt of St. Paul's:

Lector, si monumentum requiris,
Circumspice!

In very truth the University may be looked upon as his monument. It emerged from swaddling clothes under President Caldwell; it passed through a vigorous youth into a splendid manhood under President Swain. But whilst the stranger stands upon the earth and beholds the monument of the great architect in the magnificent pile whose tall fane overtops the loftiest domes and spires of the greatest city in the world, he who would fully compreheud the great work of David Swain's life would have to stand upon the battlements of heaven, and survey the moral world with an angel's ken.

I know of no man of his day who was surrounded by so many inducements to return to the paths leading to highest distinction in active public life, who so completely put them all away, and adhered so strictly to the work which he had accepted here. As we have seen, his career as a politician and a lawyer had been remarkably successful while he was yet at a very early age, and if he had desired further honors he had all the qualities which are supposed to fit men for the attainment of these objects. Had he been pessessed of a passion to accumulate wealth, almost any other course in life would have fed this desire more than the Presidency of the University. From all these fields of distinction and of wealth, the public sentiment of his time desired that the officers, and especially the chief officers of the University should be isolated. This expectation Gov. Swain filled, and more than filled. For the good of the Institution, he not only laid aside whatever of ambition he may have had in the directions usually chosen by able men, but he subordinated many cherished convictions, and refrained from the doing many things which he no doubt most ardently desired to do. In the nature of things, this course, so essential to the success of an Institution entirely dependent on popular favor, begot many misconceptions of his character. It has been said that he was undecided in his opinions, and timid in the expression and maintenance of them. I believe such an impression does his memory great injustice. His nature was essentially gentle, his manners were mild, his temper was cautious; but I cannot believe that he was either timid or undecided. I had the honor—and I consider it both an honor and a happy fortune—to be on terms of confidential intimacy with him from my first entrance into the University until his death. We were in the utmost accord on all questions pertaining to Church and State, and during my subsequent career—especially in those troublous years of war—I consulted him more frequently perhaps than any other man in the State, except Gov. Graham. So affectionately was his interest in

my welfare always manifested, that many people supposed we were relatives, and I have frequently been asked if such were not the fact.

This state of our relations gave me ample opportunity to know him well, and I believe I can say with entire truth that whilst his course of life and surroundings necessarily made him tolerant and even liberal towards those who disagreed with him, he was as positive in his opinions, religious and political, and as firm in his adherence to them, as any man of my acquaintance. The unpopularity of which he *was* afraid, and which produced that cautious habit which some men mistook for timidity, pertained to the Institution which he had in charge, and not to himself. And as the State reaped the benefit of his prudence in the increased prosperity of the University, the injustice of charging this to a defect of character becomes all the more apparent.

The remarkable character of his memory served him in good stead in many ways through life. As a lawyer it had been invaluable, not only enabling him to cite cases with great readiness to the court, but in trials before juries, without taking notes he could repeat the testimony of all the witnesses examined, no matter how many, nor how long the trial continued.

Perhaps he was more thoroughly versed in biography than any man who has ever lived in America; certainly North Carolina never produced his equal in this respect. His wonderful memory, combined with great industry, was stimulated by a genuine love of genealogical studies. Almost the first question he would ask a student on meeting him, if indeed he did not already know, was, "Who is your father?" On being told, by a few quick questions he would possess himself of the boy's lineage, and would never forget it. Generally, however, the boys would be utterly astounded on presenting themselves, to find that the Governor knew more of them and their families than they did themselves. It was equally so with all strangers with whom he met, and frequently ludicrous scenes resulted from his insatiable desire to trace pedigree. Whilst a delegate from this State to the Montgomery Convention, which organized the Confederacy in 1861, he was introduced to a distinguished gentleman, and without letting go his hand which he took to shake, he stopped in the midst of the flow of ceremonious speech, and to the no small amusement of the bystanders asked him: "Sir, was not your mother's maiden name Jones?" I doubt if there is a single family on the Atlantic coast, whose members have borne any prominent part in the affairs of the country, in regard to which he did not have more or less of information, and could have told all about its leading representatives at least. With a very little help indeed he could have supplied a "Doomsday Book" of North Carolina, by far more accurate than that of the Conqueror. It was generally understood at Chapel Hill that if you wanted to know *what anything was*, you went to Dr. Mitchell; if you wanted to know *who anybody was*, you went to Gov. Swain.

And as he never forgot face, or name, or lineage of the man once known to him, so he never forgot a kindness or a favor once done to him or his, and loved to continue such memories, and extend the chain of friendship to second and third generations. "Thine own, and thy father's friend forsake not," was one of his favorite maxims. He was utterly incapable of resisting an appeal for mercy, or a tale of distress. This was, I believe, the only objection urged against his conduct on the bench—his leniency to criminals. It was an objection to his honor, if his mercy was at all tempered with discretion, as I doubt not it was. So too arose the only serious trouble he ever had with the Trustees of the University.

Stringent measures had been resolved upon by the Board towards dissipation and insubordination among the students, which regulations were not rigidly enforced by Gov. Swain. So great was his forbearance with the hot blood of youth, and so strong his faith that time would cure these early follies, and enable the better natures of the young men to assert themselves, that he suffered the Draconian code of the Trustees to lie dormant, whilst he lectured, reproved, and exhorted. He shrank from branding the opening years of a young life with sentence of dismission or expulsion, and would condescend to an erring boy while there remained the last hope of reform. In such cases his judgment not unfrequently came into conflict with the opinions of other members of the Faculty, and finally so irritated the Trustees that they passed a resolution of censure upon him, which was publicly read from the platform of the Chapel by no less a personage than Gov. Iredell. Quite a scene was excited on this occasion, and when Gov. Swain arose and replied in his own vindication, it was with much emotion, not unmingled with indignation; "More," says Mr. Cameron, who was present, "than I ever knew him to exhibit on any occasion, before or since."

The lapse of time has shown this policy to have been the best and wisest not only for the young men themselves, but for the Institution, and for his own fame. Who of all the hundreds to whom he thus stood in the attitude of a father, kind, and long-suffering, and hopeful, but now recalls him with affection and gratitude; how many a one remembers his college life at Chapel Hill as the turning point of his life where he was won by undeserved kindness to paths of honor, not repelled by judicial severity, and feels in his heart that under God he owes all that he has of fortune, friends or fame to this Institution and its wise head!

While the Governor remained in political life his extraordinary memory of persons, and names and events gave him a wonderful advantage. There is no more successful way of making ones self agreeable to the multitude than by knowing men when you meet them, and calling them by name. Not to recognize a man who has stood your friend, and fought your battles at the polls, is always an omission of evil omen in his eyes, and a bad memory for names will not always apologize for what seems to be neglect. Many and

many are the shifts of the politician to avoid this fatal predicament. But I venture to say that Gov. Swain was never caught in such a way. Once being introduced, he never forgot his man, nor his family connections. After the surrender of Gen. Lee in 1865, when Gen. Sherman had begun his march upon Raleigh, at the earnest request of Mr. B. F. Moore and Mr. Kenneth Rayner, I sent an embassy to meet the Federal Commander, and obtain what terms were possible for the surrender of the Capital of the State.

Having confidence in their firmness and discretion, I selected Govs. Swain and Graham, who left in a few moments after their appointment, on a special train, accompanied by Dr. Edward Warren, Surgeon General of the State. I remarked after their departure with my letter, as one reason for selecting him, that I had no doubt Gov. Swain would find plenty of acquaintances in the enemy's camp, or at least would prove that he knew the fathers of many of the officers. And so it was; on his arrival at headquarters, he not only claimed Gen. Sherman as an old correspondent, and fellow-college-president, but immediately seized upon two or three members of the staff whose parents and pedigree he knew, and was soon at home among them.

And here perhaps it is not improper in me to correct a statement made by Gen. Sherman in his memoirs, in relation to this embassy. Referring to it, that General says: "They had come with a flag of truce, to which they were not entitled; still, in the interests of peace, I respected it, and permitted them to return to Raleigh with their locomotive to assure the Governor (of the State) and the people, that the war was substantially over, and that I wanted the civil authorities to remain in the execution of their office till the pleasure of the President could be ascertained. On reaching Raleigh, I found these same gentlemen with Messrs. Bragg, Badger, Holden and others, but Gov. Vance had fled, and could not be prevailed on to return, because he feared arrest and imprisonment."

This statement is uncandid, not to say untruthful, by implication at least. These gentlemen *had* a right to the flag of truce, for it was sent with the consent, and by permission of Gen. Hardee, commanding the Confederate forces in the absence of Gen. Johnston, and should not have been permitted to enter the enemy's lines if the bearers were not entitled to carry it. It was *not* respected, for it was fired upon by Kilpatrick's men, and "captured" as they claimed, and the gentlemen composing the embassy were promptly and skillfully robbed of their surplus personalty, and were conducted as "*prisoners*" to Gen. Sherman's headquarters. They were *not* permitted promptly, as the statement implies, to return with their locomotive, with assurances of peace and protection, but were detained there the entire day and night after their arrival within Sherman's lines, until he no doubt knew that Raleigh was entirely uncovered by Johnston's troops. Of course, all the officers of the State government who did not wish to surrender at discretion, left with the Confederate troops, for, the embassy not

returning and no news of its fate, except that it had been captured, and no reply to my letter being received, they had no assurance of protection. Gov. Swain states in his address at the opening of Tucker Hall, that on the return of the embassy that memorable morning, but a few minutes in advance of the Federal troops, the city was shrouded in silence and gloom, except for the presence of a few marauding stragglers from Wheeler's cavalry, showing conclusively that the city was uncovered when he arrived with Sherman's message. It was some days afterwards, and at Hillsboro, when I learned from Gov. Graham the result of his mission, and it was then far too late for me, consistently with other duties, to accept of Sherman's offer of protection, had any one convinced me that it was best to do so, which indeed no one did. My inclinations, I confess, were to be with that little army, fully one-third of whom were North Carolinians, until they laid down their arms. I am happy to reflect that I shared their fate to the last.

This much to vindicate the truth of History. Throughout this whole transaction, as many gentlemen have testified to me, Gov. Swain's bearing was, in the highest degree, courageous, discreet and manly.

During the war his efforts had mainly been directed to keeping the college alive, for such was the impetuosity with which the call to arms was obeyed, that of the eighty members of which the Freshman class consisted in 1860, but *one* (in delicate health) remained to pursue his studies. (Of the senior class of that date not one had remained out of the army, and fully one-fourth of them fell in battle.) Seven members of the Faculty volunteered, and of them *five* returned no more.

Gov. Swain appealed to the Confederate government more than once to prevent the handful of college boys left, from being drafted. President Davis himself seconded these efforts in the earlier years of the war, declaring that "the *seed-corn* should not be ground up." But as the exigencies of the country increased, this wisdom was lost sight of, the collegians were again and again called upon, till at the time of Lee's surrender, there were but about a dozen here still keeping up the name and forms of a college. But even while the village and University were occupied by four thousand Michigan cavalry, the old bell was rung daily, prayers were held, and the University was *kept going.* The Governor took a pride in this, and hoped that he was to tell it many years after. But this long and useful life, devoted to the best interests of his country and his age, was nearing its close. Only three years yet remained to him, and these were devoted by him to earnest, unceasing endeavors to reinstate the University pecuniarily, and to recall its former patronage. Darker days, however, were in store for it, which he in the good Providence of God was not to be permitted to see.

In the summer of 1868, the State passing under a new Constitution, and an entire change of Government, the University also fell into new hands, whose first action was to request the resignation

of the President and Faculty, most of whom had grown grey in service to the State. A guard of negroes were sent to take possession, and these halls were closed. Gov. Swain was then preparing for a visit to Buncombe. On the 11th day of August, while driving in the neighborhood of Chapel Hill with Prof. Fetter, he was thrown from the buggy, and brought home painfully, but as was then supposed, not seriously injured. Confined to his bed for about two weeks, he appeared to be recovering, when on the morning of the 27th he suddenly fainted, and expired without pain.

He was in the full possession of all his faculties up to the last moment, and died at peace with all the world; a fitting close to a life of beneficence and integrity. The manner of his death afforded a melancholy coincidence taken with those of his two oldest friends and co-laborers in the Faculty who had preceded him over the river, and were "resting under the shade of the trees." Dr. Elisha Mitchell perished by falling down a precipice in the cataracts of the Black Mountain, June 27, 1857. Dr. James Phillips sank down suddenly on this rostrum while in the act of conducting morning prayers, and died without a struggle, March 14th, 1867. Thus all of these eminent men, worthy servants of christianity and civilization died with some degree of suddeness, or violence.

A just estimate of the talents and character of Gov. Swain, for reasons already indicated, is not easily made plain to popular apprehension. By the world the term "great" is variously applied and misapplied. It is often withheld when it is most richly deserved; not, because of the injustice of cotemporaries, for personal prejudice rarely outlives a generation, but because men rarely appreciate the full extent and character of the labors of a lifetime. And especially is this true when that life has been mainly spent in the planting of moral seeds below the surface, which perhaps for years make no great show of the harvest which is sure to come. Generations are sometimes required to elapse before the world can see the golden sheaves which cover and adorn the landscape, the result of that patient and judicious planting.

They who in life are followed by the noisy plaudits of the crowd, who fill the largest space in the eyes of their cotemporaries, and seem to tower far above their fellows are not always found to have their reputation built on the securest foundations, nor to have left their mark on the age in which they lived. Erasmus was esteemed by his generation a much greater man than Luther. One of the most remarkable men of his century, few indeed have equalled him in keenness of intellect, and in depth and extent of learning. Yet viewed now in the light of their labors, and the value and significance of their impression on the world, what a veritable shadow he was by the side of the plainer, less learned, but downright monk! Erasmus is known to the scholars who search for his name and works in the cyclopædias; the name and the spirit of Luther pervade and affect the civilization of the whole world.

On the 21st of February, 1677, there died in a small house in the Hague a man whose greatness could not be measured, says his biographer, until humanity had moved to the proper prospective point at the distance of more than a century. The view enlarged as time rolled on, as it does to men climbing high mountains; in 1877, the world agrees to number him among the undoubted sons of genius, and benefactors of mankind. His admirers erect a monument to his memory just two hundred years after his death in the same city where he was persecuted, excommunicated, and his works destroyed. His name was Spinoza. Modest, and pure, and upright, he had the misfortune to live two hundred years before his age, and to put forth fruits of genius which his fellows could not comprehend, and so they stamped him and them into dust as being unorthodox. Two centuries of progress have brought the world up to where Spinoza died, and it builds him a monument. At last, his work is seen.

The Earl of Murray, Lord Regent of Scotland, was not esteemed a great man in his day. His behaviour was modest, his abilities were apparently but moderate, and for more than two hundred years he has figured in History as an ordinary man, overlaid by the more violent and intriguing spirits of his time, and his character obscured and distorted by the glamour which surrounds the name of his beauteous but abandoned sister and murderess, Queen Mary. And yet when two centuries afterwards the spirit of philosophic History comes to trace cause and effect, and to show the result of his life's work upon Protestant Christianity and what he contributed to the domination of the English-speaking races, we agree at once with Mr. Froude that he was in truth one of the best and greatest of men, a benefactor of mankind.

And so it may be said of Bunyan, of Wesley and of many more, whose beginnings were esteemed but of small account, but whose fame has continued to grow continually brighter and brighter, as the world has been forced to see how wisely they builded.

In many senses of the term Gov. Swain was not a great man. As an author, though a man of letters, he neither achieved nor attempted anything lasting. As a politician, though he rose rapidly to the highest honors of his native State, he did not strikingly impress himself upon his times by any great speech, nor by any grand stroke of policy. In this respect he was inferior to many of his cotemporaries who constituted, perhaps, the brightest cluster of names in our annals. As a lawyer and a judge, he occupied comparatively about the same position; and as a scholar he was not to be distinguished, being inferior to several of his co-laborers in the University.

But in many things he was entitled to be called great, if we mean by that term that he so used the faculties he possessed that he raised himself beyond and above the great mass of his fellows. In him there was a rounded fullness of the qualities, intellectual and moral, which constitute the excellence of manhood, in a degree

never excelled by any citizen of North Carolina whom I have personally known, except by Wm. A. Graham. If there was in Swain no one grand quality of intellect which lifted him out of comparison with any but the demi-gods of our race, neither was there any element so wanting as to sink him into or below the common mass. If there were in him no Himalayan peaks of Genius piercing into the regions of everlasting frost and ice, neither were there any yawning chasms or slimy pools below the tide-waters of mediocrity. He rose from the plain of his fellow men, like the Alleghanies in whose bosom he was born, by regular and easy gradations, so easy that you know not how high you are until you turn to gaze backward—every step surrounded by beauty and fertility until he rested high over all the land. If there be those who singly tower above him in gifts, or attainments, or distinctions, there are none whom as a whole we can contemplate with more interest, affection and admiration, none whose work for North Carolina will prove to be more valuable, or more lasting, or more important to future generations; none to whom, at the great final review, the greeting may be more heartily addressed: "*Servant of God, well done!*"

No estimate of Gov. Swain's walk through life should omit the consideration of his christian character. It was especially marked by *catholicity of feeling* towards all good men of whatever name. He was accustomed to refer this to the circumstances of his bringing up. He would say: "My father was a Presbyterian Elder, and an Arminian, my mother was Methodist and a Calvinist, who loved and studied Scott's commentary. Their house was the home for preachers of all sorts west of the Blue Ridge. Bishop Asbury blessed me when a child. Mr. Newton, a Presbyterian, taught me when a boy, and Humphrey Posey, a Baptist, used to pray for me when a youth. So I love all who show that they are christians."

On his death-bed, he spoke often of "the communion of Saints" with one another, and with their Head.

He was a decided Presbyterian, however; he admired what he called "the symmetry" of the ecclesiastical system of his church; he dwelt on its history with great delight, and was accustomed to find support for his soul in times of deep distress in its interpretations of the bible. He was a praying man, and not ashamed to be known as such. He first introduced the practice of opening the regular meetings of the Faculty with prayer. The night before he died, he said of the Lord's prayer: "The oftener I use it the more precious it is to me; it contains a whole body of divinity."

In private life he was most upright, kind, social and hospitable. An excellent financier, he left a handsome estate, even "after the war." He had a proper conception of the value of wealth, and all his life practised a judicious economy, but he knew well both how to lend, and how to give. His conversation was delightfully interesting and instructive, replete with anecdote, genial humor, historical incident, or literary quotation. Few men of his associates

equalled him in these respects, even after the infirmity of deafness had cut him off from much social enjoyment.

His remains lie buried in Oakwood Cemetery near Raleigh, and close beside the sleeping soldiers of the Confederacy, and the soil of our State holds the dust of no son who loved her more, or served her better. Peaceful be his rest, as he waits for the clear breaking of the day over the brow of the eternal hills.

The daisies prank thy grassy grave,
Above, the dark pine branches wave;
Sleep on.
Below, the merry runnel sings,
And swallows sweep with glancing wings;
Sleep on, old friend, sleep on.
Calm as a summer sea at rest,
Thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
Sleep on.
Hushed into stillness life's sharp pain,
Naught but the pattering of the rain,
Sleep on, dear friend, sleep on.

The University Normal School.

The second session of this School will begin at Chapel Hill, June 18th, prox. It is an event of more importance to North Carolina than the meeting of the Legislature or the election of Supreme Court Judges, an event to which all who ponder over the ills of the present and the dangers of the future look forward with great anxiety. Education is our only salvation. The people must be educated as well as the rulers. Free thought and intellectual activity must be stimulated everywhere, in the churches, by the press, and especially in the school-room. There are plenty to be taught. But who shall teach them? Where are the men and women to take this clay and fashion it into vessels of honor? They will come from the University Normal School, if they come at all. They will be found among those who, having saved a mite from their scanty earnings, go to Chapel Hill resolved to increase their knowledge of what they teach and to learn the best methods of teaching as practised elsewhere. They will be found among those teachers who are always eager to be taught.

What a scandal teaching generally is! We have our shoes made by men who have learned their trade, and employ professional barbers to trim our children's hair; but, when we wish some ideas put into their heads, bah! anybody can do that! Yes, anybody; and the job isn't worth much anyhow! We dole out as little pay as we can, the teacher doles out as little knowledge as he can, and the boy dozes away stupidly over his dirty, musty book (the same that his father had) in a dark, cheerless, uncomfortable log house. We must reform. Teachers must reform. Teaching must be a profession, a genuine profession, for which men train themselves as for the bar or the pulpit. Teachers must make their services

valuable, and they will be appreciated. Hurrah for the teacher that charges a good price! He is generally worth it. I always admired the Horner School for charging $100 a year tuition. I think more of the Bingham School for charging $120. The best lawyers always command high fees. Why should not the best teachers? They will, as soon as they make teaching a profession. They must make their business as respectable as any other. They must give it their best talents, energies and thoughts, in the school-room and out, night and day. Precisely as merchants, lawyers and manufacturers attain success, must teachers succeed. We have Business Colleges, Medical Colleges, Law Schools, &c., all intended to train men for professions. What these institutions are to other professions, the Normal School is to teachers. It gives them special knowledge, special training, new ideas; it lays before them the results wrought out by teachers pursuing different methods; and, above all things, it stimulates their pride, ambition, and desire for learning, welding them into an organized body with common interests, aims and hopes. Hurrah for Vance! Hurrah for Battle! Hurrah for the last Legislature! Long live the memory of every teacher in our first Normal School! We are on the right road. Let us go straight forward.

Teaching in Europe is a permanent business, therefore Normal Schools are abundant. The German Empire is famous for its school system as well as its Universities. It supports 170 Normal Schools. France has 92; Italy 59; Austria 56. Nowhere are untrained teachers employed. In our democratic country one man is generally as good as another for teaching. There is too often perfect equality—of ignorance. Teachers are fixtures in Europe, like physicians and lawyers, seldom moving from place to place. In Pennsylvania pupils at the Normal Schools are paid by the State for attending, and receive a respectable sum of money on graduation. That State has spent on her Normal Schools more than half a million dollars. What does this mean? Simply that Normal Schools are a good investment. They pay. They are immense grindstones sharpening all the educational tools in a State. The Germans have found this out. The Yankees know it; and we will soon understand it. We began sharpening last year, and rubbed off considerable rust. We are going to get on a fine edge and polish a little this year. We are done hacking with blunt axes. We shall have some circular saws presently driven by steam, and maybe we shall use dissecting knives after a while. Dr. Sears is going to visit the school this year. That means something. Dr. Sears visits none but successful schools. We are getting up steam. Teachers of North Carolina, awake! The feast is preparing. Gird up your garments and come. Prof. Ladd will be here again. He has been traveling and learning. He is full of ideas. It is worth a trip to Chapel Hill to hear Prof. Ladd. The State of North Carolina ought to hire him at any price to canvass among our people and build up the school system. He is a genius. The

Board of Education have exerted themselves to the utmost in order that all possible advantages may be obtainable at the Normal School this year. They have counted the money and calculated the expenses, over and over again, trying to make one dollar sit in three places at the same time. It is a tough problem, but the Board will solve it, if it can be done. They have sent to New York for a teacher in a Kindergarten school, and for a professional elocutionist. Prof. Owens, with his accurate scholarship and deep thought, will greet old friends and new. Prof. McIver, unsurpassed as a clear thinker and teacher, has been secured. The famous John Hopkins University lends us one of its fellows, Mr. Walter H. Page, of Cary, who has made a specialty of English Philology. Mr. Page will teach grammar and lecture on philology. Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, a most brilliant lecturer on geography, will be with us a fortnight. There will be a class in algebra as well as several in arithmetic; and chemistry, with laboratory practice, will be offered to all who wish to take it. The study of Latin will be continued. Those who have never studied it, can begin. Prof. Winston hopes to have 100 beginners. Old students will read Cæsar. Next year they will take up Virgil. Mr. M. C. S. Noble, formerly assistant teacher in the Bingham School, will teach the Latin classes. Mr. Noble is a special student of Latin in the University, and a candidate for the Latin Diploma, which has not been bestowed on any student as yet. Instruction in book-keeping and penmanship will be provided.

A great improvement has been made on last year. The Board did not spend all the money last year (the only instance of the kind ever recorded.) Books will be free again. Board will be cheap again. The Campus is prettier than ever.

There ought to be an amendment to the Constitution requiring every member of the Legislature to come to the Normal School. Every newspaper editor should come up for a course. We would welcome even the Tarboro *Southerner* quillist. We feel jubilant. We will soon see the great heart of North Carolina, throbbing and beating and getting fresh blood to send out to its long-famished limbs. Oh, let the blood be pure and strong! We will soon see the waters gathered into clouds to send quickening showers upon our thirsty soil, making the intellectual seed to swell and burst and grow and ripen into blessed fruit. Teachers, come, rub up your armour, unite your forces, close up the ranks, heads up, eyes front, forward march, hep! hep! hep!

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live, we will cherish, protect and defend her."

OLD NORTH STATE.

THOSE persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course—that of earnest work and unwearied application.

Our Memorial Days.

"Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave."

But a few days since, has the sorrowing South, paid her annual tribute to our illustrious dead. The 10th May has been observed by the State of North Carolina as her Memorial Day. On that day the gallant "Stonewall" Jackson fell. Other of our Southern States selected the 26th of April, the day on which the Confederacy fell, and with it the hopes of a brave and chivalric people.

With what solemnity and pious awe must we look back through thirteen long years, and rapt with admiration gaze upon the daring deeds of those few Confederate soldiers! Their graves now whiten our holy Cities of the Dead. Intervening years of toil, suspense and care have chastened down the numberless sorrows of the South, but it has not failed to burnish brighter the spirit of liberty and independence, which, during the late civil conflict, so nobly actuated the armed defenders of five millions of American Freemen. With what emotions do we contemplate the celebration of these Memorial Days! What tales of daring and heroism do they not recall! What inspiring thoughts overwhelm us, as the bloody battle-fields of our late war crowd upon the memory!

Thirteen years have elapsed, but the scarlet-dyed fields of Manassas, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Malvern Hill and hundreds of others, live fresh in the remembrance of the South. The brilliant victories of the great Napoleon, pale and grow dim before their holy and immortal lustre. From the banks of the Potomac to the waters of the Rio Grande, the bones of patriots, crumbling on many a battle-field, still invoke the tears of a people, for whose liberty and happiness they fought, bled and died.

Stately monuments have been erected in many of our Southern cities, to perpetuate the prowess of the Confederate soldier. In the city of New Orleans, just opposite the celebrated French cemetery, there is the statue of a Confederate soldier. He stands as though on duty. Enveloped in a large overcoat, one hand rests firmly on his musket and from beneath a slouch hat his colorless eyes continually keep their silent watch. This statue, so true to life, is deservedly one of the Crescent city's boasts. It attests the patriotism of her inhabitants, and will stand as a beacon light of liberty to the yet unborn thousands of Louisiana.

"Alike must Wealth and Poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,"

for under no change, will our grateful people forget to do honor to those who sacrificed so much, yet not in vain, for us. As often as Spring, revolving comes, laden with her floral harvest, the virgin daughters of our Southern clime, will gather and transfer her offerings, with heartfelt emotion to a soldier's tomb.

It is not only a melancholy pleasure, but a solemn duty to pay

just tribute to the fallen heroes, who encountering untold sufferings and privations, endeavored to achieve for themselves and for us a glorious future.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

EDALS.

The Prosaic of College Life.

The unfledged Freshman, that has but lately left the ancestral roof or been recently freed from the restraints of the village pedagogue, regards College and College life as something savoring of the romantic. He enters upon his new existence with fond hope, self-made promises to perform faithfully his prescribed duties, and lofty anticipations of future success. He views his ensuing academic career through a painted glass, and to his mistaken vision, College life is naught but a beautiful panorama pictured in the brightest and gayest of colors; a pleasant path, bordered with flowers and carpeted with grass, "cooled with shades and murmuring with water-falls," leading to that chimerical haven of the graduates aspirations, the Temple of Fame. The blustering Sophomore, that has passed one toll-gate on the collegiate turnpike, though he may have experienced that 'mid the scientific flowers, some thorns lie hid in rosy ambush, yet sees nothing but the poetic of College life; though he may have broken his self-made promises and occasionally digressed from the path of duty, yet still his heart is light and his spirit as much elated and his anticipations as lofty, and at the shrine of neglected duty he kneels, and at the altar of broken promises he renews his intention of inhabiting his ideal palace, which is now even more plainly seen than at the beginning of his career.

The dignified and gentlemanly Junior, who has ascended another round in the academic ladder, sees still more of poetry and romance in college life. He in his still contracted ideas and excessively limited conceptions, having never looked further into the future than the ensuing Commencement, considers the whole world naught but a mighty procession, which as Marshal he is to form and conduct, or as a Manager of Ceremonies in that gay saloon, where "Youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet," he is covered with his bi-colored badge of brief authority. To him college is a garden walk, through bright pastures and leafy bowers to this poetically ideal palace, which may be easily entered from the graduating stage.

The "most potent, grave and reverend Senior," when first enjoying his *otium cum dig.*, being exempt from morning recitations expects that upon his exodus from the college walls, college restraints and the drill books of the college course, the world will

be inundated by another freshet of diplomated A. B's. He then is reading his last canto in the collegiate poem. But now how different. For the past four years, we have been working forward to the present occasions, as one at once the most important, as well as the happiest of our young lives. We have been for this period revelling in a pleasant and smiling dream, nurtured with poetic food and indulging in Utopian schemes. But now "life's young dream is over," those "air castles," the labored offspring of innumerable idle hours of the past, that now, like Hamlet's ghost, appear to chide us for our long negligence, have suddenly tumbled down, so that "one stone is not left upon another;" this beautiful poem, that has so smoothly flown through three cantos and had nearly finished the last, has suddenly come to an end, and now as we take a retrospective glance, what before was thought to be unmeaning and poetic metaphora of rhyme, viewed from the position we have attained in the volume seems to be stern truth, pregnant with indispensable directions for our future reading, but now, alas! discovered too late. The ideal plans, the fanciful children of smiling hour, have melted into air, into thin air, and "left not a rack behind."

Our college course is now written on the scroll of the past, and what before seemed poetry is now prose. Its errors we cannot correct, nor its evils mend, but still we can, in the "shadowy future," atone for the wasted hours or reap the rewards of our well-spent time. To the past we must not look mournfully, but turn to the unsullied page of the future, and have a care with what characters we fill that yet untouched leaf. While admonishing others to avoid our errors, and be warned in time that college life is not a poetic dream, which even at its tide leads on to fortune, but that it is *real*, that it is *earnest*, and stops far short of ambition's goal, *we* must not be idle.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving—still pursuing—
Learn to labor and to wait."

ANONYMOUS.

THE jury system puts a ban upon intelligence and honesty, and a premium upon ignorance, stupidity and perjury. It is a shame that we must continue to use a worthless system because it *was* good a thousand years ago. In this age, when a gentleman of high social standing, intelligence and probity swears that testimony given under solemn oath will outweigh with him, street talk and newspaper reports based upon mere hearsay, he is worth a hundred jurymen who will swear to their own ignorance and stupidity, and justice would be far safer in his hands than in theirs. Why could not the jury law be so altered as to give men of brains and honesty an *equal chance* with fools and miscreants? Is it right to show the present favoritism to one class of men and inflict a disability on another, in a land whose boast is that all its citizens are free and equal?—*Mark Twain.*

Black Eyes and Blue.

Black eyes most dazzle in a hall;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall.
The black a conquest soonest gain;
The blue a conquest most retain.

Black eyes bespeak a lively heart
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a steadier flame betray
That burns and lives beyond a day.

Then let each reign without control—
The black all Mind, the blue all Soul.

Selected.

Kind Words.

True words of kindness have a magical pow'r,
And a sweet strain resemble, once heard and no more,
Whose sound is remembered to even this hour
Though years may have glided, since heard any before.

So kind words once spoken, ever dwell in the heart,
And are never forgotten tho' years may pass by,
For the feeling of love, which they always impart,
Lives ever, tho' the lips, that once uttered them, die.

They blossom in beauty like some lovely bloom,
And fill with their fragrance, the air all around,
From the brow that is clouded they banish the gloom
And make the warm sunshine of love to abound.

Like gems of rare value, whose rays clear and bright
Shine thro' the dread darkness, and are seen everywhere,
The jewel of kindness diffuses a light,
Which pierces the blackness of grief and despair.

As the seed which are sown in the lap of the earth
Springs up, and bear plenteously fruit of all kind,
The small seed of kindness, in abundance gives birth
To fruit, whose perfection delights ev'ry mind.

The magic of kindness is felt and not seen,
But is safely concealed within ev'ry word,
Its influence lingers, when the sweet voice e'en
Which spoke them so gently no longer is heard.

The Angels who dwell in that land far away,
Speak only such words as are filled with pure love,
And those which are spoken on earth every day,
Are registered mightily in Heaven above.

William Campbell Lord.

The MAGAZINE should be made a repository of the names and deeds of those who have been trained in the halls of the University. Especially is this due to those who gave their lives to their country during the late civil war. In those terrible years the excitement and distress were so general, and the number of the noble who fell on every field was so great, that few, indeed, received the tributes that their manly virtues and patriotic achievements deserved.

William Campbell Lord, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, laid his young life—a priceless sacrifice—on the altar of his country.

He was the eldest son of John B. Lord, of Salisbury, who was at one time the faithful representative of his county in the General Assembly.

William Campbell imitated the virtues of his father—gradually developing, as he grew older, that rare and excellent type of character in which amiability, modesty, dignity and talent are harmoniously blended.

His habits, as a student, were highly commendable. His academical course was completed under that distinguished instructor, William Bingham, of Orange. He entered the University of N. C. in 1854. How he deported himself while here, is shown by the fact that, at his graduation, in 1858, he was awarded the honor of first distinction.

Choosing the Law for his profession, he applied himself with his wonted assiduity and success, soon became a licentiate, and was just entering upon a career of usefulness and distinction, when the war of secession burst upon our devoted country.

Very soon after the commencement of hostilities, he received a commission as Captain in the State troops, on condition that he should raise the number of recruits required for a company. In this he very easily succeeded, and was elected to the command of the company by a unanimous vote. This position he soon resigned, on account of some dissension among aspirants for the subordinate offices. But he was not affected in his patriotic devotion to his State. He went directly to the field and took his place as a private in the ranks. He joined the 7th N. C. Regiment, under the brave Col. Campbell, with L. O'B. Branch for his Brigadier. With unwavering courage he followed these two daring leaders in many a fierce struggle, and bore, with soldierly spirit, the toils, hardships and sufferings to which his regiment was subjected.

His unaffected modesty prevented his seeking promotion; and he continued his manly service in the ranks until early in the spring of 1863, when he was tendered and accepted the Captaincy of Company A, in the 57th N. C. Regiment. It is possible that this promotion was caused by the authorities having, by some means, heard of the following incident:

While he belonged to Col. Campbell's regiment, in one of the

battles below Richmond, in 1862, he, in person, captured Maj. Gen. McFall, the first Federal officer of that rank who was taken prisoner during the war. The credit of this capture was given to a Virginia company; owing to the fact that Mr. Lord, feeling that duty called him to the front, delivered his distinguished prisoner to some Virginians that were near, and pressed forward to resume his place in the line. The certainty of the truth of this statement will be realized, by all who knew him, when it is known that he repeatedly asserted it to particular friends. His characteristic reserve is sufficent explanation of his failure to publicly claim the honor of the achievement.

Before assuming the duties of his new position, Capt. Lord made a short visit—it was the last—to his relatives and friends in Salisbury. Oh, what a boon to our noble soldiers were those brief respites from the duties and dangers of the camp and the field—those sweet, sacred re-unions with the loved ones at home! Capt. Lord's brief sojourn was peculiarly pleasant; but duty soon called him away.

About six weeks after he reached his command, the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. Hoke's brigade, to which he belonged, was left at Fredericksburg; and when Sedgwick occupied Marye's heights and extended his line up the river, it fell to them, among others, to attack and repel him. Capt. Lord, while gallantly leading his company in the terrific charge, was shot through the lungs. Some of his devoted men, stricken with sorrow, bore him from the field. He was tenderly nursed by his comrades until the loving members of his own family reached him. Then for sixteen days all that affection and skill could do, was done, to save him; and day and night Hope lingered over his pale face—but more in sympathy than expectation. At last, on the 20th of May, clasped in the same fond arms that pressed his tender infancy with a mother's matchless love, he calmly breathed his last—near the field of his valor.

On the following Sunday his remains reached his native town, and amid the sympathies and tears of those who had known him all his days, he was laid to rest in the bosom of the grave.

"Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the Hand that made him."

Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. "*Neque tu choreas sperne, puer*," as the dear old Heathen says; and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps willing to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.—*Thackeray.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

☞ *NOTICE.—The Editors hope to be able to make the* MAGAZINE *more and more attractive in point of quantity of reading matter. But to do this it is necessary that our subscribers pay up and our subscription list be increased. Friends and subscribers would confer a favor by showing their copies of the* MAGAZINE *to Alumni of the University and others who would be likely to subscribe.* ☜

Commencement.

Commencement begins on June 4th, to which every one, and especially all the ladies, are respectfully invited, and earnestly requested to be present.

This annual festivity bids fair to rival any within the history of the Institution.

We regret that we are not able to give the exact programme.

The Baccalaureate Sermon, before the graduating class, will be delivered by Rev. Dr. George Patterson, of Wilmington. Dr. Patterson is one of the ablest ministers of the Episcopal Church, and this sermon will be learned and instructive.

Maj. Jos. A. Engelhard, Secretary of State, will deliver the address before the two Societies. Maj. Engelhard is an accomplished scholar and a pleasant and graceful writer.

By invitation from the Alumni Association, Hon. James Grant, of the Supreme Court of Iowa, will address that body and the friends of the Institution. Judge Grant is one of the oldest living graduates of the University.

Six orations will be delivered by the Representatives, and there will be a number of senior speeches. This is an intellectual feast which cannot be served in better style anywhere, and we hope that crowds will come to hear the celebrated orator and divine from the State, the orator from Iowa, and the youthful Demosthenes of our University.

Ladies, be certain to come. An elegant string band has been procured, and the light fantastic will be tripped to the satisfaction of all.

If you wish to hear good orations, good music, see a lovely village and visit the oldest seat of learning in the State; if you wish to aid the cause of education by your presence and cheer the hearts of the young men, come to our next commencement.

Trustees, come to see how the work committed to you is being done. Alumni, come to visit the scenes of your youth and renew the acquaintances of old. Let every friend of the University come. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts, all come.

It will be the grandest display of brains and beauty ever witnessed in the State.

The Choice of Tickets.

Optional students, intending to remain but a year or two at the University, should be careful in choosing their studies. Not having the time for a full course of general and systematic training and culture, they should see that those Tickets which they take are what they directly need. Otherwise, though faithful applicants, they might be comparatively wasting their energies. This Elective System is one in complete harmony with the genius of our Republican institutions and admirably suited to the wants of our people. Instead of an Institution walled in by the artificial boundaries of classes, and consequently fostering an exclusive spirit, the University opens its doors to any one, having a common school education, who may wish to apply himself to those sciences or studies which bear, more or less, directly upon his profession or pursue those higher English branches, without which the standard authors cannot be read with the highest degree of pleasure or profit. The Optional student has the advantage of the Regular, in that while obtaining about the same amount of culture, he can shape his course so as to bear materially upon his own professional career. The Domain of Science and of Letters is so broad and gradually becoming broader every day as the leading Scientists and Philosophers extend their labors, that the college student cannot, in the small amount of time allotted to him, do full justice to all the departments of thought. In two given studies, or courses of study, both yielding about the same amount of culture, the student should choose that one which would have an influence on his calling in after life. We would not take the gross Utilitarian view, which has found so many advocates of late years, but the *utile cum dulce* should be the ideal of the student in his course of preparation for his life's work, as well as in carrying out that work.

Display in Oratory.

There is a lack of occasions to the students of the University for display in oratory. The only occasion for the appearance of the student before the public is during commencement. The practice in oratory gained by a connection with either of the Societies is of incalculable benefit, but to perfect one in this important branch of education an appearance before a new audience is necessary.

Most of the colleges have anniversary days, and we see no reason why the two Societies should not celebrate jointly their anniversary. They were both founded in the same year, and it would be very proper for them to unite in celebration of this event. We hope the Societies will give this idea attention, and will next session arrange a programme of orations and essays.

A debate, public of course, by the two Societies, would be productive of much good. In addition to the students, the people of the village would come out, and the occasion would be enjoyable. In the old time, senior speaking was looked forward to with much pleasure, and we see no reason why a similar occasion should not be given for oratorical display.

Vacation.

Vacation is approaching, and all are looking forward to it with much eagerness, and our glowing imaginations are picturing scenes of bliss through which we are to pass during the summer months.

Vacation, what a thrill of joy does the word bring to our heart. Before the appearance of another copy of the MAGAZINE all will be free from the duties of college and enjoying the sweets of freedom from restraint. While at home bury yourself in the bosom of nature. Climb romantic hills and rest in deep inviting valleys; enjoy yourself to the fullest and come back renewed for another year of hard work.

But, fellow students, while you are at home indulging in gaiety and enjoying yourselves do not forget *our charge*, the MAGAZINE. In your absence she looks to you for support, and we know you will work for her despite the cry of *hard times*. We have had difficulties to contend with, but we have tried to do the best we could. Do not forget us during the vacation. Make all of your friends subscribe.

Hon. B. F. Moore, LL. D.

We have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of the present number of our MAGAZINE the likeness of the Hon. Bartholomew Figures Moore, LL. D., of the city of Raleigh.

Mr. Moore was born in the county of Halifax, in this State, about the beginning of the present century. After having been prepared for college, he entered the Sophomore class in our University, in the month of January, 1818, and took his degree of A. B. at the annual commencement, on the 8th day of June, 1820. Among his classmates were the late Bishop Otey, of the Diocese of Tennessee, the Rev. Thomas B. Slade, of Columbus, Georgia, Mr. William H. Harden and Judge Battle. He graduated with distinction, and was regarded as among the best writers of his class. After taking his degree, he entered the law office of the Hon. Thomas N. Mann, of Nash county, where he studied until he obtained license to practice in 1823. He settled first at Nashville, in Nash county, and afterwards removed to his native county of Halifax, where he resided for many years until his removal to Raleigh, in which city he has lived ever since. Very soon after he came to the bar he acquired a lucrative practice, which he retained until advancing years and failing health compelled him to relinquish it.

While a resident of Halifax county, he was elected a member of what was then called the House of Commons, in the years 1836–'40–'42–'44. In 1848, he was elected Attorney-General of the State, and resigned in 1851. During the late civil war he was chosen by the Convention one of the three members of the Board of Claims, and after the war he was elected one of the members to represent the county of Wake, in the Convention which sat in October, 1865, and he was universally regarded as one of the ablest and most useful members of the body.

In 1850, Mr. Moore was appointed, by the then Governor, one of the three Commissioners to revise the Public Statute Laws of the State, and to him we are mainly indebted for that excellent publication, the Revised Code of 1856. While ever maintaining a high stand in every department of his profession, his opinions have always been regarded as entitled to more than ordinary consideration on questions of Constitutional Law.

☞ Visitors to commencement need have no fears about accomodations. Arrangements are being made to suit everybody in every thing.

☞ The Magazine has been delayed a little this issue, on account of the publishers' not receiving the engravings in good time.

☞ Minutes of G—— L—— Society: May 4th. President C—— in the chair. After roll-call, the Society adjourned to the Wash Hall.—*Southern Collegian.* Was no motion passed to buy soap?

☞ We cordially and respectfully invite the students of the different colleges in the State, and the young ladies of the female schools, to contribute to the Magazine. We will "sit on" your articles, and if good, put them in. Do not gush.

☞ In our next issue we hope to be able to present our readers with an engraving of one of the most distinguished sons of the University. He is known throughout the State as an eminent and learned man and a staunch friend of the University at all times.

☞ We present our readers this issue with an "Address on the Life and Character of Governor Swain," delivered at our last commencement by Gov. Vance, to an audience so large that the windows of the Chapel had to be taken out and a rostrum improvised in the middle of the Chapel.

☞ Twenty, or more, rural settees arranged in the prettiest places in the Campus would both add to the beauty of the grounds and the pleasure of the visitors, and visitresses, especially the latter. We hope the authorities will recognize the importance of this from a Cupidian point of view, and attend to it at once.

Announcement.—Our readers will recognize the important and appropriate character of a series of sketches, which we propose to give, of our many distinguished Alumni who gave their lives for their country in the late war. We give in this issue, a memoir of Captain Wm. C. Lord, a cultured gentleman and gallant soldier.

☞ If we may take the liberty of making a suggestion to the authorities of the University, we would say that we doubt whether they advertise enough. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of Alumni scattered all over the Gulf States. And were we to flood these States with our Catalogues, there's no telling how many students might come crowding to our doors. Eastman College is a practical example of the benefits of judicious advertising.

☞ The *Princetonian* thus savagely turns upon those papers that misrepresented their little moon-light amusement, some time ago: "The daily press would rather lie on credit than tell the truth for cash, and the religious, with myths and fictions as texts, would rather tender unsolicited advice and sanctimonious cant than mind their own business and pay respect to facts."

☞ In making a suggestion in our last issue to the Professor of English, in regard to requiring each member of the class in English Literature to write a biography of some standard poet, we were neglectful of the fact that he does require them to make a short biographical and critical sketch of not one, but as many authors as practicable. It is thus claimed that the taste and critical judgment of the student is not warped in favor of one author, but is brought into play on various and altogether different styles.

☞ The Chapel Hill *Ledger* is on our table. The friends of the University will be glad to notice the increasing indications of the stability and prosperity of the University and, as a consequence, the improvements in the town of Chapel Hill. The *Ledger* is a very creditable sheet, live and awake to the best interests of the University, town, county and State. It is edited by Messrs. F. D. Winston and R. P. Pell. We wish these gentlemen the utmost success; their ability is only equaled by their modesty.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of the *Southern Collegian*, published at Washington and Lee University. We thank the *Collegian* for its kind and friendly criticism; it, however, mistakes somewhat the nature of the MAGAZINE. It is not intended solely as an organ of the students, but is devoted in part to historical and biographical sketches. The *Collegian* is a good paper, though we think its mechanical execution might be improved. We are particularly pleased with the articles on "Dante" and "Byron's Ocean."

OUR LAW SCHOOL.—We see no reason why the College Law Class should not number at least 25 or 30. So many students intend being Lawyers, that it would seem to be an admirable plan for them to take some Law along with their studies in college, organize a Moot Court Club and hold their meetings once a week, or fortnight. These little rehearsals during their college course would be of immense practical benefit to them as Lawyers, without taking into account the immediate advantages which necessarily flow from this species of intellectual attrition.

COLLEGE RECORD.

☞ Prof. A. F. Redd recently attended Rowan Court to testify, as an expert, in a poison case.

☞ The Di. Society has purchased a nice chandelier, on very good terms, from Ives & Co., New York.

☞ Prof. A. W. Mangum occupied the pulpit of the Edenton Street M. E. Church, in Raleigh, May 5th.

☞ In our article on the "Gem of the Mountains," we did not refer to the "Gem Saloon," which *may be* very good in its way, but we always carry ours with us. Smile?

☞ Prof. Geo. T. Winston, by invitation from the Faculty of Bingham School, delivered there on May 10th, an interesting lecture on "The Character of the Ancient Romans."

☞ Rev. A. C. Dixon, the popular and talented young Pastor of the Baptist Church at this place, delivered recently two forcible lectures on dancing, to large audiences in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

☞ President Battle delivered his able lecture on "The Relation of the University to Agriculture," in Asheville, the first of this month. We understand that a large and appreciative audience was present.

☞ The Dialectic Society have received a very large and finely executed painting of Gen'l T. L. Clingman. It was a generous response to a request from his Alma Mater, upon which he has reflected great honor.

☞ Among the improvements made for commencement we are pleased to note the fact that Elder D. Mickle has had the U. S. Post Office Building painted. It is done with much artistic skill. The soul of the artist speaks forth in his glowing conceptions.

☞ "Courteen'" couples at commencement had better keep a sharp lookout, when they are whispering their "soft nothings." We understand some diabolical Sophs. intend setting phonographs around in the Halls and Libraries, so as to catch such sentimental twaddle and milk-soppian bosh as may be there gushed forth. Telephones, also, connecting with the most frequented places of resort, will be run from 2nd entrance, 1st floor, E. B., where these ingenious fiends, the Sophs., most do congregate. "Coo! coo! coo!"

☞ A Corporal's Guard of the Trustees met here on the 15th inst. There might have been a larger turn-out, but we suppose the others felt sheepish about not subscribing to the MAGZINE. We are pleased to note that those gentlemen who did attend were on our subscription list.

☞ Rev. Jos. B. Cheshire, son of Dr. Cheshire, of Tarboro, has been assigned to the "Chapel of the Cross," the Episcopal Church at this place. He delivered his first sermon, an excellent one, here on the 19th of this month. Mr. Cheshire is a gentleman of much culture, highly educated and refined.

☞ Mr. Z. B. Vance, one of the corps, left us recently for his mountain home. Our warmest wishes for his welfare went with him, and we are much gratified to learn that he has been elected county Solicitor, for the *State of Buncombe. Gratulamur ei Victoriam.—University Magazine, May*, 1852.

☞ The traveler by Cave's Mill, on the morning of Easter Monday, might have noticed a spruce, dapper young gentleman rigged out *a la mode*, and seated in a conspicuous place, ever and anon looking up the road with great solicitude. It was "Scar-faced Charley," and he was looking for the Pic-nic-ers, but they went to Patterson's.

☞ In the next issue we will give statistics of each member of the senior class, stating his profession and other matters which may interest our readers. The class is now hard at work on their orations, and each one of the class expects to give the Mangum Medal a pull. We know who will get it. Our opinion on the matter will be given free on application.

OUR SUCCESSORS.—The following gentlemen have been elected Editors of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for 1878–'79: From the "Di.," Messrs. W. R. Slade, R. P. Pell and Alex. Phillips; from the "Phi.," Messrs. F. D. Winston, C. B. Aycock and M. C. S. Noble. We are pleased to notice the re-election of Mr. Winston, of the present Staff. All these gentlemen are men of ability and worth, and we welcome them to the Journalistic Field.

THE GEM OF THE MOUNTAINS.—Ever since the historic bell of King George first rang out on the virgin air of North Carolina, from the Court House in Hillsb oro, this latter place has been famed far and

wide for the beauty, culture and blue gore to be found within its precincts. And, although the war made sad ravages into its society, as it did into that of all other places, yet it seems as if its beauty only becomes more beautiful, its culture more cultivated, and its blood bluer, as the wheels of Time roll on. "Set like an emerald gem among the mountains," Hillsboro has, also, always occupied a high position upon the moral plane of North Carolina, so many thousand feet above the common level of humanity.

Thanks to an invitation from the gentlemanly members of the Saus Souci Club, we attended on Friday evening, 26th April, a Hop given at Masonic Hall, complimentary to S. S. Nash, Esq., and lady. At about 10 the Ball opened. At about 1 o'clock, the German, led by Will. Jones, Esq., Chief Manager, commenced. All the figures were beautiful; they were selected with the most admirable taste. There were so many present, and the evening was so much enjoyed, that the dancers were loth to go; they lingered, whirling around to the strains of sweet music, till the grey light of dawn began to mingle with the lamp-light. After the Ball, the band played some very pretty, tender airs, and the ladies, stopping near the gate to listen, looked in their ball dresses, like bright seraphs from some other sphere. On Friday evening, 3rd May, a reception was given to the friends of their young lady pupils, by the Misses Nash and Kollock. There was a larger crowd than usual present, quite a delegation of Chapel Hillians and a number of Binghamites. All the four classes, together with the optionals of the University, were represented. These receptions are always enjoyed. For grace, style and beauty, commend us to the Nashites.

Personals.

"Peepsy," '80, is on a duck-legged dike.

Two Irreconcilables—"Buck" and the Boston Glide.

B. C. Sharpe, '80, is indulging himself in the pleasures of that delightful city, Tarboro.

"V," of '77, is in business. He is a practical, common-sense man and will do well in life. *Vive le V.*

"Wot" loves Hillsboro. Ever since his return he has been weepin', wailin', and "nashin' " his jaws.

E. S. Harris, '81, makes the woods of Conetoe resound with his harmonious manipulations of the old banjo.

B. F. Hester, '81, feeds in the pleasant pastures of Granville. Too much application was undermining his health.

"Buckie Fanshawe," '77, is back from New York City, and is "knocking down the lions" in Tarboro, as a Broadway Blood.

We return thanks to our Amanuensis, "The Bird," for copying done for the MAGAZINE. His claws fly over the paper in the most graceful of curves.

George Washington Means, '80, intends going into the commission business. His good sense and force of character will ensure him success. Go it, General.

B. I. Egerton, Jr., '81, and J. R. Rodwell, '81, have retired from the University. It is currently reported that these gentlemen are contemplating a change of *state*.

R. T. Bonner, '81, recently left us on account of declining health. As a faithful student, and as a prominent member of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Bonner ranked high in the University.

The Waltz (in excess):

> Two souls with not a single thought,
> Four feet that slide as two.

"Jim," the original keeper of our Department of Ornithology, has gone into the gnat-straining business. He is a sleeping partner of the well-known firm of Robin, Horthawne and Burde (established 1875.)

"Freeman," '77, is studying Law like a Trojan. This gentleman was the Mangum Medallist of his class, and we hope and predict for him a bright future. Keep "polling" away towards the Temple of Fame; *it's only a little way over the hill.*

Mr. M. C. S. Noble, late Professor and Commandant of Cadets at Bingham School, has been appointed to the chair of Latin during the Normal School. This is a deserved compliment to Mr. Noble's scholarship and experience. "Roll on, O Willie, roll on!"

And Nathan "lit" upon the right ear of Gamaliel and sang unto him, "Thou art *my* man." And Gamaliel raised his voice a far off and cried unto Nathan, "Yea, Nathaniel, even three score and ten and two times didst thou hum. Verily, thou art a *rara avis*."

> "Rob" is a bird of such a flop-eared mien
> That to be feared, needs only to be seen,
> But seen quite oft, familiar with the flop,
> We learn to admire his slide and his hop.

"Let's reverse."

We note with pleasure that Mr. W. H. Page, Fellow of John Hopkins University, will lecture to the Normalites on English Philology. Mr. Page has lately returned from Germany, and though a young man he has no superior in the State, we venture to say, in his chosen field—Philology.

The many warm friends and co-bloods of "Josephus-in-the Blossom," '77, will be glad to learn that he has a fine crop this, his first, year as a farmer. Lawyers and Doctors will all do very well, but it is upon the honest yeomanry of our land, the horny-handed sons of the soil, that the real prosperity of our country rests.

Thus saith the poet:

"The crocodile within the bay
Can drive the fiercest beast away,
But, when he crawls upon the land,
The smallest dog can him withstand."

"*Sick him!*"

A. WHITLOCK,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

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TARBORO, N. C.

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Awarded Diploma at North Carolina State Fair, 1877.

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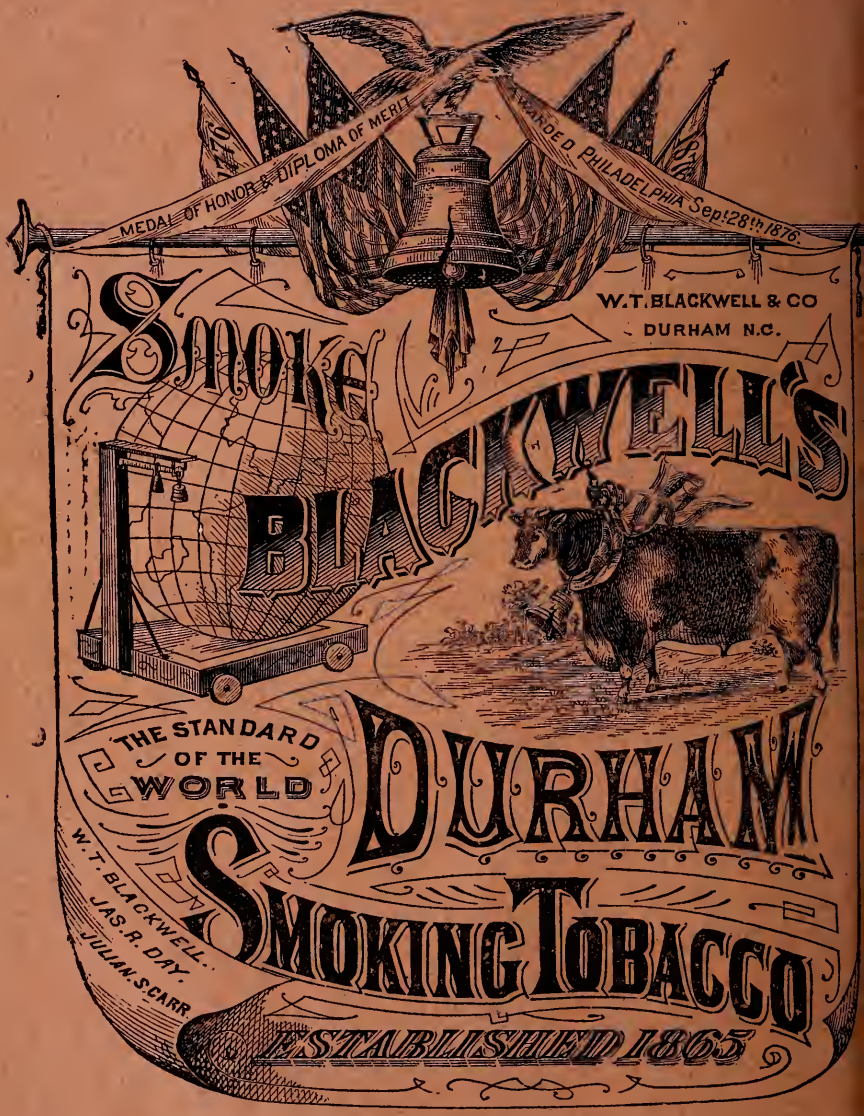

THE TIE THAT BINDS THE TWO HEMISPHERE

UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE
June, 1878.
EDITORS
F. D. WINSTON,
JNO. B. LEWIS,
I. M. TAYLOR,
A. D. JONES,
N. H. STREET,
C. W. GALLOWAY.
RESURGAM

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University Magazine.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Vol. 1. JUNE, 1878. No. 4.

Address of Judge Grant, to the Alumni of the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, June 6th, 1878.

Brother Alumni:—It is fifty years since I became a student, in the Sophomore class of 1828, at this old and venerable seat of learning.

To this circumstance, a lapse of half a century since I came here to pursue the course of studies in the curriculum of college life, I am indebted for the invitation with which I have been honored to address you to-day.

Perhaps, too, the address of Professor Wm. Hooper to you in

NOTICE.

The engravings of Judge Grant have been unaccountably detained, and after awaiting their reception for several weeks, we are reluctantly compelled to issue the present number of the Magazine without them. Earnest efforts will be made to secure the engravings in time for the September number.

them remained here more than a year. Dr. Joseph Caldwell was its third President, from 1797 to 1812, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. Chapman, who resigned in 1816, when Dr. Caldwell was reappointed, and continued in office until his death, in 1835.

Hon. David L. Swain, who had been Governor of the State, succeeded Dr. Caldwell, and held the office until his death, in 1868.

When I became a student, in 1828, this seat of learning had an established reputation, a full course of college study, with five professors, two tutors, and from eighty to a hundred students. Many of its early graduates had become advocates and statesmen, and had acquired fame, in this, as well as other States. It had a large number of students from the adjacent States, and they had, by their distinguished ability, conferred a reputation upon the institution where they were taught, which gave it a name known among the colleges of the land that has not diminished down to this day.

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Perhaps, too, the address of Professor Wm. Hooper to you in 1859, the semi-centennial of his graduation, on the occasion of a visit by the Hon. James Buchanan, President of the United States, with the Hon. Jacob Thompson, a graduate of my class, on whom the President had conferred a distinguished position in his Cabinet, and my recent association with Mr. Hooper, may have induced you to expect another address glittering with the light of his keen wit, trenchant satire, and burning eloquence.

But I am not a satirist or logician, as Hooper was, nor an orator, as Gaston was, whose speech to the young men of this University in 1832 has gone through five editions. "I am a plain, blunt man; I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, action, utterance, nor power of speech to stir men's blood; I only speak right on, and tell you that which you yourselves do know."

This University dates its existence from the year 1795. Mr. Kerr was its first President; Mr. Harris its second. Neither of them remained here more than a year. Dr. Joseph Caldwell was its third President, from 1797 to 1812, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. Chapman, who resigned in 1816, when Dr. Caldwell was reappointed, and continued in office until his death, in 1835.

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During the period of my college life, in addition to President Caldwell, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy, Elisha Mitchell, who had just succeeded Dennison Olmstead, was Professor of Chemistry; James Phillips was Professor of Mathematics; William Hooper was Professor of Greek and Latin; Nicholas Marcellus Hentz was Professor of Modern Languages. Lorenzo Lee and Thompson Bird were tutors. The number of students did not, at any period of my college life, exceed one hundred and fifty. The institution was well endowed. It had just begun a course of prosperity, which continued to increase, until its students numbered many hundreds. The late civil war broke up the schools all over the South; the students joined the army; the professors had no persons to instruct; the endowment of this, ample and propitious as it was, was appropriated to war purposes, and the institution was practically closed, for the want of money and students.

Dr. William Hooper survived all his colleagues who taught while I was here.

He was a black-eyed, nimble witted man, to the outward world. Like the celebrated comic actor, Liston, he was always grave; his most laughable jokes, his most polished wit, his keenest satire, scarcely induced a smile upon his lips. The thunder of applause which his thoughts provoked seemed to him merely an agreeable surprise. He was afflicted with a natural melancholy, which, in earlier life, disturbed his religious, or rather, his sectarian, faith. He left this institution for no other ostensible cause than his preference for the Baptists, who, about the time I left North Carolina, founded Wake Forest College, and in this institution he took a professorship, and remained there a number of years.

It was my privilege, after he was eighty, to renew, with great pleasure to him and to me, the acquaintance of my youth. The years which had made him old had made him gentle and tolerant. The same brilliant intellect that used to set the school in a roar had been enlarged by length of days, and his mind was still the pent up volcano that it was fifty years before.

I last saw him in Philadelphia, in 1876, attending the hundredth celebration of that Fourth of July which his grandfather had contributed to make the immortal dawn of Republican America.

I found him in an obscure boarding house, unheralded, unattended, in his noble effort, which cost him his life, to witness the celebration of the hundredth year of American Independence.

About a month after, I was advised of his death. No question this want of attendance in that, to him, last journey, was caused by that indomitable will and resolution which makes a man whose youth has been vigorous, scorn attendance and disdain the care and deference which the young are always willing to bestow on old age.

He realized the same fate, except that his last hours were watched with the tender kindness of his family, that befell his friend, Elisha

Mitchell. He died a victim to his own self-reliance. Like Milo, the famous wrestler of Croton, he forgot that he was very old, and he was lured to death by his confidence in his strength and ability to endure exposure and fatigue. His endurance had departed from him at eighty-one, without his being willing to admit it. At his age, and with his high position as a learned man, and his immediate descent from one of the statesmen signers of the Declaration of Independence, he was entitled, at the grand national gathering of forty millions of people, at Philadelphia, to an escort of the greatest, wisest and best of North Carolina's sons educated here, and many of them indebted to him for the primary instruction of that learning which made them an honor to this College, to this State, and to this nation; such a retinue he could have had for the asking; but he was too independent, too self-reliant, too confident of his own great powers, then departed, and, to his infinite credit, too modest, to ask for that attention and deference which, he well knew, should have been the voluntary offering of grateful hearts.

Other instructors followed those whom I left here, and among them Mr. Green, afterwards Bishop of Mississippi, Messrs. Fordyce Hubbard, W. H. Battle, Manuel Fetter, John Wheat, Albert M. Shipp, J. De Berniere Hooper, Hedrick, Deems, Walker Anderson, Charles Phillips, Brown, Battle and others.

From the time of its organization, in 1795, the University continued to grow in usefulness and popular esteem until the late civil war.

It has furnished to the nation a President, five members of the Cabinet, many ministers to foreign courts, and numbers of members of the Senate and House of Representatives. Thomas H. Benton, who was for thirty years continuously a Senator from Missouri, was a student at this college.

In your State government there is hardly an office of honor that has not been filled by the graduates from this building. The University has its representatives in the highest places, in church, among the leaders of the bar, in the healing art; and when the laws became silent its graduates became leaders and acquired glory and renown in an army whose courage, and continence, and skill has survived a defeat which was annihilation to the cause for which they went forth to battle, and for which many of them died.

Men educated and trained here have been presidents and governors of banks, institutions of learning, builders and managers of railroads, and the agriculture of your State has received its ablest instructors from the men who have gone from this school to that most extensive and independent employment of the American race.

And it is the history of the men who have gone hence to the busy haunts of the world, that the morality and personal obligation to duty which has been taught here has attended your great men who have held high places, in all their employments.

Many have adorned the Senate and forum with their talents; but they have adorned human nature more in the honesty, truth, justice and integrity with which they have administered their high offices; virtues which have contributed more to their success than their learning and ability.

If North Carolina has never achieved a distinguished name and fame by her progress in science, in art, in manufactures or commerce, she has won, and deserves to mantain among the States of this Union, a reputation for integrity in public and official life, which was without a stain until the government was usurped by that lot of adventurers which at the end of the civil war swooped down on the Southern States with a desolation as sweeping and blighting to their prosperity as a swarm of locusts, which sometimes in myriads fly down from our western mountains, and falling on our fertile prairies and rich pastures consume every green thing and leave the whole earth in their circuit a blackened mass of destruction and ruin.

Fifty years of a busy life is a long period of existence in any part of the historic life of man. It is a long vista to look back to the year 1828, when I joined a small band of students in these halls to undergo the preparatory training for the great course of life. There were fourteen of us: Henry J. Cannon, J. De Berniere Hooper, Allen C. Jones, Calvin Jones, Giles Mebane, Thomas J. Owen, Thomas J. Pitchford, Samuel B. Powell, Archibald A. T. Smith, William W. Spear, Jacob Thompson, Jesse A. Waugh, James M. Williamson, and James Grant. Of this number, after a lapse of fifty years, Hooper, Allen Jones, Calvin Jones, Owen, Pitchford, Spear, Thompson, and Grant survive. Of the survivors Hooper, Mebane, Grant are here to-day. If my memory fails me not, there was nothing about this class that made it famous in college history. I am quite sure there was not one among it that rendered it infamous; there was no bad sheep to infect a whole flock. We went through our college course with fair diligence in our studies; we required no special admonitions to good behavior; we, none of us, desired or achieved notoriety as boisterous, idle or dissipated students; we pursued the ordinary college studies, and performed our college duties with enough of diligence and order to escape censure from our instructors.

After finishing the studies allotted to our course here, Cannon, Grant, Calvin Jones, Mebane, Thompson and Williamson, became lawyers; Hooper maintained his reputation as the first student of the class, and became a teacher; Owen studied law but became a minister of the Gospel, as did Spear.

Thompson alone acquired a national reputation as a statesman; has been a member of Congress, and Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of James Buchanan; was distinguished in the military and diplomatic service of the unsuccessful party in the civil war.

Poverty, an independent spirit, and probably too haughty temper, an averson to slavery, the avowal of which would have done

no good to mankind, and caused infinite pain to parents and relatives, and, I trust, a not unworthy ambition, carried the speaker in early manhood to the rich lands of the northwest, then the very out-post of civilization in America. This separation of the ties of early association has prevented me from seeing the faces of some of my classmates in all these fifty years.

Long and constant association with other people, whose habits of energy, and pluck, and plod, and whose independent mode of thinking accorded with my own, have made me, in association, in manners, in sympathy and feeling, a frontierman, a stranger to the land of my birth, and a wanderer from the associations of childhood. But, in all this long life of half a century, in days of poverty, of obscurity, of failure, of oblivion, and of ultimate success and old age, of, I trust, respect and honor among people who have grown from manhood to old age with me on the border (which you would regard) of civilization, there was always cherished, down in the deep fountains of the affections, a love of the old fireside, of the scenes and associations of childhood, of the kins-people and playmates and schoolmates of boyhood's days, a still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home. In all my wanderings, the old North State has never lost its place in my memory or affections. To me, in the full maturity of manhood's days, in the enjoyment of the recollections of a long life, there is always a well-spring of happiness in the memories of the past which cluster around the humble home of childhood's hours; and I rejoice that the poverty-stricken boyhood which stimulated me to go to other, and as I think, a better land, was passed in the pine-barrens of your sea coast, and that the sturdy manhood, the independent spirit, the indomitable will to succeed, were all made a part of my existence in the quiet shades of these college grounds.

We who have lived in the last half century have lived in the most useful and progressive age of our race.

The middle half of the Nineteenth Century has been in all the arts and sciences, and occupations of man which render life useful, the most eventful in the whole world's history.

No half century of known eras has produced such grand events, or such useful inventions, as that in which we have lived.

Science, which in all civilized ages has, by the study of nature's laws, been diligent in promoting human welfare, has in this period eclipsed the glory of all its prior achievements. In the language of one of the most accomplished writers of our language, in any period:

"It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished disease; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new security to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form and material unknown to our ancestors; it has rendered the thunderbolt harmless; it has guided it from heaven to earth, made it the means of speech between man from ocean to ocean, and continent

to continent; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of human vision; it has multiplied the power of human muscles; it has annihilated distance; it has rendered intercourse friendly offices, the dispatch of business common to all nations and people; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea; to soar in the air; to penetrate securely the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars, which whirl along without horses; to travel the ocean in ships, which run against the hurricane, and which move independent of wind and tide. It is a philosophy which never attains its end, which never admits perfection, and is always improving what it has done before; its law is progress; a point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting point to-morrow."

There is a reciprocal action between science and its application to the useful purposes of life: while there is no advance in any branch of science which does not sooner or later give rise to a corresponding improvement in practical art, so every advance made in practical art gives to science something which was not known before.

The great material advantages which this age possesses over all its predecessors, the cheapness of production, which has made comforts and luxuries unknown to our fathers, necessities in our day, are traceable in a great degree to those inventions and instruments which require a dimunition of labor, and which enable one man to accomplish acts which formerly required the services of a multitude; to the steam engine and its countless applications to useful arts; to an increased knowledge of metals and their properties; to the use of powerful and accurate tools; to the plan of multiplying copies instead of fashioning everything anew by hand labor. Half a century ago many things,—perhaps we may safely say most things in use,—were slowly and imperfectly made by the tedious process of the workman's hand, now perfect results of ingenious manufacture are in every-day use, scattered everywhere, so that their very universal use prevents us from giving them that admiration which their wonder would otherwise excite.

A single machine now, worked by the forces of nature, performs with ease and certainty the work which was attracted from the hard toil of thousands. Every natural agent has been pressed into man's service; the winds, the water, fire, gravity, electricity, light itself.

These great results of science applied by art, and to useful purposes, have become so much a part of the every-day of our life's journey that it is difficult for one who has not witnessed the changes produced by such appliances to realize their importance. To comprehend why the present epoch is worthy of so much admiration in the world's progress, address yourself to some one who is old enough to remember the beginning of the present century. Enquire what wonderful changes have been wrought in the aspect of things within a single life time; and ask what has brought about

these changes. Look at the railway and the steamship; the telegraph; the great guns; the mighty ships of war; the machine more potent in shaping the destinies of our race than all the implements of war, the steam printing press; the endless and marvelous transformations of chemistry, which from dirt and dross extracts fragrant essences and dyes more beautiful than Tyrian hue; that burrows in the mountain side, and the deep caverns of the earth, and brings out the rocks and converts them into gold; that wonderful instrument which can make a faint beam of light, reaching us after a journey of a thousand years, unfold its tale and reveal the secrets of the stars.

The steam engine was supposed to have reached perfection by the inventions of Watt. Its application to propelling vessels on inland waters, which required only short journeys and hourly renewals of fuel, under the inventions of Fulton, was supposed in 1828 to have reached its ultimate useful results.

The first use of steam in a locomotive was applied about the year 1804. It could draw loads only by means of tooth driving wheels. In 1813 the important discovery was made that such aid was not necessary; that the adhesion of a smooth wheel on a smooth rail was sufficient for all the ordinary purposes of draft. The progress in utilizing this machine was slow, until about the year 1825, when George Stevenson adopted the blast pipe tubular boiler. In 1829 the largest railway in the world was but a few miles, and steam had not then been used to draw wagons upon an iron way. In that year the managers of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, which was thirty-two miles long, offered a prize of five hundred pounds to the inventor of a locomotive that would attain a speed of ten miles an hour, drawing a load of twelve tons. The invention of Stevenson, the "Rocket," won this prize, drawing its load fourteen miles an hour. Since that period such improvements have been made in locomotives and iron ways that engines are made weighing forty tons, and carrying from fifty to a thousand tons load, at a speed of from ten to sixty miles an hour.

The first railway for the carriage of passengers was the Stockton and Darlington, thirty-seven miles long, built in 1825. The carriages were drawn by horses. At this period the only improved means over the common highway of intercourse between different marts on land were canals, which in the northern part of the temperate zone were like the rivers, frozen over for one-half the year. The business was so badly conducted that the transport of a bale of cotton from Liverpool to Manchester is said to have occupied as long a time as that required for an ordinary voyage across the Atlantic in sailing vessels. All the commerce between the Atlantic and Ohio was by wagons.

Mankind, even in the face of all our progress, is slow to adapt anything new. The fate of Fulton is not peculiar. Howe, the sewing machine man, long after his invention was in practical use, was thought to be a cracked-brain enthusiast. The canal interest

in Britain had such influence in Parliament as to delay for years the passage of a bill to construct a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester. The act was passed in 1828. The line, when begun, was to be used to convey goods, and the wagons to be drawn by horses. When the proposal was made and a prize offered to induce the use of steam power, an eminent authority, in a serious treatise on the subject, "hoped he might not be confounded with those enthusiasts who maintained the possibility of carriages being driven on a railway at such a speed as twelve miles an hour."

The ridicule which this great energy of our day received from all classes is a matter of astonishment. The canal men made fun of the proposed railroad, continued their exhorbitant charges, just as railways do now in our time.

The land owners then, as now, of large and wealthy estates in rich countries offered resistance to the surveyors and would not permit them to enter their fields. Even clergymen threatened them with violence. Civil engineers scouted the idea of a steam railway. Stevenson was held up to the public as an ignoramus and maniac by the most intelligent men of this time. A journal in the interest of advanced civilization, favorable to railways, exclaimed: "What can be more ridiculous than the prospect held out, of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage coaches; we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off in one of Congreve's rockets as to trust themselves to the mercy of a machine going at such a rate; we will back old father Thames against the Woolwick for any sum; we trust that Parliament will, in all railways which it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour."

As late as 1855 a mob gathered in a large town, in the United States, and tore up the track of two railroads about to connect in the streets of their town, because through trains would ruin their commerce. The canal interest everywhere opposed the railroad. Legislative restrictions against free commerce in railways loaded down all the earlier charters granted by the State in this country.

During our half of this century, in all Europe, in North America, the British colonies of India, Australia and New Zealand, the chief means of internal commerce between adjacent States and nations, and all the rapid intercourse of people and exchange of commercial enterprise among men, is made by the railway. People visit and traffic in towns and cities in elegant coaches, drawn through the streets on railways; and all the great business affairs between town and country, cities and States, and kingdoms, are conducted on the railway. It has penetrated forests, deserts and mountains; crossed the great waters to connect the commerce of one country and neighborhood with another. It has almost annihilated space, and time that was formerly counted by the day and week now occupies in business but the hour.

Fifty years ago, it required forty days, on horse back (the then most expeditious way of travel), to go from Raleigh, the capital of

your State, to the few log cabins on Lake Michigan, named Chicago. This same journey is now done by the railway and steam engine in forty-eight hours; and the same means of commerce has, in thirty years, converted the mud huts into an imperial city, built of marble, with four hundred thousand enterprising people, more potent in the world's history than Rome in the days of Augustus Cæsar. So, in all parts of civilized society, the railway, by the annihilation of space, has increased the use and duration of the time which is allotted to our existence to such a degree that we live longer and know more, and accomplish more in fifty years, than in the nine hundred years of the age of Methuselah.

These United States have to-day incomparably much the longest railway system of the world. More than seventy-five thousand miles of railroad, distributed, in a greater or less degree, in all the thirty-eight States of the Union, have made the United States, for all time, one nation, with one destiny. All other civilized countries have utilized this modern invention of traffic and travel, and the whole world is bound together by the iron way, and exchanges commerce by the iron steam carrier.

The increase of speed and cheapness in travel and traffic by the iron road has been equalled, if not excelled, by the ease, comfort, luxury, and safety in the transport of persons from one place to another. The iron horse never grows weary, never stops to sleep or to rest; supplied with fuel and water, he carries you by day and by night; he stops not in the valley which he descends, nor at the stream which he crosses, nor in the desert from hunger, nor in the mountain which he climbs. All seasons are alike to him—neither the blast of winter, the heat of summer, the rains or snows, the night or day, arrest his progress. You ride in carriages which are converted into hotels of palatial splendor on wheels, large enough to carry half a hundred persons to a carriage, and thousands in a train. You enter one of those palace cars at the emporium of the United States in the east, and start on a weeks journey to the western ocean; fifty years ago it took half a year at the peril of life, from want of food and shelter—you now accomplish in a few day's a year's journey. Entering the train you sit down to amusement or study as you would in your own dwelling. You are supplied with the morning newspaper before you breakfast. This is furnished you in the hotel car with the same food and the like service as you find at the best modern hotels or the private mansions of the rich. You lie down or sit up, or sleep or wake, as it may suit your convenience. You find new friends and make new acquaintances on the road. You are constantly entertained in the day with momentary changes of place and scenery. You pass through a city of half a million and in an hour you are forty miles away, looking at the green pastures and the lowing herds; you see the farmer at his toil, the manufacturer at his forge. At one moment you are passing over the boundless prairie, green, or brown, or white with snow as the season in which you travel creates; at another you

descend the canyon, or the fertile vale; in another moment you are climbing the giddy heights of the great snowy range of mountains, and you look down with awe in the bottomless abyss beneath, or you feast your eyes with the green foliage and rocky glens of the horse-shoe bend in the eastern mountains; and in your six days' journey you encounter every variety of soil, climate, and habitation which have been developed and brought into the civilization of the white man since the days that we were young. If in such a journey you are jaded and worn out, you rest as if in your own dwelling by your own fireside; or if you are on business, you write in offices provided for your convenience. At the windows, made of plate glass, you can enjoy in comfort the prospect of the snow-clad mountains which tower up in the distance one hundred miles away, or you can contemplate the boundless plains growing only the sage bush, and tenanted only by the prairie dog, the owl, and the reptile. At night, when exhausted with the novelties of the day, you go to bed in a luxurious couch which has been folded up and out of sight, and you wake up in the morning refreshed with sleep, to contemplate a different natural world from the one you saw at night.

At the end of a six days' journey you have traveled across the continent of North America; you have seen every variety of soil, and felt every variety of climate which exists in the same latitude across the United States. You have left the Atlantic ocean, with its storms and tempests, and you have landed at the golden gate of the quiet Pacific; you have gone from the commercial capital of your country on the east, to the new seat of empire of the west.

Fifty years ago the invention of Robert Fulton had furnished our inland waters with the perfection of steamboat travel and transport, and the navigable rivers were the sole highways of commerce. The railway has changed all that. Our western commerce once was by the waters inland, north and south, but now commerce seeks the east from the west. Great as was the achievement of Fulton fifty years ago, no man believed that the ocean could be crossed with a steamship. When the project was talked of in 1837 it was believed impracticable. Learned men discussed the approaching steaming of the Sirius from England to America as an impossibility. The great newspapers of the old world wrote their articles ridiculing the project and sent them by the packet ships to New York; and before the sailing vessels reached the harbor containing the speculations of the learned against the project, the Sirius had landed at the docks in safety and confronted them with the solution of the problem. At this day the whole of the oceans are threaded with steam propellers. They go by the score a week between Europe and America. They send the echoes of their thunder to Afric's sunny fountains and Persia's coral strands. They go to China and Japan for teas, to India, to Africa, and to America for cotton. They exchange the woods, the wool, and the cordage, and the gold and silver of New Zealand and Australia, for

the cotton goods of England, the silks and luxuries of European Continent, the carriages and plows, and reaping machines, the engines and cars of America. They go in the heats of summer to the very limits of animal life, within sight of the north pole.

But, wonderful as has been the progress in our day of the railroad and steamer, they have been surpassed in the brilliant achievements, the very heavenly conception of the telegraph, and just now the telephone, which have utilized the lightning which Franklin brought down from the realms above, and made it speak throughout the whole world and across the sea, in an instant of time.

The invention of the telegraph belongs to our half century, and the useful invention belongs to our countryman. Great inventions are often the results of the labors of not one, but a hundred minds, and the beginning of the discoveries which led to that of the telegraph runs back a hundred years.

In October, 1832, on board a packet ship bound from France to the United States, was a talented American artist, who had gained some reputation in his profession as a portrait painter. A casual conversation with his fellow passengers on electricity and the plan by which Franklin drew it from the clouds along a slender wire, suggested to him the possibility of thus communicating intelligence by signals at a distance. A fellow passenger, Jackson, had a galvanic battery and an electro magnet on board, and these he described to the painter by the aid of rough sketches. Here two men came together by accident—a seed-word, sown perhaps by some purposeless remark, took root in fertile soil—the one profiting by that which he had seen and read, made suggestions and gave explanations of phenomena and constructions only imperfectly understood by himself and entirely new to the other. The theme interested both, and became a subject of daily conversation. When they parted the one forgot or was indifferent to the matter; while the other, more in earnest, followed it up with diligence, testing and scheming and devising ways and means to realize what had been only a dream to both. His labors brought him to the adoption of a method not discovered by either, and Morse became the inventor of the telegraph. This invention was first put to a practical test in 1836, between Baltimore and Washington, by an appropriation by Congress.

The telegraph in this day is just as much a life necessity to the affairs of men as light is to the health of the human body.

Another invention, of perhaps as much importance to the better half of our race, entirely American in conception and invention, is the sewing machine, which increases the capacities of woman's employment beyond calculation, and relieves her from the everlasting stitch, stitch of her peculiar vocation, which has been a burden from the time the needle was invented. The needle is a necessity of human life, the sewing machine has made it the finest of arts. Whether for use or ornament the sewing machine, guided

by hand and driven by foot, whether in the log cabin, roofed with boards and tenanted by poverty, or in the mansions of the rich—is necessity, the luxury, the ornament of woman's household.

In our day, too, mankind have learned more of the uses and nature of light than was ever known before.

No other invention of the last fifty years, or of any period of years or any era of history, is so beautiful, so attractive to the eye, or pleasing to the moral sentiments of man's nature as photography. The first step in this discovery was begun by Daguerre in the year 1839. It has, from its first crude efforts by him in taking pictures by sunlight, until this day, when it seems to have attained its greatest excellence, exercised a beneficial influence over the social sentiments, the arts and sciences of the whole world—an influence not less real because it is now unobtrusive and common. It cherishes domestic and friendly relations by its repeated copies of familiar faces; keeps fresh in our memories friends, relatives—honored people, distant or dead; it keeps alive our admiration of the great and the good by preserving the features of heroes, statesmen, learned and good men; it pleases our sight by copies from all the beautiful and grand scenes in nature—the mountains, the valleys, the green fields and pleasant pastures, the ocean and its great storms, the sun in its eclipses—are brought to our firesides without the labor or expense of travel; it has improved the pictorial art by furnishing the painter in his study with copies of nature; it reproduces his works, multiplying copies with an exactness which he in vain strives to accomplish; it reproduces the finest works of sculpture; it lends invaluable aid to almost every science; the astronomer uses it to copy the pictures of the sun, moon and stars; "by it the architect superintends the erection of distant buildings, the engineer watches over the progress of his designs in remote lands, the medical man amasses the records of morbid anatomy, the geologist studies the structure of the earth, the ethnologist compares the features of every race." Not a village or hamlet in the land that does not have its school of art, where all classes, old and young, rich and poor, congregate to study the human face divine; and the love of the beautiful in art and nature is fostered and cultivated in life among the lowly as well as among the refined and educated.

The natives that go down to the sea in ships had, perhaps, before the Pharaohs of Alexandria, used some means to throw the beams of light across the dark waters of the sea at night to guide the mariner in his course and warn him of his perils from the sunken rock or treacherous shoal. The modern light-house, with its beautiful appliances, is entirely the results of the applied science of our age. Formerly the lofty structures for this purpose burned on their summits fires of wood, and whatever beacons existed down to the end of the last century were mere blazing fires. In olden times the beacon fires on the coast of this State were said to be pine torches on the shore, and tradition says

that they were sometimes conveniently carried in the hand to lure the unlucky ships that visited the inhospitable coast to the shoals where the wrecker most frequented. But now every headland has its tall spire and immense headlight, which throws a halo a score of miles over the sea, and science has given an additional security to the mariner to that furnished him in the compass, the chronometer and the sextant; when he approaches the land in shadows, clouds, darkness and storms he scans the horizon for the glimpse of the hospitable light-house, which seems to say that the country he is approaching has been watching for his coming and welcomes him to its shores.

Though science, in its diligent search into the phenomena of electricity, has not been able to ascertain what it is and what creates it, it has made in our day remarkable discoveries in celestial chemistry and physics.

Chemistry, fifty years ago, like geology and mineralogy, was in its infancy as a science. Within the last twenty years chemistry has not been content with its researches on the earth. The spectroscope has revealed to our admiration and added to our knowledge unexpected discoveries in the universe by means apparently wholly inadequate to accomplish them. A little triangular piece of glass gives us the power to rob the stars of their secrets, and tells more about these distant worlds than the wildest imagination could have believed attainable to human knowledge.

One of the most astute philosophers of the present century declared, not many years ago, that all we could know of the heavenly bodies must ever be confined to an acquaintance with their motions, and to most limited acquaintance with their features, as the telescope reveals in those nearest to us. A knowledge of their composition, he asserted, could never be attained because we had no means of chemically examining the matter of which they are constituted. Such was the deliberate utterance of a man by no means disposed to underrate the power of the human mind in the pursuit of truth; and such might still have been the opinion of the wise as well as the ignorant, but for the remarkable train of discoveries which has led us to the construction of instruments revealing to us the nature of the heavenly bodies. We have, by means of the analysis of the rays of light, and the substances which produce them, the same certainty about the existence of iron in the sun as we have of its existence in the hills around us, a fact unknown to us fifty years ago. The last few years have seen the dawn of a new science in this regard; and two branches of knowledge which formerly seemed as far as the poles asunder—astronomy and chemistry—have thus assisted in the learning of celestial bodies. The progress which has been made in this department of spectroscopic research is so rapid, and the field so promising, that the well-instructed juvenile of the future, instead of wondering what the little stars are, will probably only have to direct his sideral spectroscope to the object of his admiration, in order to ob-

tain exact information as to what that star is, chemically and physically. These chemical experiments, often repeated, have shown that certain substances invariably produce only certain rays of light, and hence, whenever these rays are found to come from the heavenly bodies, their physical texture is demonstrated. The revelations of the spectroscope awaken new thoughts in the mind which has obtained even a glimpse of the wonders which it discloses in relation to the mechanism of the heavens. In every age and every country the stars have attracted the gaze, and excited the admiration of men. The wise men of the East pretended to be led by the stars to the discovery of the author of a new religion, and to be led by their course to seek his abode and worship him. The belief in their influence over human affairs has been profound, universal and enduring. It survived the dawn of modern science, being among the last shades of the night of superstition which melted away in the morning of true knowledge. In our own day the belief among even persons of intelligence is not uncommon that the moon exercises an influence over the productions of the soil; and the spectroscope may in its researches tell why and how the light influences the growth, as well as the color of plants. Even Francis Bacon, the father of inductive philosophy, and old Sir Thomas Brown, the exposer of "vulgar errors," believed in the influence of the stars, for, while recognizing the imp stures practiced by its professors, they still believed astrology not altogether a vain science.

It was reserved for the mighty genius of Newton to prove that there are invisible ties connecting the earth with those remote and brilliant bodies, more potent than astrology divined. He showed that even the most distant bodies are bound to their companions by the same power that directed the fall of the apple. And now the spectroscope is revealing other lines of connection, and showing that there is a closer tie of a common constitution, and that they are all made of the same matter, and obey the same physical and chemical laws which belong to the earth. We learn that hydrogen, and magnesium, and iron, and other familiar substances, exist in these inconceivably distant suns, with the same properties which they exhibit here. We confirm, by the spectroscope, the fact, partially revealed by other researches, that the apparently fixed stars are in reality, careering through space, each with its proper motion. We learn that they are the theatres of vast changes and convulsions like our own earth, the rapidity and extent of which surprise credulity. A wonderful star in the constellation of the crown, in 1866, suddenly blazed out from a scarcely discernible telescopic star, to become one of the most conspicuous in the heavens, and the bright lines its beams produced on the spectroscope revealed that this abrupt splendor was due to masses of burning hydrogen. When this fire went out the star reverted to its obscurity. Everywhere in the universe there is motion and change. There is no pause, no rest; but a continual unfolding, an endless progression.

Our day and generation has witnessed the discovery of the true nature of the earth, in its geological structure and its minerals, and all the former mysteries of nature in this respect have been cleared away. Even the richest and most beautiful of colors are now extracted from the black refuse of coal. The bowels of the earth have been discovered not only to contain vast bodies of burning materials unknown before, but great lakes of fuel have been found and pumped up from the dark caverns below, and give light and heat to our upper world. Not only have new metals been discovered, but the exudations of gums from the trees of the forest have been utilized in the manufacture of almost everything required by the world's business. Ships, cars, engines, furniture, clothing—nearly every useful thing—is now made of India rubber and gutta percha.

Nor has the advance in mechanical arts been limited to the loom or the anvil. In the cultivation of the soil every year of the last half century has made some new progress. We plant no longer by hand, but by machine labor, guided and controlled by hands directed by brain power. We mount the plow on wheels; we cultivate the land with half a dozen plows together; we reap by machinery, we thresh by machinery, and we expect in our day to see the Indian corn gathered and the cotton picked by machine labor. We have duplicated our capacity to till the soil by the machines which ingenuity has invented to take the place of hand labor.

A hundred years ago not a pound of coal, nor a cubic foot of illuminating gas was burned in this country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Benjamin Franklin invented the iron frame fire-place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming, in town as well as country, was done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth, or in the brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of carpets and rugs and mats. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out upon the hearth over night, or the tinder was so damp that the spark would not catch, the only means remaining was that of wading through the snow or the mud a mile or so to borrow a brand from a neighbor. Only one room in the house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was below the freezing point during many nights of winter. The men and the women of a hundred years ago went to their beds in a temperature colder than our modern barns and wood-sheds, and they never complained, for they had no idea of anything better.

In every department of useful arts the age in which we have lived surpasses all others. In manufactures, the substitution of machinery for hand labor; in the multiplication of printing by the power press; the cheapness of books and of knowledge; the progress in our time exceeds the aggregate of all other ages.

It is just now that the world has seen and felt and realized the commercial value of cutting a canal to join the waters of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and the land of the Pharaohs is now cut in two by a great artificial river, in which float the great steamers of the world. Forty centuries have waited for the glory of this achievement, which is changing the commerce of the Eastern world as much as the continental railway has changed and enlarged that of the West.

Nor has the improvement of the weapons of war in our lifetime been less progressive than the arts of peace. The great guns that throw hundred-pound shot many miles, the repeating rifles and pistols, the great iron-clad vessels of war, in our times, are wondrous inventions in the death-dealing instruments with which civilized, no less than savage nations, settle quarrels and destroy each other.

Our age has, above all others, been an age of utility. Our progress has in every direction been practical, whether in the clothing of the body, in the comfort, convenience and luxury of our homes that we inhabit, in the food that we eat, the present life has made immense advances over all other ages.

One century ago the people of the United States numbered three millions; four centuries ago the British Islands contained a population of three millions. The Anglo-Saxon race has increased on this continent in the last fifty years from twelve to more than forty millions, and from twenty-four to thirty-eight States. The British Islands have increased their home population in four centuries to nearly thirty millions; but in the last century, and after they had lost the united colonies with their three millions, they have extended their dominion over two hundred and fifty millions of the human race; and in the last half century they have planted new colonies in Australia and New Zealand, the land of the antipodes, which are as numerous and powerful as our revolted colonies of an hundred years ago.

In a retrospect of the half century of an active life we are prone to bear in mind the place which we have made our own, and in which a busy life has found employment. It—my country, your country—is, perhaps, as grand a mark of the progress of modern nations as can be found where the English language is spoken. In June, 1838, Iowa was an unknown land. It was really beyond civilization, and the home of the red man. Only a small strip along the great river was allowed to be trodden by the white man. In June of that year it was organized by Congress as a territory. It had a population of twenty-three thousand people; now it has nearly two millions. It has nearly six hundred thousand children, between five and twelve years of age. Of these nearly five hundred thousand are at school, and they employ ten thousand teachers. Forty years ago it had no railroads—no common roads, for that matter, except what the prairie lands, destitute of trees, furnished. Now, every county of the State has its railroad, and every

township its dozen school-houses and churches. It has two public universities, free to everybody who chooses to go.

In this age and country of progress, in which we have passed our own lives, we irresistibly inquire on a return from a fifty years' absence, Watchman, what of the night at the old home? The answer is: The day-star shines here, too, as well as in other lands; though this ancient seat of learing has been neglected, the common education has not. North Carolina has made altogether as much progress in the common school education as its most ambitious native could desire. It has always had, and always will have, the drawback of an iron-bound coast. It were, perhaps, as well if it had no ocean on its borders. It has not had the advantages of trade, or rich lands, which make marts of traffic, or numerous people. It has had a population of different colors and races, between whom, whether in slavery or freedom, there is and must be some kind of antagonism. And yet, after a disastrous civil war, which reduced more than half its population—most intelligent and most enterprising—to poverty, and gave the smaller half liberty and the same misery, the State has provided common schools for both classes, and it numbers two hundred and one thousand children at school, nearly six thousand school districts, and twenty-five hundred teachers. Wheeler, in his History of North Carolina, records the humiliation that a larger proportion of its population could not read and write than any State in the Union. This humiliation will pass away before the nineteenth century ends.

Brothers Alumni! What part have we acted in this grand drama of human life, during this period of progress in the world, in which we could not, if we would, have been merely spectators? Have we so lived in the service of mankind to be a guardian God below? Have we employed the mind's brave ardor in heroic aims, such as might raise us over the common herd, and make us shine forever? That is life!

In conclusion, he said he had visited every place noted for beauty on the continent, but here was the garden spot of the universe. After continuing in a strain of feeling eloquence for some time, he ended in these words: "God bless you, men of North Carolina, hail and farewell!"

He who boasts of being perfect—says a modern writer—is perfect in his folly. I have been a great deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until I see two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop.

Choosing a Vocation.

PRIZE ORATION, BY ARTHUR ARRINGTON, A. B.

The question, what shall be my vocation? is one that early and often thrusts itself upon the mind of every thoughtful youth. Its unbidden presence in every soul is at least presumptive evidence, if not sufficient proof, that a definite calling is indispensable.

The familiar term, vocation, is used because it is broad and generic, and does not countenance that opinion which restricts the more specific word, profession, to the ministry, the law, and medicine. These truly are spheres of dignity, respect, and usefulness, but they are *not* to be regarded as the only callings of honor and gentility.

For nearly a third of life a man is a pensioner upon the bounty of his parents, an unremunerative recipient of the benefits of county and State institutions. They have made him what he is, and he owes to them a debt, not only of obedience to parental authority and civil law, but of life-long devotion and gratitude. His future must depend chiefly upon his own exertions, and this is an obligation which he owes to himself. It is one that embraces more than a supply of bodily food and raiment. Provision must be made for the employment of all the subtle and powerful faculties of his higher nature. These varied claims can be satisfied only by the faithful prosecution of some suitable vocation. Convinced of his indebtedness, and deeming that an unwarranted restriction of custom which recognizes but three "learned professions," he determines to enter some one honest vocation, and in pursuing it to comply with the two conditions upon which the time-honored *three* must always depend for success, namely, general information, and a thorough, accurate knowledge of his own peculiar task.

Without further misgivings as to the necessity of concentrated effort, he passes to the consideration of the next question to be answered: Upon whose decision is the final choice of a life-work to rest? His influence may some day affect for weal or woe the destinies of the State and nation to which he belongs. Then shall not the government have a right to speak when the employment of its individual citizens is being determined? We think not. A free man in a free country would justly resist this as an undue assumption of authority, an infringement upon his personal liberty.

Are his parents to make the choice? Many contend that they should, and offer in defense of their opinion the son's inexperience, the father's and mother's mature judgment, their intimate acquaintance with his disposition, and thorough knowledge of what he is able to do and bear. We willingly admit that all these advantages on their part justify a great deal of wholesome advice, but they cannot warrant a decision from which there can be no appeal. The will of the parents has with the utmost propriety been the law of the *boy;* it should not control the *man.* Else where would the

practical application of the great lesson of self-reliance begin? Thrown upon his own resources, a young man must be the author of his own failure or triumph. If the former befall him, he alone is responsible and must accept the consequences of his negligence; if the latter crown his efforts, he feels that the glory is his, and that as an independent self-sustaining being he has a right to a place in the world as a *man* among *men*. Yea, verily, he must be the arbiter of his own fate. Deny that it is wise for him to exercise this right, and you at once impeach his ability to make a judicious selection. Establish such inability, and you have gone far toward proving that his education has failed to furnish his character with those elements which will be indispensable to the successful prosecution of any profession, whoever may decide it.

We therefore submit that a man must consider this question in the light of his own understanding, and seek its answer from the requirements and promptings of his innermost soul. As to the source of this light, and the author of these promptings, we will speak presently.

Still another question remains before the preliminary process is completed. At what period in life is the choice to be made? The answer suggests itself at once. As soon as a man feels that he can depend upon his own decision, and has time to make a selection with reference to his talents, his tastes, and his convictions of duty. His school-days, if they have been properly spent, will have prepared him for this momentous undertaking. It was their province to train his judgment, his impulses, and his will, to develop his talents, mould his tastes, and accustom him to a prompt discharge of duty. With this training he graduates. His friends gather in a vast assembly to witness, not merely the close of a collegiate year, but the commencement of a man's career. He sees their bright and anxious faces looking up into his, he feels that they have a right to expect, yea, even demand something from him in return. His soul is stirred within him, and he determines to go to his home and at once begin to prepare for that station in life, in which he may be able to dispel all the fears and fulfil all the hopes that centre in him.

Ah! who, that has not realized, can conceive, who, that has, can ever forget, the emotions which fill the young man's breast, when, having reached his graduation and majority, he stands upon the threshold of life and looks out on the world he is soon to enter? That threshold is guarded by the "Divinity that shapes our ends." Friends and kindred may be unable to furnish the trembling, eager youth with the wisdom that the hour demands, but this unerring Counsellor will welcome his humble, yet confident, approach, and open his understanding to truth and duty.

The faithful Mentor receives him with a smile and makes to him the following revelation: My son, it is indeed true that coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before them, but you have arrived at an epoch which has thrown but a dim reflection into

your boyhood days, and been but imperfectly anticipated till the present. In early youth, this day seemed to you to be enveloped in a mist which your vision could not penetrate. Hope smiled, and a bow of promise spanned the gateway where now we sit. But increasing years and multiplying cares have chased the roseate hues away, and you are to-day confronted by the sombre realities of manhood. "Then you dreamed that life was beauty, now you know that life is duty." The field, which you behold before you, is the world. Ages ago, it was fashioned and furnished by Jehovah's Hand as the outer court of man's final home. Its inhabitants spend their minority in the vestibule of this outer court, and with the equipment which it supplies, they cross this threshold, enter the vast arena, and begin the struggle of life. At first their lots are more or less equally distributed, but be assured they do not long remain so. For "Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*." As you survey the scene around you, remember that forewarned is forearmed. Hear and heed then a father's admonition. Beware of precipitate action in this, the weightiest question with which you have yet been called to grapple, and than which none more weighty is likely to arise. Upon its decision all else in life must more or less depend. By it not only your own lot, but that of others must be affected. Around it your hopes and plans for the future will at once begin to cluster and to crystallize. In choosing your profession, you choose also your companions, you measure your influence, and perchance seal your everlasting fate. You will find noble and ignoble, magnanimous and selfish, competent and incompetent, active and slothful, men in every walk of life. But I once inspired a poet to furnish man's life with the following sufficient motto: "This above all—to thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Error and failure are found in all extremes. Let neither ambition nor greed tempt you to undertake too much. Permit not enthusiasm or curiosity to lead you into a sphere too circumscribed for needed profit to yourself and large usefulness to others. Scan your own innate powers; evolve by exercise the latent energies of your soul; watch, respect, love your fellow man; fear none but your Maker, trust and obey Him. Then love and labor will conquer all things. Now you may cross the threshold which I have guarded for generations, and my peace abide with you.

The young man starts, as if from a dream, he strives to collect his bewildered thoughts, he hears the echoes of that "still, small voice" yet ringing through his memory, and like Samuel of old he recognizes this as the call of Deity and dares not disregard its summons. He selects a small field, determines to cultivate it well, and enters life feeling sure that he has made a wise man's choice, and confident of a wise man's reward.

Civil Service Reform--True Americans on Guard.

The fortunes of a great people and great principles were trembling in the balance when this sentiment, "None but true Americans on guard to-night," was given out as the watch-word to the sentinels on duty. How, all along during this great contest, their hearts must have throbbed with exultant joy, or sunk within them from despair, as the little Star of Empire in the West waxed or waned! As the black clouds of war shrouded its brightness, and as the fierce, wild gale of patriotic heroism swept them from its surface, what changeful emotions must have rung upon their heart-strings! And with what pealing hosannas they must have hailed its rising splendor, as the smoke of the conflict cleared away, and it shone out calmly, proudly, radiantly, beautiful upon the nations!

One hundred years have been added to the scroll of Time, but the sentinels are still on guard. The British Lion no longer menaces our national existence, but the jackal of official corruption has been skulking throughout the land, threatening to lacerate and destroy with his loathsome fangs, what the bayonets of heroes could not undermine, or the guns of the world's proudest navy batter down. Bred in the dark caverns of that Hell of four years duration, it has fattened upon the corpses of our heroes and has made its home within the sacred Temple of our Liberties. Widespread corruption in office was the distinguishing characteristic of the past decade. But with the advent of new rulers we were led to believe that a return would be made to the simple official machinery of our forefathers, when integrity and capacity, not party complexion, were the standards of merit. It was a dark day for America's fair fame when her great "Iron Duke" proclaimed the maxim in politics, "To the victors belong the spoils," and turned out tried and faithful public servants to provide places for his own myrmidons. Then the Presidential campaigns lost much of their dignity and character. They ceased to be solely a Titanic struggle of Ideas, of Principle vs. Principle, and took on much of the nature of a dirty squabble for place and profit. Coming on down the century, as the party lash comes more and more into play, and the arbitrary and artificial lines of party organizations, instead of single questions of public polity, divided more distinctly the free voters, and particularly when these false theories culminated after the war, the calm unbiased "looker-on in Vienna" might have thought that the sovereigns of America were divided into two great organized corporations of pick-pockets, each ready, willing and waiting to filch by due process of law from the national purse. And how like the busy bee these truly royal thieves improved that dark hour, let history attest. Proud land of Freedom, Civilization and Progress, what a spectacle did thy blackened fields present to the "effete civilizations" of the old world—escaped convicts herding droves of howling chimpanzees to the polls to vote for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and—the herdsmen. Yet this

was but a rebound from a still greater and more absurd inconsistency—free, happy and enlightened America heralding to the world, the eternal principles of Liberty and Humanity, while the chains of an enslaved race broke in harshly upon the music of her spirit-stirring Trump.

But it is with the questions of the day that we have to deal; the Past is dead and buried on the battle-ground of demi-gods. And America, binding up her shattered and bleeding limbs, has stepped firmly on towards that great destiny which awaits her. But in the last few years, when corruption was rife and partizan malignity coiled like a viper around our household gods, how the lovers of rational, constitutional liberty, so full of faith in mankind, must have turned back their faces, shuddering at communistic France and sick of corrupt America, towards the grated bars of despotism. But America will not be always corrupt; the scum will not always remain on top. Large masses of it have already sunk. Civil Service Reform must become a glorious fact. The promises made must crystallize into action. True Americans must be placed in office and kept there. And by true Americans, we understand all those whether born under this sky or not, who have a high conception of the duties of American citizenship and an abiding faith in the right, justice and immortality of American institutions. We need a law regulating the Civil Service, placing it in as compact, orderly and useful shape as the other departments. Is it proper that the officers of the army or navy should belong by appointment solely to one political party? Then, why should the Civil Service be composed of the menials of the ruling administration? This country is not the property of Democrats or Republicans, but of ten millions of voters, theoretically free and intelligent.

Our Government is but the necessary machinery for sustaining and carrying on our relations, as one great company of individuals with other corporations. A writer in the *Toledo Blade* remarks that the demands of Civil Service Reform were simply "an effort to apply to our national affairs a series of rules which had been in vogue among business men for centuries." No one can deny the truth of this. The departments at Washington belong to the people, they are as much subject to business details as the giant house of Stewart, and there is no reason why they should not be conducted on like business principles. There is no reason why honest and capable men should not be placed in the offices, allowed to remain there, and promoted as they develop greater capacity, or become more thoroughly acquainted with the details. The offices are made for carrying on the business of the nation, not to be the prey of sharpers, or the tools of designing demagogues. The doctrine of garrisoning all the offices of honor, trust and profit with the hirelings of the victorious party is pernicious in the extreme, and contains within it the seeds of deadly poison for our free institutions. It becomes more and more dangerous as the Republic bounds onward to greater power and wealth. What

right has the party in power to turn out an official against whom no charges of incapacity or dishonesty have been brought? And that in the face of a law which provides that no one *shall* be turned out except for certain offenses of which he shall have been duly convicted. Let the Civil Service be only placed on as firm and honest a basis as the other departments and the methods of Presidential elections be made plain and proof against party manipulation, and Ame icans need never fear that another Great Fraud will ever be "triumphant in American history." And when Republics, Empires and Kingdoms shall pass away, when the evening stars of creation shall sing together for the last time, and the music of the spheres shall be lost in the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," then, but not till then, will be complete the History of a People, a nation of Kings, proud in their manhood, glorious in their achievements, the Pioneers of Civilization, the Guardians of Liberty, the Saviors of the World.

The Three D's.

Decision, from the Latin word *decidere*, means determination, settlement, and conclusion; it also implies a union of promptitude and energy. Nothing can be accomplished without decision. If a man is undetermined, or like Dido, wavering and turning in every direction, he never accomplishes anything; he lives a curse to society and never renders it but one favor, and that is when he "shuffles off this mortal coil," and bids his final farewell to this world of enterprise and determination, and wings his way to the pearly gates of heaven, there perhaps to consider whether he shall enter and view the golden-paved streets, as they flash and coruscate in the radiant sunshine of Jehovah's smiles, or stop and hear at a distance the melodious strains of the celestial minstrelsy; and there he sits undecided till the gates are closed and Pluto from his swarthy realms, on swift wing, cuts the sky and seizes the hesitating spirit, and with a piercing shriek hurries headlong to the dreadful abode of the wicked.

The man who decides promptly and correctly, and having decided moves forward with untiring perseverance to the consummation of his project, is always a blessing to society. Such are the men who have mounted with rapid step to the very pinnacle of illustrious fame; such are the men who have endeared themselves to a grateful people, and whose names shall ever gain fresh lustre from comparison with the miserable, spiritless creatures who have never been able to find that manly, giant vocable—"will." Away with your weak, puny, pitiable beings who have never known what it is to have an opinion, much less to pursue one. Give me men of action, promptitude and decision. They are the ones who have plowed the azure deep by steam, "caused every sea to whiten with commerce," who have connected, not only towns and towns, but

continents and continents by the wonderful magnetic telegraph; who scaled the cragged cliffs, tunneled hoary-headed mountains, delved into the bosom of mother earth, guided the ship of government successfully and smothly across the tempestuous ocean of public sentiment, and carved peaceful republics out of discordant monarchies. Then be decisive and diligent; take pains to decide rightly, and being right, pursue your way with never-ceasing, never-varying energy:

"Forward, march, and press the battle,
Fling your colors to the breeze;
Ye are men, ye are not cattle,
Live for action, not for ease.

What though you were not born rich, you have mind and energy. Use them. Ever move onward, straight onward, "heart within and God o'erhead"; then you will not

"Go down
To the vile dust from whence you sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung;

but it will be said of you, as of Quinctilius, *"multis flebilis illebonis occidit";* but after death, then the Judgment, which leads me to the third division of my subject.

When a Godless man dies, his spirit hastens through the mid-region of the sky and comes face to face with his God, the Omniscient and Omnipotent. The world may have admired and honored him; he may have "waked to ecstacy the living lyre"; he may have been a distinguished jurist, or a fluent orator; but all these avail him nothing, he lacks goodness, pure, sweet devotion, communion with God, and per consequence must hear the stern decree—"Depart from me ye worker of iniquity." Without devotion, man is but a reasoning brute. I pronounce fearlessly that no infidel, no atheist ever has been, or ever will be, a benefactor to humanity. It is only the truly great—the devotional men—who have conferred undying blessings upon the inhabitants of this beautiful world of God's. Washington, "the Father of his country," was devotional. From God, and from Him alone, he begged the blessings of a republican government, and to God he ascribed the praise. Lee, the flower of the Southern army, the noblest band of patriots that ever drew a sword in defense of liberty, home and country, on bended knees, with the missiles of death "falling thick and fast as lightning from a mountain cloud," around his devoted head, implored the blessings of Almighty Jehovah. When these two christian men came to die, they breathed their last peacefully, tranquilly, and crossed without a shudder the cold, dark, billowy waters of Jordan, from the "island of Time to the mainland of Eternity." If we would live and die like these, we must lead decisive, diligent, and devotional lives—we must "fear God and keep his commandments."

A. B. C.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR! [*Longfellow.*

Man, the last and brightest jewel set in the diadem of Jehovah's glory, inherited, or rather received as a birthday present, this smiling world together with all the appurtenances thereunto pertaining, to have and to hold, in fee simple, to himself, heirs and assignees forever. His residence was in a beautiful garden called, with mellow rhythm, Eden. The soft, sweet notes of birds, the gay, musical purling of brooks as they "gushed forth from low fountains in the midst of roses"; the seraphic smiles of gentle Eve; the green glades glistening in the genial sunlight; the odoriferous exhalation of myriad flowers, which, glittering with the nectared dew-drops, shone like rubies in the green-colored carpet which nature's own hand had fabricated; the "goodliest trees"—some silvered with blooms, others golden-tinged with ripe, luscious fruit; when the "singing of the stars" had not hushed; when the harmonic notes of happy concord rose with "voluptuous swell"; when creation still rung with its native song; when the Euphrates enchanted ceased to flow; when all the world, drunk with delight at the recent impress of the Omnific hand, listened spell-bound to the music of its own happiness—all these furnish a scene in the presence of which, we well might imagine, that lovers could dwell in contentment and happiness, if not in bliss and ecstacy. But not so. Man was not satisfied. There was something hidden from his view. The fruit of a single tree was denied him. "Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped various fruits." Abundance smiled around. All that could delight was his. But still there was an internal spirit—the spirit of progress—the whisperings of Excelsior—which made his restless soul seek to widen the horizon of his intellectual vision, to pierce the dark mist of ignorance, to rise to the eminence of God himself. Satan appears in the scene. Woman then, as now, was more inquisitive and credulous than man. To her, therefore, he pays his homage. With a subtlety characteristic of himself, he uses his wily craft upon the doubting, hesitating Eve. At last she yields. "She plucks, she eats, earth feels the wound, and nature, sighing from her seat, gives sign of woe that all is lost." Thus began the human race.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course" and we find ourselves in the plains of Shinar. What means this huge structure towering aloft until the ambient clouds obscure its summit? What means this eager, thronging people? Excelsior! But listen! That mighty multitude is breaking up. The "startled air" trembles with dissonant sounds. Discord rules. What can be the cause of this sudden commotion? 'Tis retributive justice. 'Tis the hand of God crush-

ing their vain attempts to rise to his celestial abode by the aid of physical forces. But let us move on.

O Athens, where art thou! Thy motto, too, was Excelsior; but thou didst overleap the just bounds. God was not honored; truth was not worshipped for its own sake. Thy ambition was selfish. Thou didst not seek to rise for the benefit of mankind. Wast thou the cradle of liberty? Thou wast also the nurse of slavery. Thou didst forget that pride should be humbled. Thy hands were dyed in the gore of thy own children. O weep for thy noble Socrates, thy eloquent Demosthenes! But it is too late—"the death bells are tolling and dark is the bier." Haughty city, thy destroyers are come! Thou art lost. Even thy walls have long since crumbled beneath the corroding breath of years.

Once Rome's eagles were heard screaming along the Rhine, the Danube, the Euphrates, and the Great Desert of Africa. Queen-like, seated on her seven hills, she swayed the sceptre of the civilized world. But she, too, must fall. Proud city, thou art doomed! Already the Goth is upon her; the Hun and the Vandal will soon follow. Retributive justice has come. The empire trembles. The blow falls. Rome is no more. And all because her progress was not just. I could give more examples of this nature, but I did not come to declaim against progress *per se;* but only when unjust.

Man can not remain quiet. He must progress. Take the "Excelsior" from the composition of man, and he at once becomes a mere savage without aim or without hope.

The blackness of the dark ages had settled over the world. Not a single star glimmered through the black clouds of ignorance which hung imminently near, ready to burst with terrific fury and drive superstitious humanity into the dark and fathomless abyss of sensual profligacy. But this state could not remain. Already the moral firmament begins to brighten. The glowing sun of chivalry pierces the darkness, dispels the mist, illumines the universe. Excelsior has not been dead; it has only slept. The glorious era of Christian civilization followed close in the wake of chivalry. The iceberg of ignorance, which had been forming for ten centuries, was at last thawed by the sun of christian education, and the "human heart began to blossom with noble sentiments"; Literature took a new and more exalted course; Science imbibed fresh life; Art revived; a new world was discovered—a great continent, "blooming between the seas," with a climate as varied, a soil as fertile, an atmosphere as invigorating as the sun ever shone upon. Do you stop to enquire the cause of this improvement? You will find the simple answer in the character of man—Excelsior.

The ponderous locomotive now thunders along at lightning rate, where but a short time ago the slow wagon-train dragged its weary course; the steamboat now bids defiance to old Ocean's tempests; the cable gives us immediate connection with distant Europe; busy commercial marts have arisen, phœnix-like, where but just now the war-whoop of the savage was heard; the howl of the wolf is

scarcely hushed before mighty seats of learning begin to spring up; the eager missionary even precedes the grand, progressive army, and breaks the bread of life to the savage himself—and still this same inborn principle of *upward, ever upward*, is the motive power.

A. B. C.

Schiller's William Tell.

The materials for the drama of William Tell, which presented themselves to Schiller, afford a fine opportunity for the display of the highest species of dramatic art; and with a master hand has the poet gathered them up and shaped them into form and life. High spirited mountaineers breathing the very air of freedom in their wild mountain homes, oppressed by any species of restraint, felt to their very hearts' core the crushing yoke forced upon them. Baumgarten's summary revenge, Gessler's cruelty, the putting out of old Melchthal's eyes, a father forced to shoot an apple off his son's own head, that father's speedy vengeance; these, and many more such incidents, struck the poetic heart of Schiller, and with a true artist's skill he reproduced them. In writing this drama, Schiller evidently had a higher purpose in view than that of simply affording amusement for the leisure hours of a nation. This drama declares that there is a limit, at which submission ceases to be a virtue; that to the oppressed and down-trodden, war is the only resource, and that resistance to wrong is *right*. Tell is evidently justified in his summary act by the dramatist. It is also strongly set forth that in union there is strength; this is the cry of the wisest conspirators. Stauffacher, in his speech to the conspirators on the Rutli, tells them that they are one people, and that together they must stand or fall. The inestimable boon of liberty is also held up to our view, and we are shown what ought to be, and what was sacrificed in its pursuit by a high-spirited, noble-minded people.

The purpose intended by the author was to instill into the heart of the Germans a more devoted love for their fatherland, and to fill their souls with the earnest desire to form themselves into one great united nation.

In judging the production of any author, we should ascertain surely, and understand thoroughly, the object which he had in view in bringing before the public the composition under criticism; we must then closely observe and see whether or not he attained the end designed. If Schiller is judged by this criterion, we are forced to acknowledge that his most sanguine expectations, as to the success of this work, have been more than realized. The Germans show that he *did* succeed; and to-day, William Tell is the most popular drama on the German stage. Tell is firmly seated in our affections from the outset by the skillful dramatist; for he appears at a most critical time, and at the eminent risk of his own

life saves a worthy man from a cruel death. In this scene, he displays such qualities of heart and hand as to endear him forever afterwards to the audience. Tell was a bold, daring chamois hunter, and it was his chief pleasure to pursue this sure-footed little animal into its most inaccessible haunts. It was his daily amusement to extricate himself from perils which, to other men, would have been hopeless. He was known and respected throughout his native mountains for his strength and daring, and his extraordinary skill with the cross-bow. He was clearly a man of action,

> *"Bedurft ihr meiner zu bestimmten That*
> *Daun ruft der Tell, es soll an mir nicht behlen."*

Yet under this rough exterior beat an honest, tender, noble heart; his great physical endowments were ever exerted in behalf of the oppressed. On ordinary occasions, he was quiet and modest; but when roused by unforeseen and sudden circumstances, he was ready for super-human efforts.

We are in the second scene reminded of those old Spartan wives and mothers, who sent their husbands and sons off to battle with the injunction to return either *with* or *upon* their shields. Gertrude exemplifies the highest type of a noble, patriotic woman, who, forgetful of herself, thinks only of the wrongs perpetrated upon her suffering country. The poet here displays woman in her highest sphere, the noble wife sharing her husband's troubles, solacing and comforting him in them, and lifting his thoughts above them to the contemplation of deeds of heroism, whereby he not only is to free himself, but his whole country from such fears.

Stauffacher, though not a nobleman, was a prosperous, wealthy land-holder. He is a highly educated and wise man for that dark age; is charitable and hospitable; his house is a refuge for all weary wanderers who pass thereby. He is not only respected throughout all that region for his qualities of head, but also beloved for those of the heart. He understood and appreciated what was to be risked in undertaking to arouse the people against the foreign tyrants; but fired by patriotic devotion, he determined to make the attempt.

Walther Furst is of the same rank and position as Stauffacher, though much older. He is also much honored and loved throughout the mountains. He appears throughout the drama as the cool, cautious counseller.

Melchthal is a young fiery peasant, goaded on to desperation by his wrongs. He has no mercy for his oppressors; and is ready for any attempt, however hazardous, which may result in their overthrow.

In Attinghauser we see the noble old Baron who, though not himself subject to the oppression which his inferiors so heavily feel, yet grieves over their afflictions, and looks for a savior of his unhappy country.

Bertha and Rudeny are mere creations of the poet's imagination, yet they are two of the most interesting and life-like characters in the play; and, had they been left out, many of the most striking scenes in the drama would have to be omitted.

In Rudeny the poet shows how the ambitious mind of the young is lead astray by the glitter of royalty; and how dim their eyes become when love enters their heart. In Bertha we see the noble patrician lady, disgusted with the deeds of cruelty, daily exercised by her kinsman, and sympathizing with the down-trodden, yet high-spirited mountaineers. She opens the eyes of her lover, and urges him to action in the cause of truth and justice.

The meeting on the Rutli forcibly brings to our mind the condition of Switzerland, when the best men in her country had to meet by night, in one of her most secluded mountain nooks, to concoct plans for her deliverance. The apple scene is most powerfully drawn. We see the strong man in his hopeless despair, the father ready to sacrifice his own life for that of his son; the son's implicit faith in his father's skill; the horror of the spectators; the indignation of the impetuous Rudeny, who now sees the precipice upon the brink of which he has been standing, who tells the tyrant to his face what all honest men think of his conduct; and lastly the implacable hatred and malignant cruelty of Gessler. There are but few characters in either truth or fiction who have no bright side to be turned up under some circumstances. Yet Schiller so skillfully manages this character that we never see him in a position in which he makes the least display of any but the meanest qualities of the worst of men. He is first the oppressive Governor, envious of the prosperity of the very men he rules; next the poor coward, quailing before the man he has wronged; then the cruel tyrant, exacting more than life itself from the helpless object of his hate; and when he meets his well-deserved death, he is laying plans for a yet more tyrannical use of his power.

In Tell's soliloquy, preceding Gessler's death, we see the man transformed. He who had hitherto advised submission has now taken the law in his own hands, has become the protector of his wife and children, the savior of his country, and his own avenger. He feels fully justified, knowing it to be the only way to secure his dearest rights and preserve his own life. He coolly prepares for his terrible deed, executes it with his accustomed skill, and boldly afterwards avows it.

The scene between Tell and John, the Parricide, is created by the poet for the stage effect. Tell's deed and that of the Parricide are brought face to face, and their difference clearly shown. Tell is indignant that one who had killed his own uncle, because he had refused him his inheritance, should compare himself to him who had slain the oppressor of his country only as a last resort to defend his own life and preserve the safety of his wife and children. He is not the least ashamed of his own act, but expresses his utter horror at the Parricide's crime.

"Eurer Ohm
Erschlagen, Euern Kaiser! und euch tragt
Die Erde noch! Euch leuchtet noch die Sonne!"

Tell's indignation at the crime of the parricide would seem to be too strongly expressed for the age in which he lived; and he is too severe upon him for one of his generous disposition. Yet the indignant Tell is, the more does his own bold step stand out as a matter of necessity. In short, we have but few faults to find of either Schiller, the writer, or Schiller, the dramatist. His style is simple and entertaining; his sentences are short, clear, and forcible. His characters are well drawn and well kept up; they are natural, and we recognize them as "men of like passions with ourselves."

X.

Aspirations and Realizations.

A LETTER TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

[From the Phrenological Journal and Science of Health.]

To My Dear Friend Hopeful:—When I read your letter last night, with its gush of aspiration, and its glow of enthusiasm, I could not repress a sigh of regret that these were not of themselves sufficient to carry you triumphantly over all the sloughs of despond and the hills of difficulty that lie between you and the fulfillment of your grand, soaring, beautiful ambitions. But, alas! my fond dreamer, too well I know you will find they are like the impulsive, impetuous, tumultuous tides of spring-time, that bubble, and sink, and die away in the fierce mid-summer heats, leaving the gaily-glancing sails of Hope, which you had launched upon their treacherous waves, wrecked upon burning rocks, or stranded in sandy deserts. I tell you there must be beneath the froth and foam and noisy rush of impulse, the calm, deep, slow, yet sure-moving undercurrent of purpose that will not be turned once from its aim, although balked a thousand times in its course, or it is vain to set a-sail your fair-weather argosies of Hope with faith that they will ever reach their destined port. I tell you there must be the invincible determination, the unfaltering and inflexible perseverance, the indomitable pluck and intrepid daring that will not yield to repeated disappointments, discouragements, and failures, or you will never pluck the golden fruit which is now but bud and blossom on the beautiful boughs of promise. I tell you there must be the impassionated earnestness, the stern energy, the heroic devotion, the zealous love, that will not be swerved from their mark by any passing wind of fancy or singing tide of pleasure, or you will never grasp with strong, firm, steadfast hand the power which now in fond anticipation you toy with as a child with bubbles that will burst and vanish quickly in thin air.

Do these rude words jar on your dreaming sense like the harsh,

discordant croakings of a tired and disappointed speculator in the prizes of life? Ah, well, if it were so, in God's name take warning, for it is better and infinitely more convincing to preach from the affirmative than the negative side of success.

Of course all this talk sounds to you trite and commonplace; it is well enough, true enough for those who work by ordinary methods, but in your heroic mood you do not expect to plod dully and slowly, but to soar on strong uplifted wing straight to the mark of your high ambition. Of course these admonitions and suggestions seem to you fit enough for those with whom failure is a possibility, but you do not recognize the necessity of laying hold of any such props and stays as might serve and save the weak and stumbling in their uncertain strivings after good. Of course you are ready to acknowledge and celebrate the power of those virtues which have the very ring of victory in their names, but you feel in yourself so strongly the potent elements of success that you scorn to strap on the harness in which less royally confident souls by bit and lash guide and spur themselves to the goal of their aspirations.

God save you, my dear friend! The great ocean of life is littered with the wrecks of just such easy-gliding sails as yours, that floated out trustful and assured of prosperous winds, pleasant voyage, and happy anchorage; but with no strong, resolute, undaunted pilot of purpose at the helm, they dallied and drifted, and dashed at last upon the rocks, or swung lazily, dreamily into becalmed and breathless seas that carried them to no end. And yet, saddest thing of all, these poor dismantled, weather-beaten, aimlessly-drifting, or hopelessly-stranded barques still seem to themselves bound for the shining port of their youthful hopes, and still fondly dream of the golden hour of arrival from which they are as distant as when first they launched upon their idle, wandering voyage.

But you—ah, my brightly confident, securely hopeful mariner on life's high seas, you feel absolutely certain in yourself that you can never be numbered among these, and resent even the insinuation of a possibility so remote from your happy anticipations; yet forgive me for this marring cloud of evil prognostications and unwelcome warning—the danger is more imminent, perhaps, than you realize. You need to mark, as you stand at the wheel which men call Destiny (meaning vaguely, a something turned by invisible powers), you need to mark the action of your hand, whether its habit is lax, wandering, and uncertain, or whether it is firm, tense, true, instant, and unfaltering in the discharge of its office, for by such signs and tokens you may recognize the character—the "invisible power," if you will—which is to shape and determine your course through the trackless seas of time and eternity. As you hold yourself at the helm now, slack or staunch, wavering or resolute, so you will hold yourself forever. The grand, beautiful future to which you are looking with such eager anticipation is but the sum of multiplied to-days. Believe it, there is no better season for the work you have to do than the present hour, which is slip-

ping from your hands like water while you drift with the tide, idly dreaming of pleasures unearned, of triumphs unwon. It is the golden opportunity which you are expecting to arrive, and which is gliding from your grasp, even while you are waiting for the beautiful harbinger of its miraculous dawning. It is the heavenly guide and helper sent to conduct you to the height of your best and purest aspirations; but having no command or leave to tarry, stays not to entreat or warn, but hastens on to eternity with the record of your earnest effort, or of your faithlessness and failure fixed inefficably upon it, and answering letter to letter to the record which the light of judgment shall reveal written in your own soul.

All this talk seems to you the empty repetition of worn-out truths, passing you like the wind which idly flaps your sails, with the impulse of renewed resolution for the morrow. But the morrow, if you mind not, my fond dreamer of dreams, and weaver of promises, will float in and float out as to-day in a panorama of beautiful cloud-pictures, resolving again to the shapeless vapor of unaccomplished purposes. It is so hard to realize that all these brave projects are not leading directly to grand results, that the intent to do is not in some sort the deed, that the consciousness of power is not in effect potency; it is so difficult to realize these things, my friend, that if you do not have a care, you will find yourself at last on the dreary limits of life with only the dead sheaves of unused opportunities in your hands, and in your soul the awful, unutterable despair that comes with the full sense of irretrievable loss, of irremediable wrong. Could you borrow one agonizing thrill from the torment of that hour, would it not spur you to instant exertion and expansion of the faculties which now, in blissful freedom to will and act, spend themselves in intoxicating dreams of glorious future achievements? For there is nothing so utterly and desolately sad as the slow, sickening realization of a wasted life; and the late desperate effort to rally to the work of redemption the undisciplined powers half paralyzed by long inaction, is even more pitiful because so drearily hopeless.

The penalty which fell irrevocably upon the poor soul that buried his one talent must be met inevitably by all who leave their capabilities for good lying fallow, undeveloped, and unimproved; for power unused, following the unerring law of nature, steadily declines, and slips at last irreclaimably from the hand unfaithful to its charge.

See to it, then, I beseech you, my ardent and enthusiastic builder of cloud-castles, that the fate of such unhappy drivellers does not befall you; and begin to-day, this hour, this moment, to put in execution the heroic plans and purposes of which you dream, lest to-morrow your hand fall more slack, your aim grow more uncertain, and solacing yourself with the siren whisper, "A little delay more or less—what does it matter?" you fail of your mark forever.

Annie L. Muzzey.

Christianity and Civilization.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MAJOR BINGHAM BEFORE THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The fifth claim which I make for Christianity is that in Bible lands woman has reached her highest development. In Bible lands alone woman is a help-meet for man, his inferior and yet his superior, his subject and yet his ruler. None but an Anglo-Saxon poet could describe woman, and none but an Anglo-Saxon heart can appreciate woman as "one

> Not learned, save in gracious, household ways;
> Not perfect, nay, but rather full of tender wants;
> No angel, but a being dearer fall, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between Gods and men;
> Who looks all native to her place, and yet
> She seems to reach up to a holier sphere
> Too pure for man to tread; and all male minds perforce
> Sway to her from their orbits as they move
> And girdle her with music.
> Happy he
> With such a female model; faith in woman kind
> Beats in his blood and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him; and tho' he trip and fall,
> He shall not blind his soul with clay."

And if man in his madness and folly should reject these scriptures, if he should appeal to a higher law, *let woman cling* to them as to her life, for this system alone makes her the pure and holy priestess who guards the sacred vestal fires of our domestic altars; this system alone truly elevates her; this system alone makes her the queen of the domestic circle, and clothes her in that radiant majesty with a spotless garment of purity, loveliness and chastity. It is in the christian home alone that she shines with that subdued and mellow, but holy and glorious light, the ideal light of the sanctuary. It is in the christian home alone that she is "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." And God forbid that any thing should change this soft but glorious radiance of our women; God forbid that in the effort to grasp at the forbidden fruit of political equality, woman's rights, or any of the *ignes fatui* of modern so-called progressive philosophy, she should lose the sceptre of her domestic royalty and become defiled with the dust and filth of the arena, so that we may no longer proudly say

> "Better they had ne'er been born,
> Who woman doubt, or woman scorn."

And if she wishes to retain this position, if she wishes to shine with this soft but radiant light "fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky," if she wishes to exhale this delicious and pervading fragrance, let woman cling to the gospel as to her sheet anchor;

for it is only in gospel lands that she wields this mild but mighty sceptre.

After showing the corruption of the old Roman world in terse, clean-cut phrases, the lecture ended as follows: But Christianity strikes right at this moral corruption and dissipates it. A christian must put off the old man and his deeds, he must renounce the devil and his works, he must carry on a constant warfare with the world and the flesh—he must be pure not only in life, but in heart —for it is only the pure in heart who shall see God. And as it purifies the individual, it acts directly upon society, for society is only a collection of individuals—so that a christian community composed of purified individuals cannot be morally leprous; and this purity of the individual and social life is of itself enough to secure permanence to a christian civilization. But besides this purifying effect upon the individual and social life which other systems have most notoriously and most disastrously failed to not only to attain, but even to aim at, and which Christianity as surely accomplishes for those who accept it. Christianity furnishes *us* with a still more potent lever, with a lever which no civilization before us has had, to-wit, with a goal still to be attained after our social and national progress has reached its climax. The christian system is aggressive in every fibre, and this aggression is its life blood—this aggression is its very soul. When we are blessed ourselves, we cannot but communicate that blessing to others. Other systems, like heat applied to a vessel of water from above, only affected a few individuals on the surface, who, by the very nature of the heat affecting them, remained quietly and calmly on the surface, while the mass below was as cold and as dark as before. But when the heat is applied from below, each particle affected by it from the very nature of heat must rise and communicate its heat and expansion to other particles, till at length the whole mass is in a state of ardent heat and active ebullition. And so each christian heart to whom this divine fire from above is applied, must rise and communicate its warmth and expansion to others; and each community, when thus warmed and expanded, must communicate its warmth and expansion to other communities, and this cannot end till all the world is in a state of ardent christian heat and active christian ebullition; for our Lord's last command, establishing this aggression as the life-blood of His religion, was "Go ye into all the world and preach this gospel to every creature." And so a christian community cannot rest; it cannot rot at its moorings; but we shall have reached our physical and intellectual goal beyond which no other civilization has gone, but where all have perished, we must still continue the aggressive or forfeit the *Magna Charter* of our Christianity; we must form a grand army of a still higher and purer progress; in which the whole mass is vivified by a great common absorbing object of assault, and in which each individual receiving his orders directly from the Great Captain of our Salvation, presses forward for the prize of his high calling; and this

cannot but continue to a christian civilization a vivifying *soul* of action, till the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters fill the sea. With such an object in view, with such a purifying, vivifying and vitalizing principle in our civilization, with such a mighty heart throbbing in our individual and national life, with such arterial blood coursing in full strong current to the extremities of our progress, with an open Bible and a vital Christianity, we may surely wait safely till we see the salvation of God. While such are some of the salient claims and promises of Christianity, there are a thousand others which we cannot estimate. "It is not a fair estimate of a lake to measure the single great river falling into it from above, or to take the amount carried out by the single stream that empties it. There are, besides these, a thousand little rills falling into it from the mountain sides; while the sun and the air bear away from its surface myriads of tiny drops to store them in the clouds of the firmament, ready to hear when the corn and the vine call upon the earth and the earth calls upon the heavens and the heavens answer in life-giving showers." And so it is with the direct and the indirect blessing which the christian system confers upon men.

In the reign of Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome, the mythical ancile, a shield of divine workmanship, is said to have fallen from heaven in the sight of the King and the people, upon the preservation of which, the perpetuity of the city depended. By the advice of his heavenly Monitress, the Nymph Egeria, the King ordered eleven shields to be made of the same form and size, so that if any effort was made to take the sacred shield away, the plunderer might find it difficult to distinguish the true one. The shields were kept at the shrine of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth and home, whose temple was in the strongest part of the city. Holy priestesses were appointed to keep the sacred fires ever burning upon the altars of the goddess, that their light falling always upon the heaven-given shield, it might be always seen in its place. An order of priests called the Salii, from the noblest of the city, was instituted to watch over the safety of the ancilia; and these Salii were twelve in number, according to the twelve shields, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and the twelve months of the year, that, as each month passed, the God of Time might have a priest to propitiate him and to pray that time might never cease to pass for the city of Romulus. And so *we* have, not a mythical, but a vocal and living ancile, a shield of divine workmanship, that has come down from heaven, upon which the perpetuity of our civilization depends. This ancile, this heaven-given shield, is the word of God, the Holy Bible. *We* are the Salii, the priesthood divinely instituted to guard and to keep it. It is our holy duty to keep the vestal fires of our love and zeal shining always brightly upon it—and thus, and thus only, will time in his passage never cease for our civilization, till the angel shall stand with one foot upon the earth and the other upon the sea, and swear by the throne of God that

time shall be no longer. A single remark, with a single illustration, and I am done. If all this be true, if the Bible is the sheet anchor of our progress, the palladium of our social and national life, the divine ancile of our civilization, it must be an open Bible. If the religion of the Bible is to act upon society, as the salt of the ocean does upon its waters, and we have our Lord's own words to that effect, as each single drop of the ocean's mighty waters is thoroughly pervaded by this purifying agency, so each individual heart in the mighty ocean of human society must be pervaded by the purifying and sanctifying effect of the Gospel of Christ, and then the knowledge of God will fill the earth as the waters fill the sea. And God will surely bring about the end, but he honors us by making us his instruments, by making us his co-workers. He who rejects the gospel in his own individual inner life, deliberately refuses to enter into this glorious partnership with the Almighty, and having denied Christ before man, Christ will deny him when he shall judge the quick and dead. He who accepts this gospel becomes God's co-worker, and the gain of this copartnership is eternal life. But having entered into this glorious partnership with the mighty one of Israel, we must work, as He works, calmly, earnestly, unceasingly, hopefully. We may meet with great discouragement. Our labors may often seem to pass away without effect—"and so does the rain from heaven pass away—it passes away into the rivers, it passes away into the barren moors, it passes away down among the rocks, it passes away we know not where; but the few drops that do not pass away make the fields green and bring forth the harvest." And so the blessed influences of God's Holy Spirit that do not return to Him void, these blessed influences, these heavenly drops which do not pass away, shall in God's good time ripen the harvest of the world and make it ready for the great reaping time when the angels shall put in their sickles and shall gather the elect together from the four winds of heaven. And we shall see that great harvest, whether in the body or out of the body, whether sacred or lost, we shall see the King in His beauty; our eyes shall behold that land that is very far off.

"Yes we shall see that glorious day,
When throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away,
That blinds the nations now;
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease and every tear,
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Christian, then no more shall mourn
Beneath the tempter's chain,
All Eden's glory shall return
And earth be new again;
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft,
Some long lost exile home."

EDITORS' TABLE.

☞ *NOTICE.—The Editors hope to be able to make the* MAGAZINE *more and more attractive in point of quantity of reading matter. But to do this it is necessary that our subscribers pay up and our subscription list be increased. Friends and subscribers would confer a favor by showing their copies of the* MAGAZINE *to Alumni of the University and others who would be likely to subscribe.* ☜

Valedictory.

TO THE STUDENTS AND TO THE READING PUBLIC, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The time has at length arrived when the present Staff must bid you adieu. Re-establishing the MAGAZINE under unfavorable auspices, we think it is at last upon a sure and permanent basis, and we hope it will long be the means of entertaining some portion of your leisure hours. We trust that our efforts to please you, though they may have fallen short of the mark, have not been altogether unappreciated. That we have tried, is sufficient for us —the rest we leave with you. We have had difficulties of different characters to surmount; we respectfully refer you to a special article on the MAGAZINE in the Editor's Table. Our ambition has been to elevate the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, as soon as possible, to its old standard when as a historical and literary periodical it was an ornament to the University and a welcome visitor at many homes of culture and taste in North Carolina; and, at the same time, departing from its distinct character as a Magazine, to give College news and Personalia, so as to render it more entertaining and attractive to the students who form, by far, the greatest part of our readers. Whether we have succeeded in this double undertaking is a question for you to determine. It was not without misgivings that we assumed the robe Editorial, and we gladly relinquish it to the Staff of '78–'79, whom we beg leave to introduce to your kind consideration—Messrs. Winston, Slade, Aycock, Pell, Noble and Phillips. They all write well and work well, and will do all in their power to entertain you during their term of office—a pleasing and happy result which we ourselves dare hope we have accomplished. In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen, we bid you farewell.

Hon. James Grant.

The Honorable James Grant, whose address before the Alumni Association we give to the public, in the present number, was born in Halifax county, N. C. He was the eldest son of the late James Grant, Comptroller of the State, and of Elizabeth, daughter of M. C. Whitaker, of the same county.

After the usual academic course, he entered the University of North Carolina and graduated in 1831. Among his classmates were the Hon. Giles Mebane, of Caswell county, the Hon. Calvin Jones, former Chancellor of Tennessee, the Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, under President Buchanan, Prof. D. DeB. Hooper, and others.

As a scholar, Mr. Grant was among the first of his class, and gave decided indications of the penetrating intellect, which has since achieved for him fortune and honor.

Soon after the completion of his education, he left his native State and traveled on horseback, as he informs us, in his address, to the State of Illinois. A few years subsequently, he removed to Iowa, then under territorial government. In the year 1846, he aided in organizing the embryo State by drafting the new Constitution.

Having thus identified himself with the rising State, he pursued a career of professional labor, in which, by his ability and energy, he attained the highest judicial honors, and amassed a large fortune.

During the Civil War, Judge Grant gave material aid to Confederate prisoners. He now occupies a professional position second to that of no lawyer in the great Northwest. His ample income, the fruit of honest effort in an honorable vocation, is dispensed with a munificence, "twice blest." At our last Commencement, he gave $500 to the University, and $200 to the Phi. Society.

☞ We are indebted to the *Chapel Hill Ledger* and *Raleigh Observer* for a condensed report of Commencement.

☞ We are glad to present our readers with an extract from an able and impressive lecture on "Christianity and Civilization," delivered by Major Bingham before the Normal School. We heard it highly complimented by gentlemen capable of judging.

The Department of Chemical Technology.

The friends of Industrial education in the State will be glad to learn that this department has been established at the University. It is the one which is most needed, to-day, in North Carolina and the South. It deserves to be most liberally sustained by the Trustees, in their appropriations. Founded, as the University was, the second time, on an appropriation for an Agricultural College, the Trustees are in a manner pledged to sustain those departments which bear upon technical education, more earnestly if possible, than the others. We need an education in North Carolina which will have a direct influence on our material pursuits, in stimulating the trades, the different branches of commercial industry. The practical Scientific departments at the University are fully *en rapport* with the wants of the whole people, and it will be only when North Carolina turns her attention emphatically to Industrial education that she will be enabled to take a high stand, and have a controlling influence among the thirty-nine "Powers, that be."

☞ The fact that the great majority of our subscribers are our fellow-students, is the excuse we offer for inserting, in the different numbers of the MAGAZINE, so many allusions of a local character. Of course they are *illusions* and enigmas to outsiders. This is always to the uninitiated, the necessary defect in all College periodicals. The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has to do the double duty of a Literary Magazine and College newspaper. And while it has, necessarily, to part with some of its dignity as a Magazine, we think we can claim that it more than compensates for it in point of general useful and attractive character. We hope the number of students will soon be large enough to warrant the establishment of a semi-monthly journal, something on the order of the *Princetonian* or the *Southern Collegian*, when both it and the MAGAZINE can have their distinct spheres, and one need not interfere with the other. We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the fact that though the previous numbers of the MAGAZINE were not as large as those of the "old Magazine," yet they were not so far behind as might be supposed, the regular part of the ante-war Magazine being leaded while ours is not. Nine-tenths of our readers only think of the bulk of the MAGAZINE when judging of its merits. If it only *looks* sizable, they will say it's "all right," and "a very good Magazine."

"The University Guards."

We trust that ere another term closes the military company whose name heads this article will be in existence. We do not consider it necessary to enter into a detailed account of the benefits of volunteer companies. They are obvious to every one. We think that few will question the beneficial results of military discipline during some portion of a young man's educational career. While military regulations should not control a University, still a volunteer company of a number of the students would be productive of much good. Every citizen should know something about the manual of arms and military manœuvres. At many of the Universities and Colleges of the land, the students have organized military companies, and Chapel Hill should not be behind. "The University Guards" would bring the students more together, would cultivate an *esprit de corps* in the University. The exercise afforded by the drill is, also, to be taken into consideration. Let us have the Guards, by all means. Organize, gentlemen, at the beginning of next session, elect officers, take some interest in the matter, drill often and regularly, and the "University Guards" need be second to no company in the State.

Exchanges.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of the *Virginia University Magazine.* "The Eloquence of this Generation" is a first-rate article. We think "The Scholar and the Man of Business" also very respectable. The *Magazine* makes some sensible remarks on the debates in the Literary Societies. The Bric-a-Brac is entertaining.

We are again honored by a visit from our "esteemed cotemporary," the "*Nassan Lit.*" The *Lit* complains that it was compelled some time since to sell its back numbers for waste paper. J. Milton's productions also did not have a very great run on the market, when first put out. The *Lit* ingeniously states that "the Coming Man" is a Prep., which immediately struck us (very hard) as an original way of stating this interesting fact. Probably the *Lit's* "stories" are its most entertaining feature. "Old Persim-

mons" is remarkable for its thrilling and *appropriate* incidents; it also deals to some extent in pathos. Sioux figure in it. May the *Lit*, from its perch near the sun, continue to cast an occasional gleam of sunshine upon us poor devils further down the hill.

The *Princetonian* has put in an appearance. It is a bright and lively paper, and we welcome it to our exchange list. It has several very readable articles, considering they are local College Editorials. R. thinks that President Hayes' contemplated visit to their Commencement will not occasion so much pleasure and gratification as it might, on account of the large influx of Hoosiers and outsiders which it will cause from the surrounding towns and country districts. The *Princetonian* has some timely remarks on their want of a large Assembly Hall. They seem to have all their Commencement exercises in some Presbyterian Church which they find lying around loose in the city. We quote from their "Programme of Commencement Week—June 17th, The Lynde Prize Debate, in First Presbyterian Church, at 7:45, P. M. June 18th, Class-day Exercises of the Class of 1878, in the First Presbyterian Church, at 10:30, A. M. College Glee Club Concert, in the Second Presbyterian Church, at 7, P. M. Promenade Concert, in the College Campus, at 9, P. M. (*Promenade*—fiddlesticks!) June 19th, Annual Oration before the Societies, &c., in the First Presbyterian Church, at 10, A. M. ..... Junior Orations, &c., in the First Presbyterian Church, at 7:45, P. M. June 20th, the 131st Annual Commencement, in the First Presbyterian Church, at 9, A. M. Commencement Ball, in the Second Presbyterian Church, at 10, P. M." We crave pardon for inserting the last clause; we would suggest however that they see if they can't squeeze that in through the church doors too. It seems they rotate from one church to the other, probably between Hash Rehearsals. Gentlemen, pitch in and build a white man's Chapel, and quit stabling a herd of goats around in the churches. Its wrong, even if it is all "in the family." Both the *Princetonian* and the *Lit* seem to be prematurely exercised, to some extent, over the proposed abolition of their annual Cane Spree. Quoth T. in the former: "To suppress the cane spree would be closing an escape-valve for steam which must get out in some way. If the other means of escape are not enough for the increased strain, the surplus steam will make a way for itself." "Well then, by gosh, let her r-rip!"

☞ Our readers, we are sure, will not object, albeit it is not the first time we have to ask them, to one or two week's delay of the MAGAZINE for the engravings of Judge Grant. The likeness of this distinguished son of the University is such an appropriate ornament for this number of the MAGAZINE that we have been willing to agree to almost any delay (and our readers will sustain us) in order to get it. In this connection we would state that the incoming Staff are using every effort to bring the MAGAZINE next year fully up to its ante-bellum standard. With the large number of new-comers, who are expected to swell our present meagre subscription list, we think we can promise for the new MAGAZINE an engraving in every number and a quantity and quality of reading matter, second to no College Periodical in the Union.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—It is well for the people of North Carolina to remember that the unbounded success of the Normal School is due to the untiring efforts of Messrs. Vance, Battle, Mickle and Caldwell.

☞ Outsiders, not knowing the character of the Staff for truth or pugilism, might suppose from our general compliments to the Commencement Orators that we had departed from the ways of Journalistic veracity. We have in fact lied very little, if any—only enough to sustain our reputation as critical and enlightened Journalists. We have not yet joined the Inter-Journalistic Lying Association, which, on such occasions as this, daubs everybody and everything from a slosh-bucket of indiscriminate Praise.

COLLEGE RECORD.

The Seventy-Sixth Annual Commencement.

On Sunday, 1st June, Rev. Dr. George Patterson delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Graduating Class. His text was "So run that ye may obtain." The address was well-written, and Dr. Patterson's earnest and forcible manner rendered it the more impressive.

Quite a large number of visitors arrived at the Hill, Monday evening. On Tuesday evening, 4th June, at 7:30, the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies held their annual commencement meetings. Hon. John Manning, presiding over the Phi. Society, and Mr. Kemp P. Battle, Jr., was Commencement President of the Di.

After the Societies adjourned, the Terpsichorean festivities were inaugurated, by the Tuesday evening Hop, which lasted till a late hour. The number present at the Hop was much larger than it was at the two previous commencements.

On Wednesday, the 5th, the affair of the day was the address before the Literary Societies, by Major Jos. A. Engelhard. At 10 o'clock, Chief Marshal Charles B. Aycock, aided by his handsome, faithful and efficient corps of Assistants, Messrs. Borden, McNeill, Manning, Covington, Angier, and Ransom, formed the procession, in good order, in front of the South Building. The procession then marched into the Chapel, by way of the Caldwell monument, in the following order:

Chief Marshal,
The Band,
Military Company,
Students,
Alumni,
Citizens of Chapel Hill and Vicinity,
Strangers and Visitors,
Teachers of Schools,
Parents and Guardians,
Clergy,

Faculty,
Trustees,
State Officers,
Governor of State and President of University,
Orator of Day and Committee.

The procession entered the Chapel in reverse order. On the rostrum were seated Gov. Vance, Hon. J. Kerr, Judge Grant, Judge Battle, President Battle, the Orator of the Day, and the Committee, Messrs. W. R. Slade and M. C. S. Noble.

Seated in the Bar (properly, the Bovine Enclosure) were Col. Jno. H. Wheeler, Hon. Jno. Manning, Judge Dick, Gen'l Bryan Grimes, Hon. Giles Mebane, Dr. A. B. Roberson, Dr. Marshall, Dr. Speer, Prof's Mangum, Winston, Simonds, Graves, Grandy, &c.

Mr. W. R. Slade introduced the Orator, Hon. Jos. A. Engelhard, in a neat, graceful and appropriate speech. Major Engelhard then proceeded to deliver his Oration, on "The Duty of the Young Men of the South at the Present Time." The Address was characterized by elegant language, graceful and happy similes, and an occasional outburst of genuine eloquence. We give the following extract:

As a part, then, of this Union, if we would hold the place of our fathers in it we must take care, above all things, of our character—our honor. The fortunes of war have destroyed our material wealth; laid waste our homes, blighted our lands; but our greatest treasure—OUR HONOR—is untouched—aye, brightened. In all else we have lost—in that we are the victors. The honor which our fathers left is still ours, brightened from the furnace through which we have passed. In a history of two hundred years, Southern honor is without one eclipse. No unholy passion stains the annals of her statutes—the book of her life records no instance of Southern dishonor. Broken faith, violated promises, cruel conduct, unworthy cupidity, base jealousies, moral and social depravity, nowhere mar her progress. She stands before the eyes of all the world to-day with her garments as white as a vestal's, her courage untarnished, her virtue without a blot, her soul without a shadow. It is for you to take care of that character, to brighten that image, to strengthen and polish that majestic and beautiful column. It is worthy of your love, your devotion, your idolatry. Put incense on its altars. Preserve that character—illustrate it, magnify it, exalt it—and the South is safe. Though in rags, princes and potentates will kneel at her feet. She will be the queen of hearts of all men, and will secure the destinies of the Republic, and influence the opinions of nations. What an opportunity for usefulness—what a field for glory, young gentlemen, this duty presents you. Think of it hourly. Properly discharged, it will vindicate your great countrymen, who

died for it. It will shed undying lustre on you. It will pour radiant light on your children.

And in the pursuit of this hallowed duty, let me say that I am impressed most of all with one idea, and that is care for the WOMEN of the South. I know it was once a form in public speakers to expend compliments upon the lovely sex. This is not my purpose. These times are too serious for the arts of flattery. It is a solemn duty to which I invite you. I believe—I know—that of all the ways and means of benefiting, improving and raising the South the best and surest is justice to her women. They are the tender, but sacred, vessels in which are carried the virtues and hopes of the human family. That was no absurd fiction of the noble Romans who instituted the vestal virgins to keep burning forever the fires of Roman liberty. That liberty never expired until that noblest sisterhood was dragged down and corrupted. Roman liberty was triumphant and Roman government pure until Marius, and Scylla, and Pompey, and Cæsar, bartered their wives, and sisters, and daughters for offices and gold. So, too, the fires of our liberty will never go out if they are kept alive by the virtues of pure women. And what a society, what a Government, what an honor, will that be which is fostered and guarded and hallowed by the virtues and sanctities of the matchless daughters of the South.

All nations, and ages, and races, have invariably represented the virtues by the image of a woman. The God of War was Mars, a rude man; the God of Eloquence, Apollo, the type of manhood; the God of the Wine Cup, Bacchus; but the virtues are all women —Beauty, and Plenty, and Wisdom, and Majesty, were all women. The fairest form in which liberty can be represented is a virgin, as spotless as the light. The best type of justice is a maiden, blind, but with the scales as evenly held as if the eye of God was on them. All this is wise. These beautiful images are the truth. Let human society realize these faultless symbols and human happiness would be most secure.

In the South, female character has always been peculiarly and especially cherished. More deference and homage is paid to women here than in all the world beside. This sentiment has been the mother of our honor. Let us continue to cherish and maintain it. Let us do everything to improve and exalt it, and it will be the ornament, the ark, the pillar of our safety—at once our honor and our joy. As a people respect their women, will be their position in the scale of nations. The great spring of human life must be kept pure and holy, or the mighty stream that flows from it will be corrupt and poisonous. Let us endeavor, as the first and surest means of elevating, purifying, ennobling our people, to place the mothers and wives of our men so high in our opinion and affections, so high in the esteem of mankind that impurity can never approach them. This will be better than temples to Jupiter or Janus—better than gold or precious stones. Though they may be poor, their virtues will be their jewels; though they may be weak,

have been, in our adversities, such forms of consolation, such caricatures of right. No! We realized that defeat—calamity—sorrow—were the ordeals of virtue, and that the fires that burned our homes and our hearts, should only temper and brighten our patriotism and honor. As the long and intense fires under the earth are said, in their extremest flames, to bring forth the dazzling diamonds, so it has happened and will happen, that in the white heat and agony of the burning coals through which we have passed, not only have our chains—our badges of wrong and humiliation, melted from our forms, but all over the ashes and through the black beds of our misfortunes and sufferings, are seen in imperishable brightness, the gems, the diamonds, the precious jewels of our virtue. They are indeed imperishable. I would not give our virtues, shining in the darkness of our sorrows, for all the crown jewels of the Kings and Queens of all the world. In our heart of hearts, we must and will cherish and love and preserve them. They cannot and shall not be obliterated.

The Goths and Vandals overrun the best portions of Southern Europe. They burned and demolished, despoiled and robbed the temples of Athens and strove to extinguish the fairest forms of human art. But in after ages, the descendants of those same barbarians, enlightened by the civilization of the conquered, returned to these ruins, and there gathered up the fragments of the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian architecture. And so in all coming time will it happen that the examples of our virtues will live, and that the lovers of the brave, the just, the true, and the beautiful, the devotees of liberty, the votaries of constitutional government, the pilgrims to shrines of social and personal purity, will come to our altars to find the noblest and loveliest of what is best in the history of human government and society. To this destiny, to this duty, I pray our Great Father to make us equal and faithful.

My young friends, I ask you to look into your hearts and commence there the exalted work I have proposed for you and the youth of the country. Your hearts are the altars upon which must burn the fires of our country's liberty and honor. These altars are no longer made of stone and brass. They are composed of immortal emotions and thought. As the best means of preserving our country's honor, watch and guard your own; "it is the immediate jewel of your souls." Let the life of each of you be a record for your country and humanity, and next to and as part of your duty to your God, preserve your own characters—always remembering that honor is the armor of the true gentleman. Keep yours as bright as the diamond, and the jewel that adorns your breast will be the shield that defends it.

Major Engelhard received round after round of appreciative and enthusiastic applause.

After the conclusion of the oration, Judge Battle called

their influence will be more powerful than an "army with banners." They will be the perpetual hostages of peace and justice. I utter not mere formal compliments, my young friends, but great truths, which, once realized, will make the South the noblest land the sun shines on. If I could, in the humility of an unchastened soul, implore of a Benignant Father the greatest blessing for my afflicted and beloved land, it would be to vouchsafe to the noble women of the country the highest and largest influence that can be exercised in society.

Young Gentlemen: In your hands is now placed, as representative young men of the South, the duty of preserving and perpetuating her fame, her institutions, her people. It is all with you. First, foremost, and ever guard, as you would your hearts, her honor—her very honor. Let no breath sully its brightest lustre. Let it be your love to advance and add to its glory, and not rest until its splendor is radiant over the earth. Make it like the shield of Achilles, seven-fold strong, seventy-fold brilliant, a full circle of virtue. And to this holiest, best, noblest of all patriotic duties, I invoke all ages and sexes, and conditions of our people. I call upon the aged and the young, the male and the female, the learned professions, the scholars, the artisans, the laborers—aye, I call upon the sacred ministers of religion at the altars; I call upon all men in their daily walks of life, everywhere in this our South, to have ever in mind our character, our honor, our fair fame; to labor and toil for it; to care for and promote it; to watch it with sacred vigils, and to hand it down with tender devotion to their children. And I pray the Great Father of all of us, in His wisdom and goodness, to give to us to so live that not one jot or tittle of that honor shall be lost in our hands.

That honor—the jewel, the life, the soul of the South, must be loved and defended; it must be cherished and cultivated by true men and true women as the children of Israel guarded and watched the Ark of the Covenant. The greatest English historian tells us that Isaac, the petty King of Cyprus, when chained, imprisoned, and degraded by the Lion Chief of the Crusades, complained that his fetters were of base material. The grand warrior, in his irony for such ignoble mockery, at once directed that the iron bands should be removed and that shackles of silver should be bound upon his limbs. The despicable little tyrant rejoiced in the sarcastic infamy of the change. Lamartine, the beautiful artist of French tragedy, writes that when the Duke D'Ellghien, the delicate representative of the declining monarchy of France, was arrested by order of the First Napoleon and confined in the tower of Vincennes, this figure of royal pageantry bore his imprisonment, his peril, his insults, with composure, until he discovered that his supper was served to him in plates of pewter, and the appetite of Majesty was only revived when an old service of silver was, by the hand of charity, placed on his table. To the great heart of the South how contemptible, how despicable, how inexpressibly infamous, would

the Alumni Association to order, and Professor Winston was elected Secretary. This Association was organized in Girard Hall, 31st May, 1843, with Governor Morehead as Chairman. President Battle moved that each Alumnus be requested to come forward and enroll his name. The following gentlemen responded to the motion:

W. H. Battle, class 1820, Paul C. Cameron 1825, Jno. H. Wheeler 1827, W. H. Spear 1831, Giles Mebane 1831, J. DeB. Hooper 1831, James Grant 1831, Thos. W. Nicholson 1831, J. D. Cameron 1841, Robert P. Dick 1843, Bryan Grimes 1848, W. E. Hill 1849, John Manning 1850, Z. B. Vance 1852, J. R. Hutchins 1852, Jos. A. Engelhard 1854, R. B. Saunders 1854, A. D. Betts 1855, John W. Graham 1857, Jno. E. Dugger 1857, R. Bingham 1857, Jos. J. Williams 1858, T. W. Harris 1859, W. B. Lynch 1859, Jas. A. Graham 1860, J. C. Bellamy 1861, M. M. Marshall 1863, Julian S. Carr 1866, R. H. Graves 1870, Geo. T. Winston 1870, James Cole Taylor 1877, Joseph C. Powell 1877, V. B. Moore 1877, F. M. Fremont 1877, Julian Baker 1877, W. B. Phillips 1877.

As the class of '77 entered the Bar, they were greeted with applause by their late fellow-students.

After the meeting of the Alumni Association, Hon. Giles Mebane introduced Hon. James Grant, of Iowa, saying: "After the absence of half a century, with honors heaped on him, he returns from his home, in the far distant West, by invitation of the Alumni of the University, to address you on this day." Judge Grant then proceeded to deliver the address, which we print in this number of the Magazine. He spoke at length upon the progress of scientific discovery, dwelt upon old associations, and closing with a few stirring, eloquent words, he turned to where Governor Vance and others were sitting, and said: "God bless you, men of North Carolina, hail and farewell!" A spontaneous cheer rang out from the audience, and loud and long continued applause followed the crowning effort of this noble old Roman.

Wednesday evening, commencing at about 8, the Representatives of the Societies delivered their orations in the following order:

David Bell (Phi.), Enfield; Subject, "The Voice of the People." Mr. Bell handled his subject well. The speech was replete with vigorous thought, clothed in a pleasing and attractive style. If his own voice had been more cultivated, fuller and more flexible, his effort would have received as many encomiums as any one of the other five.

Robert Strange (Di.), Wilmington; Subject, "What shall be done with the Turk?" This gentleman summarized the rise and growth of Turkish power in Europe, and dwelt upon its baneful influence. He advocated the expulsion of the "sick man" from Europe, and the formation of an independent Christian State, as the only means of checking the advancing power of Russia. This gentleman's graceful delivery was much complimented; his elocution was excellent.

James Smith Manning (Phi.), Pittsboro; Subject, "Communism in America." The speaker sketched the development and formation of Communistic Societies in America, and showed that the general education, mental and moral, of the masses was the only protection against the disintegrating tendency of Communistic ideas. The matter of the speech was first-class; we cannot, however, equally commend the speaker's elocution. .

Edward Benson Engelhard (Di.), Raleigh; Subject, "Does Defeat make Treason?" This gentleman's father was the Orator before the Societies, and thus, as President Battle said, for the first time in the history of the University, father and son spoke from the rostrum the same day. Mr. Engelhard paid an eloquent, beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of Ireland's young hero, Robert Emmett.

James Madison Leach, Jr. (Di.), Lexington; Subject, "The Philosophy and Effects of Popular Elections." This speaker's elocution we have seldom or never seen surpassed by any Orator, young or old. He delivered his speech in an earnest, self-possessed manner, which commanded the attention of the audience. It is generally considered that he made the *hit* of the evening.

Robert Watson Winston (Phi.), Bertie county; Subject, "Chivalry." Mr. Winston sketched, in an able manner, the characteristics of the institution of Chivalry, and showed its influence. We did not hear all of this gentleman's effort, but have been assured that his speech was a good one.

We think the Societies should be well pleased with the manner in which their Representatives acquitted themselves. They were all fully up to the mark of the average oration of the undergraduate, and their delivery and manner, generally, reflects credit on the Professor who trained them.

After the orations, the young ladies and gentlemen adjourned to the Ball-room, where the Commencement German was danced.

The figures were eminently pretty and tasteful. The German was led by Chief Ball-Manager Alva C. Springs, with Miss Anna Huske, of Hillsboro, a lovely blonde and a noted belle.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

A bright sun ushered in the Grand Day; numbers of visitors, who had arrived the evening before, and the substantial farmers of the vicinity, with their families, contributed to swell the crowd of pleasure-seekers. At 10 the procession was formed and marched into the Chapel, as on the previous day.

After a few strains of music from the Band, the Senior Class delivered their orations in the following order:

William Pinckney Cline, Catawba county; Subject, "The Anglo-Saxon."

James Mann Nicholson, Halifax county; Subject, "The Dollar of our Fathers."

Nathaniel Heath Street, Craven county; Subject, "Be men, live men, die men."

Henry Thomas Watkins, Granville county; Subject, "Utah and the Mormons."

Edward John Hill, Duplin county; Subject, "Other Worlds."

John Bryan Lewis, Nash county; Subject, "None but True Americans on Guard."

Arthur Arrington, Franklin county; Subject, "Choice of a Vocation."

Charles Wilcher Gallaway, Surry county; Subject, "The Real in the Mythical."

George McCorkle, Catawba county; Subject, "Why leave North Carolina?"

James Hicks Faison, Duplin county; Subject, "The Influence of Circumstances upon Character. [Excused.]

The Mangum Medal, for best Oratory, was awarded to Mr. Arthur Arrington, whose oration we give in this number of the MAGAZINE. Mr. McCorkle's speech was very much complimented. Messrs. Nicholson, Street, Gallaway, and Watkins, received also many encomiums. Mr. Cline's effort showed industry and application. A leading newspaper of the State spoke of Mr. Hill's scientific essay in high terms of praise.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on Messrs. Arrington, Gallaway, McCorkle, Nicholson and Watkins. Mr. Cline received the degree of Ph. B. Mr. Street has, also, received the degree of B.

S. Diplomas, in the College of Philosophy, were awarded to Messrs. Faison, Hill, McCorkle, Lewis, Jones, Aycock and Caldwell; in the College of Mathematics, to H. B. Nixon; in the School of Latin, to M. C. S. Noble.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Judge James Grant, of Iowa, and Judge Thomas C. Manning, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana; the degree of D. D. upon Rev. James M. Sprunt, of Duplin county, N. C., and Rev. J. J. Roberts, of New York; the degree of Ph. D. upon Mr. J. D. Killebrew, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture of Tennessee; the degree of A. M. upon Prof. W. M. Brooks, Principal of the Olin High School, Olin, N. C., and J. B. Wesson, of Kentucky.

The Medal in the General Chemistry Class was awarded to Mr. Ernest Haywood, of Raleigh. We cannot but compliment Mr. Haywood upon the indomitable pluck which he has manifested in dogging the footsteps of science.

Frank Battle Dancy was awarded the Latin Medal, and James Smith Manning received the Chemistry Prize.

In the evening of the same day, at 3 o'clock, Col. John H. Wheeler, the Historian of North Carolina, delivered an Historical lecture on the fate of Theodosia Burr Alston. After following the trail of this beautiful and accomplished woman over the "trackless wastes of Ocean," she was finally treed near the coast of North Carolina; she soon, however, left surreptitiously on the Hatteras and Hades Air-Line. She has not yet returned. This lecture ended the oratorical part of the Commencement Exercises.

GRAND DRESS BALL, COMPLIMENTARY TO THE CLASS OF '78—AN EVENING OF GYRATING JOY—GAS, LITERAL AND METAPHORICAL—MOON-LIGHT AND MUSIC—LOVE AND ICE-CREAM.

The "raging canawl" of Rhetoric had subsided, the last

> "Rattling tongue
> Of saucy and audacious eloquence"

had ceased, when the Spirits of Mirth, Music and Love seized upon the flying hours and turned them to their purposes. At 10, the blooming beauties, with their attendant beaux, assembled in "Smith Hall" and proceeded to pay their devoirs at the flower-wreathed altars of Terpsichore. Angels stilled their harps and fiends laid aside their squedunks to list to the over-powering all-pervading swell of melody which beat upon the surrounding air. House being called to order, the first business on docket was "The

Senior Quadrille," which the Class of '78 and the Marshals and Ball-Managers by invitation from them, performed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. Soon, the crowd settled; the chimes and dancers segregating to themselves, and the Ball was fully under way. The young ladies who honored us and pleased themselves by their visit to our Commencement, the Collegians themselves, and their fathers and mothers, all seemed to be enjoying themselves. Lovely women sat in the window embrasures and seined for gudgeons in the eddying, circling stream of humanity which flowed by them, unceasingly. Everybody seemed to be either talking or dancing, or both; one might observe the modest and retiring, yet calm and collected air of '81, the brazen-jawed impudence of '80, the portentous and oppressive dignity of '79, and the gallant and polished bearing of the Class of '78.

At 12, a recess was given, on general principles, ostensibly for ice-cream purposes, but really for the young ladies to sum up the results of Commencement, to drive up their beaux to their respective private guillotines. Ye courting character then anxiously weigheth all the smiles, nods and favors previously received, and if found wanting, they wend their way slowly and sadly back to the Hall of Terpsichore, and she continueth to nod, and flirt, and slay; and he "grinneth horribly, a ghastly smile," and toteth in his bosom a young tornado of cuss-words and despair, beneath a hollow-hearted mockery of joy (!!!) Terpsichore still twangs her lute and the dancers circle "on and on, no stop, no stay," till

"Jocund Day stands tiptoe
On the misty mountain tops"

around Chapel Hill, and smiles upon Carolina's brave boys and fair daughters still whirling in the giddy mazes of the Bostonian and trying to lasso the yet scooting hours.

The students have reason to flatter themselves upon the number of pretty, graceful and entertaining lady visitors at the last Commencement. Where there were so many who were fine-looking, it was a hard task to determine the pre-eminent claims of any particular one, but the majority seemed to consider (if we may take the liberty of stating it) that Miss Placide Engelhard was the Brunette, and Miss Anna Huske the Blonde, Belle of Commencement.

Below, we give a list of the young ladies' dresses; we do not approve of this plan of publishing accounts of the dresses, but as

all the ladies do, of course, we will do anything to please them. Some of the ladies in the list were not present at Commencement (save in spirit), but as they ought to have been here, we have put them in and dressed them up *a la mode.* The following is the list:

The Brunette Belle; Princesse dress of cream-colored silk, crimson flowers, very handsome gold ornaments.

The Blonde Belle; Pale blue silk and bunting—*a la princesse,* blue flowers, gold and pearl ornaments.

Miss Carrie Winder, Raleigh; Pink silk, with trimmings of flowers, lace and fringe, pearl ornaments.

Miss Bettie Burke Haywood, Raleigh; Brocade silk, scarlet trimmings, pearls.

Miss Rosabelle Engelhard, Raleigh; Blue silk trimmed with lace, white flowers, coral ornaments.

Miss Mamie Lewis, Raleigh; White muslin elaborately trimmed with lace, gold ornaments.

Miss Eliza McKee, Raleigh; White tarletan—*a la princesse,* pearl and gold ornaments.

Miss Dee Bryan, Raleigh; Princesse crimson silk, trimmed with white flowers, diamond and pearl ornaments.

Miss Luvine Haywood, Raleigh; Pink silk, handsome gold ornaments.

Miss Bessie Batchelor, Raleigh; Rose-colored brocade silk—*a la princesse,* lace trimmings, pearls.

Miss Laura Devereux, Raleigh; White bunting, silk trimmings, gold ornaments.

Misses Lily and Daisy Ruffin, Hillsboro; White tarleton, wreaths of white roses, gold and pearl ornaments.

Miss Annie Roulhac Jones, Hillsboro; Pink grenadine, with trimmings of black velvet and lace.

Miss Mattie and Miss Maggie Fowle, Raleigh; Pink silk, coral ornaments.

Miss Annie Snow, Raleigh; Dark blue silk, pearls, white and blue flowers.

Miss Kate Snow, Raleigh; Wine-colored silk from Worth's, elaborately trimmed with old point lace, diamond brooch and coral earrings.

Miss Mary Weldon Hall, Fayetteville; Buff tarletan, black velvet boddice.

Miss Eleanor Webb, Hillsboro; White tarletan, white flowers, gold ornaments.

Miss Pauline Cameron, Hillsboro; Seal brown silk, very handsome pearls and lace.

Miss Maggie Webb, Hillsboro; Blue tarletan, pink roses, pearl and gold jewelry.

Miss Mary Allan Meares, Wilmington; White bunting, trimmed with cardinal satin, coral ornaments.

Miss Maggie Morehead, Charlotte; Cream-colored silk, moss rose-buds, diamonds.

Miss Clara Yates, Charlotte; A princesse dress of lavender silk, pearl ornaments.

Miss Eva Bryce, Charlotte; Rich blue silk from Worth's, trimmed with blue and white flowers, two stars.

Miss Mary Burwell, Raleigh; Blue silk, lace over-skirt, gold ornaments.

Miss Nannie Brodnax, Hillsboro; Black silk, white trimmings, pearls.

Miss Maggie J. Webb, Hillsboro; Black silk, white over-dress trimmed with black velvet, jet and gold ornaments.

Miss Nannie Manning, Winchester, Va.; Blue grenadine, pink roses, gold and pearls.

Miss Maggie Gunn, Alabama; Blue silk, white lace corals.

Miss Woodard, Wilson; Pearl-colored silk, coral jewelry.

Miss Annie Thorpe, Rocky Mount; Blue silk, pearls.

Miss Cora Holt, Haw River; Princesse dress of pale blue brocade silk, diamonds.

Miss Daisy Holt, Haw River; Delicate pink brocade silk—*a la princesse*, pearls.

Miss Emma Stanbach, Richmond county; Blue silk, blush roses, gold ornaments.

Miss Jennie Wilson, Greensboro; White satin, blush roses, pearls.

Miss Griselda Gassom; Princesse polonaise, biased and cut with gourds, brass.

Miss Carrie Poe; White muslin, elaborately trimmed with white satin, gold ornaments.

Miss Fannie Bryan; Blue silk, pearls, diamonds.

Miss Bessie Graham, Charlotte; Pink silk, white flowers, pearls.

Miss McDowell, Morganton; White silk, black lace over-dress, blush roses.

Miss Nannie S. Nicholson; White tarletan, gold ornaments.

Miss Nellie Hazeltine, St. Louis; Princesse dress of cream-colored silk from Worth's, elaborately trimmed, diamonds.

Miss Maud Brent, Greensboro; Pink silk, diamonds.

We regret that our list is not more complete; the most enterprising of Journalists, however, could not have secured all the names in such a crowd.

Personals.

N. B.—Do not forget to pay your subscription to the Business Manager as soon as you arrive on the Hill next session.

Chinliss has chinned out.

No A. M. L.'s need apply.

All's fair in Love, War, and Carlo's Math.

Zoolog: "Hold it up higher—steady—quick—there, *you've got* him, *Sime.*"

The Hoosier Reception—A Galvanized Golgotha of Dead-Beats! Music and Chin-Music! Gore and Gab!

Cock Robin, Sr., is steadily feathering his nest. He has, for some time, been indefatigably chirping "Come, Birdie, come!"

What hole hath this our Carlo punched,
Thro' which the insect did so sweetly buzz?

The class of '82 bids fair to be the largest yet organized at the University. They're coming from all nooks and corners in the "Old North State." *Shine, gentlemen?*

Jas. H. Faison and N. H. Street will study Medicine. They will serve an apprenticeship at the business by killing off a few superannuated niggers in the rural districts.

William Lanier Hill, '79, is going to Par-ree. He has been invited to take charge of the Exposition, with Marshal MacMahon as his First "Sub." A pleasant time, General.

"Baldus," '79, is now picking up apples. He thinks he will make at least 25 barrels this season. His chickens are in fine trim. Let Georgia beware; "Gideon's Band" is coming.

Those enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Utley & Son, taking advantage of the large number of Dead-Beats on the market, "put in" last Sunday and got up a corner on Coffins.

The class of '70 will be glad to learn that "Henry" no longer looks like the photograph of a dyspeptic buzzard. Thanks to angelic influences, he appears white at a distance.

King Kalakaua, the Pet of Society and a budding Newtonic Genius, went down to the Booker Observatory to watch the Transit of Nathan. She went by, thanks to previous training, on a *straight line*, not even stopping to allay the dust on her wings.

Alfred D. Jones and Geo. McCorkle will light their lamps for their life's work at the "spark caught from all the sciences." These gentlemen were leading men in their Society. Cork up your gas, and buck up to your work, gentlemen, and success is certain.

Powell, '77, Engelhard, '78, and Wood, '79, have gone to Paris to canvass that city for the MAGAZINE. They sailed from New York on the 12th. Their territory includes all of Southern Europe. Attend to business, gentlemen, and don't go off on a tangent after the "dark-eyed gals of Cadiz."

> When "the dry leaves strew the path,
> With the falling of the snow,
> With the cawing of the crow,
> Once again the fields we mow
> And gather in the *aftermath*."—*Longfellow.*

Richard Dillard, Jr., has been studying Medicine at the University of Virginia. Bob. Hughes has been teaching school, and Jno. H. Dobson ("Dob.") and "Dug" Carter studying Law. Gentlemen, our sincerest hopes and warmest wishes for your welfare follow you in life. May success crown your efforts in all your matrimonial, professional and general quills.

Our Reps. would have created even a better impression than they did, if nearly every one had not considered his speech so much in the light of an aquatic performance. A good many of our young Commencement Ciceros seemed to be entangled in a damnable self-consciousness which, as they went to soar, kept them from getting exactly the "right flop."

"Alexander" has buzzed off to drum for the Experimental "Pison" Station. "She" had received several catalogues, stating that there were already at Durham 350 deceased old ladies, anxiously waiting to be analyzed. Dose the old gals, gentlemen, and trot 'em up to the Department of Toxicology. N. B.—Please inform the Department what kind of soothing syrup you are most addicted to. Go it, Alex., old boy, you've got more steam in you than ten average men.

P. L. MURPHY, M. D.,
SUPERINTENDENT
STATE HOSPITAL,
MORGANTON, N. C.

Morganton, N.C. Feb 8 1898.

Stephen B. Weeks Ph. D.
Washington D.C.

Dear Dr Weeks:

I have not at hand the copy of the U.C. Univ. Mag. for 1878. Nor do I think I have one at home.

There were two expurgations if I remember correctly during the time I was editor one of them was a skit about Prof Winston and the other I think was the one to which you refer.

In a previous Number of that year it was announced the Rev Jordan Weaver had been invited to deliver the Sermon at Wake Forest

1.70

P. L. MURPHY, M. D.,
SUPERINTENDENT
STATE HOSPITAL,
MORGANTON, N. C.

Morganton, N. C., ... 189

Commencement. You remember Jordan was a C. Hill negro who sold fish, possum suppers and sometimes a little whiskey, he was a Baptist Preacher. This caused a great row and the Editors had to write a letter of apology to the Wake Forest people at Dr Battle's suggestion and do several other acts before the fevers were appeased. This paragraph was by John B. Lewis of Rocky Mount N.C. a brilliant but indolent fellow. John failed to pass for his degree in June 1878 but edited a final number of the Magazine

P. L. MURPHY, M. D.,
SUPERINTENDENT
STATE HOSPITAL,
MORGANTON, N. C.

and the paragraph cut out was to the effect that the Rev Jordan Weaver had been compelled to decline and therefore would not deliver the Sermon at Wake Forest Commencement. after getting out the Magazine Lewis left for home & we who were to remain at College cut out the objectionable paragraph to save our necks.

Lewis was Editing a paper in Rocky Mount when I last heard of him. He may have a complete copy J. D. Winston of Windsor N. C. Another of the Editors may have one.

P. L. MURPHY, M. D.,
SUPERINTENDENT
STATE HOSPITAL,
MORGANTON, N. C.

Morganton, N. C. 189

I will keep this in mind and look up my old file when I again go home.

Very truly yours
Isaac M Taylor.

I think the paragraph quoted in your letter as being the last in yr copy referred to Prof: Graves. Lewis having failed to pass in Math. Prof Graves had either just married or was on the Eve of Matrimony.

A. WHITLOCK,

Merchant Tailor,

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Awarded Diploma at North Carolina State Fair, 1877.

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THE TIE THAT BINDS THE TWO HEM

Law Office of
Francis D. Winston,
Windsor, N.C.

Feb. 10th. 1898

Dr S. B. Weeks
Washington D.C.

Dear Sir

If you will examine the April or May number of the Magazine you will find an announcement that "Rev Jordan Weaver D.D. L.L.D. had been invited to deliver the Bac. Sermon before the graduating class at Wake Forest College. Rev. J Weaver is an eminent Baptist divine &c — or words to that effect. The Wake Forest folks were of course very hot and you Pres. Bantu is sharp shaking up. After repeated

Law Office of
Francis D. Winston,
Windsor, N.C.

urging on his part John B. Lewis one of the
Phi Editors agreed to ask an apology. He
had written the first note. His apol-
ogy which I ask on another sheet
was so offensive the making editors
under Dr Bauer cut it out of every
copy. This is the history of the
expurgated copy I hope you
are well. Dr Winston is with me.
He joins me in sincere good wishes.

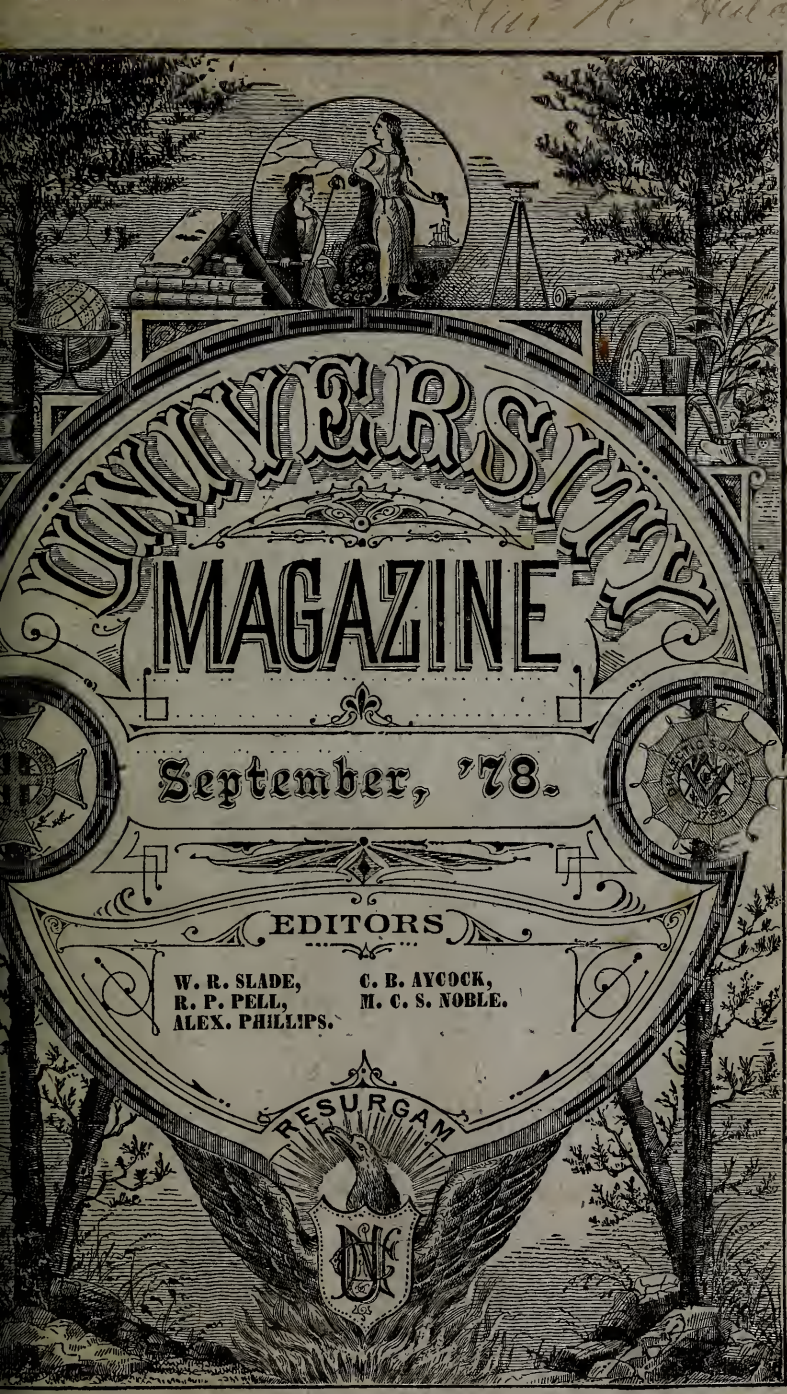
Your friend
Francis D. Winston

Law Office of
Francis D. Winston,
Windsor, N.C.

"We were in error last week in announcing that the Rev. Jordan Meyer, D.D.L.L.D., an eminent Baptist divine of our City, would deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon before the graduating class at Wake Forest College. The reverend gentleman was invited to do so, but owing to a number of engagements ahead he was forced to decline. Goobers tonight gentlemen."

I certify that the foregoing is a correct statement of the [illegible] out of the personal [illegible] the University Magazine June number 1878.

Francis D. Winston — Chief [illegible]
[illegible] Editor of the M[illegible]


UNIVERSITY
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September, '78.
EDITORS
W. R. SLADE,
R. P. PELL,
ALEX. PHILLIPS.
C. B. AYCOCK,
M. C. S. NOBLE.
RESURGAM

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E. B. L. Grant.

NORTH CAROLINA
University Magazine.

EDITORS:

Of the Dialectic Society:
W. R. SLADE,
R. P. PELL,
ALEX. PHILLIPS.

Of the Philanthropic Society:
C. B. AYCOCK,
M. C. S. NOBLE.

Vol. 2. SEPTEMBER, 1878. No. 1.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A LECTURE BY MAJ. SEATON GALES, OF RALEIGH, BEFORE THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 16, 1878.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with equal pride and pleasure that I have availed myself of the invitation of the President of the University to be with you this evening. I am happy in being permitted to re-visit a spot that is endeared to me by so many tender and cherished youthful associations—greatly gratified to realize the evidences of the fact that this venerable Alma Mater of mine, with glowing eye and erected crest, is extending again her fostering arms to educate, elevate and bless the youth of the land—and glad, indeed, to show my interest in that enlarged and beneficent system of instruction which has brought you from your widely scattered homes to this hallowed seat of learning.

I shall ask you, on the present occasion, to look with me upon a few pen pictures illustrative of the intellectual and physical progress of the wonderful Century in which our common lot is cast, and then to aid me in deducing their moral, as applicable to ourselves as individuals and as a people.

Every Century, since the advent of our Divine Redeemer, has been signalized by a prevailing *thought*. The careful student of History is enabled to *label* each, so to speak, with its distinguishing marks. He can affix to it almost as characteristic a presentiment as the canvas on the walls of the Louvre affords of the periwigged Louis XIV, as the portraits that hang in Hampton Court do of Richard Cœur de Lion or bluff Henry VIII, or as Stuart's life-picture, in the Capitol at Raleigh, does of our own peerless Washington. Thus, for the first few centuries, we see nothing in profane history but *Rome*,—Rome, under Emperors, Consuls, Triumvirs and Dictators,—Rome, with her eagles flying triumphant throughout the known world, in farther Asia, in Britain, and on the Rhine,—Rome, the seat of painting, of poetry, of sculpture and of learning, and, anon, the hideous scene of anarchy, of crime, of persecution, and of barbarism and bestial sports, where even proud dames, "whose garments swept the ground," descended into the blood-stained lists of the Coliseum, and murdered each other with sword and spear. The Seventh looms before us as the Century when Mohamedanism and Christianity—the Crescent and the Cross, were marshaling their forces; unknown to each other, indeed, but preparing, according to their respective powers, for the period when they would be brought face to face. The Fifteenth fairly *blazes* on the scroll of Time, as that in which the printing press was perfected, in which Luther was born, and in which America was discovered. And so on, through the solemn and stately processions of ages.

I propose, this evening, ladies and gentlemen, under your kind favor, to deal altogether with *the Present*—the great, monstrous, on-reaching, victorious *Present*; *not* to bring the past, *not* to seek the society of the great men of the olden time, *not* to stand on the eminence which overlooks the field of former mighty battles, nor yet to seek to invest, with the reality of human flesh and blood, beings who may almost be considered as personified qualities in an allegory. Let us not underrate the ancients, however. In taste and imagination, in the graces of style, in the arts of persuasion, in the architectural magnificence of public works, they were at least our equals.

> "Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay
> And Livy's pictured page,"

will live forever; and the paintings of Titian and the statues of

Phidias—beautiful *Poems* both, the one written on canvass, and the other on marble—shall excite a never failing admiration even when perpetuated through the damaging medium of copies. But that common veneration for antiquity, which makes us delight to linger among the hoary ruins of the past, to listen to the musty chronicles of old, to fill the groves of philosophers, and the haunts of the Muses, with the peoplings of fancy, and to float dreamily adown the stream of classic legend and story, though a pleasant, is not a rational, indulgence of feeling, when, and if, it leads us to underrate the *Living Present.* In the moral sciences, in educational appliances, in metaphysical discoveries, in the sound doctrines of trade and jurisprudence, and, to a still more eminent degree, in the inventive, productive, mechanical and industrial arts, *all* the achievements, from the time of Socrates to the American Revolution, are not to be compared in importance with those which have been accomplished within the last eighty years of the world's history!

Pursuing the attempt, with which I set out, to individualize the Centuries, in part, by taking notice of the distinguishing quality they possess, *what* should we call the present Century? We at once and pre-eminently name it the *Century of Invention!* Not that *it* has not been seamed, as other Centuries have been, with the horrid scars of battle. Not that it has not contributed its quota, and, indeed, too much of its mournful and murderous share, to the Satanic hecatombe of slaughter. Not that *it* has not witnessed victory and defeat, conquest, sack and pillage, the weak oppressed, alliance, quarrel and blood. Not, sad to say, that it has not *perfected* the enginery of destruction and forged fresh and fearful weapons for the savagery of human passion—full mixed, like those which Milton places in the hands of the rebellious angels,

"With Tartarian Sulphur and strange fire."

Let Waterloo, Inkermann, Magenta, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, "The Wilderness," Sedan, the Balkans and Kais tell their awful story! And yet it is not too much to say, that all these terrible tragedies have played their important part in the economy of development and progression, and that the intellect aroused by the struggles has dashed, and will continue to dash, in other channels.

As brief as has been the experience of even the youngest portion of my audience, compared with that of the ordinary span of human

existence, *they* have passed through almost as many changes in the affairs of men and of science, as we were wont to count in reading hundreds of years of history. The path of commerce now spreads and extends from one quarter of the Globe to another, and all the world are neighbors. Time and space, which have ever been the great implements to human advancement, and which, perhaps, have no real existence, save as modes of thought, suited to our present finite state of being, are almost annihilated. That contempt for labor, whether physical or intellectual, which formerly prevailed among the nations of Europe, (and from which our own population is derived,) and which was, at the same time, the characteristic and the result, of all the old governments founded upon the Feudal system, has vanished among the dreams of the past.

The advancing progress of man thrills the earth. The desert is becoming a place of beauty. The valleys have been exalted and the mountains brought low, and the wild woods daily echo to the fierce breathings of the iron horse, and the undisturbed earth of primitive creation trembles beneath his thunderous tread. Man writes with the sun-beam whatever he lists, he bids the water and fire unite to carry him with the speed of thought, and he sends the electric current, his quick vassal, around the globe. Measured by the standard of guaging the character of an age by the *men* of might and mind whom it has produced, it is a century which has furnished the pure and wholesome literature of Hallam, Macaulay and Allison, of Tennyson, of Prescott, of Wordsworth and Irving; which has witnessed the achievements of Fulton, Arkwright, Morse, Herschel, Faraday, Le Verrier, Lesseps, and Edison; which has developed jurists like Mansfield, Marshall, Wheaton, Story, Taney and Ruffin; and which has been the nursing mother of military genius like that of Napoleon, Wellington, Napier, Havelock, Moltke, Lee, and that meek man of prayer, but very thunderbolt of war, Stonewall Jackson!

Macaulay, some forty years ago, in the course of his scathing review of Southey's Colloquies on Society, combating the fantasy that England was hastening to its destruction, has the following striking passage: "If we were to prophesy that, *in the year* 1930, a population of *fifty millions*, better fed, clad and lodged, than the English of our time, will cover these Islands; that machines, constructed on principles not yet discovered, will be in every house;

that there will be hardly any high-ways but railroads, no traveling but by steam; that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great grand-children a trifling incumbrance, which might easily be paid off in a year or two—many people would think us insane. And so, if any person had told the Parliament, which met in such perplexity and terror after the crash *in* 1730, that in 1830, (the period of this essay,) the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams; that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered an intolerable burden; that London would be thrice as large and twice as populous, and that, nevertheless, the mortality would have diminished to one-half of what it was; that *stage-coaches* would run from York to London, in 24 hours; that men would sail without wind, and *would be beginning* to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction, as they gave to Gulliver's Travels!"

Now when it is remembered that, before 1830, all of the latter, and far more, had been accomplished; that with a doubled population, in London, sanitary and medical science *had* reduced the mortality one-half; that the revenues *had* immeasurably augmented; that the sailing ship *had* folded its white wings as the steam Leviathan passed; that the driver of the plodding diligence was looking on, agape with astonishment, as the iron horse, the earth shaker, rushed by with lungs of flame and breath of fire; and when it is farther recalled that, in the year of Grace, 1878, all of the grand results foreshadowed by the Essayist as possible before 1930, have not only transpired, but been greatly transcended, incredulity as to the *Future* is hushed—the mind loses itself in wonder at the giant strides of Mind, emanation of Deity! and is filled, or ought to be filled, with reverence, awe and love towards the Creator of Man, thus made the agent and instrument of His Power and Wisdom.

But it is not by generalization that we arrive at the distinguishing quality of an age, but by grouping the incidents which either produce the characteristic, or are produced by it. Let us look at a *few* of the prominent and accomplished *Facts*, which emblazon and irradiate the grand climacteric of the Nineteenth Century, in which our lot is cast.

Napoleon, in 1812, on his return from his disastrous campaign in Russia, brought with him the tidings of the first battle of that cam-

paign. The reader of the daily journals in New York, or New Orleans, as he sips his coffee at breakfast, to-morrow morning, will scan the occurrences of *to-day*, commercial and political, in St. Petersburg, on the Neva, or in Constantinople, on the Bosphorus! The agent of the Central Pacific Railroad—that iron bridge, which spans a continent—some time since applied to an agent of the Bank of Russia for the loan of $1,000,000, *in the morning*. He submitted the proposition to his Board of Directors in Berlin, the same day—received an answer accepting the offer—and the officers of the road, in San Francisco, in the far Occident, near by the setting sun, were notified, *before night*, that they could draw for the amount! To *America* belongs the discovery of the Electro Telegraph. It is the Americo-Saxon mind that has satisfied the inquiry of the Patriarch: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, 'Here we are?'"

Napoleon with all his imperial power, on the occasion of the same return to which I have referred, could not have his *own person* transported from Strasburg to Paris, a distance of 300 miles, under about four days. It was but a few years ago that we saw hundreds of German regiments with all the ponderous paraphernalia and enginery of war, literally hurled from the Rhine and set down before the bastioned walls of Paris, within one third of the time.

Lord Clive returned from his conquests in India in 1770. At that time, it took eighteen months to transmit his despatches and receive an answer. Messages between London and Calcutta can now be sent between the rising and setting sun, and troops can be forwarded from point to point in less time than they can be marched from Aberdeen to the British Metropolis.

The seven wonders of the world, as they were pretentiously styled by the ancients, were trifling toys compared with these stupendous achievements of mind and matter, the overland telegraph and submarine cable, and the Suez canal, by which these mighty ends have been accomplished. Let us look, for a moment, at the grand consummations of the latter: Ismailia, the centre of the Sinai Desert, is seventy feet above the level of the sea. The cut of the canal is 300 feet at the surface of the water. This had to be severed by *hand* labor, and the nearest *fresh* water at that time was at Zizizy, 30 miles distant, requiring 3,000 camels—those ships of the desert—to transport it for the refreshment and sub-

sistence of the immense multitudes thus engaged. To remedy this, a canal was dug, costing $2,000,000, which turned the water of the Nile into the Red Sea. When the power of *machinery* could be brought to bear, on boats, mammoth dredges, working and heaving like the mythic Titans, who uprooted the everlasting hills in their warfare on the heathen Gods, excavated two and a half millions of yards of earth a month—more than would build a railroad from Raleigh to Salem! Behold the result: The journey *around the world* is now made in eighty days, viz: From New York to London in ten days, from London to Calcutta in twenty-two days, from Calcutta to Shanghai in thirteen days, from Shanghai to Yokohama in nine days, from Yokohama to San Francisco in twenty days, and from San Francisco to New York in six days!

Do you realize, ladies and gentlemen, the painful, perilous, and circuitous route by which the English government in the days of Warren Hastings, and, until a very recent period, in its commercial and governmental intercourse with its East India colonies, reached Ceylon, Madras, or Bombay? Take the old map: draw a line, starting from London, through the stormy Atlantic, along the length of Spain, down the full extent of the inhospitable coast of Western Africa, around the treacherous and tempestuous Cape of Good Hope, the grave of many a busy life and richly freighted argosy, and then up, up, up, for thousands of leagues of dangerous navigation, through the Indian Ocean—a total distance of 17,850 geographical miles, requiring nine months, either way, for its accomplishment. Now take a modern map of Europe, with its numerous divergent railroad lines laid down, delivering you, as they do, comfortably, cheaply and quickly, into the Mediterranean ports. Start, for example, from Dover and cross the British channel to Calais—those two natural sentry-posts, from out which, for so many centuries, France and England glared on each other with fierce and jealous eyes. Thence to Amiens, the scene of the celebrated Treaty of 1802, and, three hundred years further back, of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, so far noticed in legend and romance, no less than in the sober page of history—where Henry and Francis, queens with their glittering retinues, all the beauty and brilliancy, all the valor and glory of the rival realms were present, and the chivalry of the assembled world were the champions and spectators in brave tournay—at an expense that might

have levied immense armies, or propped a falling empire. To Paris—through Burgundy, the beautiful home of the grape, and erst the land of troubadour and minstrel—on, *right under* the beetling, everlasting Alps, by means of the Mt. Cenis Railway Tunnel, perhaps beneath the very awful summits, over which, by superhuman perseverance and endurance, Hannibal crossed, with his army of elephants and his Carthagenian legions, to descend, like a sudden storm-cloud, upon the fertile plains of Italy! Thence to Turin, near the gory fields of Marengo and Solferino—to Milan, with its magnificent cathedral—to Bologna, with its University and treasures of art, to Ancona, conquered and destroyed repeatedly by Roman, Goth, Lombard, and even Saracen—to Brundusium, laving its feet in the blue waves of the Mediterranean; Brundusium, that received the dying breath of Virgil, the immortal poet of the Augustan age.

Down by the classic shores of Greece, in whose every cove and indentation lurk glorious traditions of high emprise and fragrant memories of letters and of story—by Patmos, where the blessed exile saw the beatific vision and wrote the celestial Apocalypse. Thence see yourselves shortly at Alexandria, with memories running back to the infancy of Time—at Port Said; thence through the canal to Suez—down the Red Sea—out into the Indian Ocean; behold Bombay! All in but a few days time.

Passing over the mighty material and practical results thus achieved, which have literally advanced the hands on the dial of Time and changed the face and fate of countries and dynasties, what fruitful field for the fancy is here! The desert that was passed by the terrified feet of God's chosen people, and the sea which engulphed the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh, become the very thoroughfares of travel and of traffic! How do the lofty pyramids, the mausoleums of proud kings, whose very names are forgotten, dwindle into insignificance beside the everlasting monuments of Science and of Mind, from the summits of which even the child of the present day may look down upon the triumphs of the past with a feeling somewhat akin to derision!

The Metropolitan Railway runs for twenty four miles *under* the city of London, passing *under* Fleet Ditch, *beneath* the buttresses of the great bridges, *below* the foundation of St. Pauls, At one point, Ludgate Hill, there is, between it and the surface, first, a

great sewer, then another railway tunnel, and, *over* this, is the pavement upon which the restless and incessant throng of London is moving—little dreaming, perhaps, that away down, where the bones and fossils of extinct generations of animals have been displaced, passenger railway coaches are traveling at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. It has been estimated that this road has carried 157,000,000 of passengers since its construction, out of which vast number, but twenty have been killed, and that not chargeably to the management. The human faith in the victories of Science, that could invest $24,000,000 in an enterprise of this character, must be nearly allied to that higher and better Faith upon which all our hopes are based. And in this instance, it is a faith that has not been misplaced, for *this* is the *best* paying road in England.

If the utilitarian, along with its practical, sometimes has its poetical, phases, it is not occasionally also, without its humorous and *bathetic* aspects. What think you—ye, who have pored with a shudder of strange awe over descriptions of the mummies of dead Pharoahs and Ptolemys, sleeping the slumber of centuries in vaulted Egyptian caverns, and have invested those grotesque effigies with a dread and romantic interest—what think you of human bones excavated from the catacombs of Alexandria and transported to England for the purpose of *manuring turnip-fields*, and thereby accomplishing, after the lapse of thirty centuries, more good for the originals than they probably ever did in their lives! Who does not recall the quaint meditation of Hamlet at the grave: "Alexander died; Alexander was buried; Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of dust we make loam; and why, of that loam, whereunto he was created, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

> Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!
> Oh! that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw!"

Go with me, in imagination, into the lately German beleaguered city of Paris. See it's isolated and starving thousands, cut off from active, external communication, anxious, perturbed, and feverish, yearning for the end of all this suffering and blood, craving outside sympathy from the nations—longing, too, with the excitable and mercurial temperament of their race, to know what was transpiring in the outer world, especially as it might affect

them. A flutter in the air! A carrier-pigeon alights in one of the teeming thoroughfares! A multitudinous throng surrounds the trembling little messenger. Around its snow-white neck hangs a diminutive tablet, which seems covered with infinitesimal characters. What *can* they import? The tablet is eagerly severed, and at once subjected to a powerful magnifying lens, and then, fully brought out and distinctly legible, is the London *Times*, or one of the mammoth journals of some continental emporium, photographed down to the size of a half inch square,

> "Keep busy herald of a noisy world,
> News from all nations lumbering
> At its back!"

On the morning of the 10th of May, 1876, there stood in Machinery Hall—the fourteen acre workshop of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia—a mighty, but then, sleeping monster of iron. Even in its dormancy of power, the Corliss engine possessed an irresistible fascination—so huge, so complex, so black and menacing with pigmy men, crawling from one limb to the other, ready at a moment's warning, at the touch of a human finger, to show its stupendous capacity. Around and about it, and stretching along the full extent of that mammoth building, were a thousand lesser machines, silent, impassive, *waiting*. Two men mount the platform, and prepare to press two levers, on which they place their hands. One man is President of the mightiest Republic upon which the sun ever shone in its course—the head of nearly 50,000,000 of people, with a domain washed by two oceans. The other is chief of an Empire, whose history runs back to the twi-light of tradition—a mighty empire with teaming cities, boundless forests, the mightiest river that ever rushed to its death in the ocean, and with mountains that touch the skies and hide in their depths treasures of boundless wealth. The levers are pressed, and then valves throb, pistons beat, wheels whirl. The giant is aroused, his commands are thundered, and the obedient vassal, steam, carries them whithersoever he will. Each servant machine obeys, and, at once, they tear hemp, comb wool, spin cotton, throw off printed pages, weave delicate textures, model varied artistries, and do a thousand wonderful things besides. It was a grand embodiment and illustration of the spirit, genius and might of the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the Nineteenth Century.

Six months before, the ore, the coal, and the other constituents, that entered into the mechanism of that colossal engine, were away down in the bowels of the earth. And so, much less than a hundred years ago, a brief period in the history of a nation, the science and civilization, that have given this age its almost supernal stamp, lived only in the weird and wild speculations of some enthusiastic dreamer.

During the spring just passed, it was my fortune to be invited, one memorable day, to the room of the Committee on Patents, in the magnificent Capitol building at Washington. Around a long table in the beautiful room, whose walls are frescoed with highly artistic devices, illustrative of the inventive genius of the Republic, there stood a number of the representative men of the nation. At the table sat a slender, thoughtful-looking man, with the serious air of a student, and a mien bespeaking modesty, almost diffidence. In front of him was a single apparatus, which, to the eye of a casual observer, would present no more salient or attractive feature than a funnel, a small crank, a revolving cylinder with perforating bristles, and a plane from which evolved tin foil under the cylindrical revolutions. *It was Edison and the Phonograph.* And as that little instrument imprisoned the undulating vocal waves of some statesman's utterance, and, after the lapse of minutes let it free, in word and almost in intonation, there was the awed hush of stillness in that room and throng; and the men, who make the laws of the land, and mould and control its political destinies, bowed, as well they might, in deferential respect to that reserved student there, that far greater genius than them all!

The possibilities of the Phonograph!—who shall foreshadow them? Who shall tell but that some future Cicero or Demosthenes, thundering anathemas on conspiring Cataline or usurping Philip, or some future Homer, reciting grander than Iliad epics, shall speak to the far beyond in *living voice* and emphasis, long, long after centuries shall have commingled their dust with the earth! The great Apostle of the Hebrew in his inspired essay on Faith, tells us of Abel that, offering unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, so obtained witness that he was righteous; "and by it, he being dead, yet speaketh." Reverently may we apply the great mystery to this wonderful invention: "*By* IT, men, *being dead,* SHALL YET SPEAK." But the Priest in Don Quixote's

library, tired of taking down books, one after another, for separate judgments, and so, ladies and gentlemen, time would fail me, and your patience would be greatly abused, to dwell at greater length on specific characteristics of this Century of Invention; of, for instance, the agents, as used in the noble science of Surgery—one of the most priceless blessings which Providence has vouchsafed for man; of the stellar spectrum, by which the very atmosphere of the stars is analyzed; of the improvements in educational appliances and agricultural facilities; of the process which robs the stern storm-king of his prerogative and manufactures ice, and, that too, when the thermometer is at the boiling point; of the steel rail; and, indeed, of a thousand wonderful and beneficent inventions. To paraphrase the idea of another, what limit to the conceptions and the grasp of the Human Mind, aided by the Human Hand and Human Eye! The Human Mind, which, inspired of God, has wrought out such stupendous results, to *His* glory! The Human Eye, which, drinking in the evidences of His Power, and of his beneficence, points to their application for the improvement of the race. It sees how He has made the world not only beautiful, but useful—how He has hung the stars in the high blue dome, and made them to sparkle there, like gems in the crowns of angels—how He has strewn the earth with greenness, and dew-drops, and flowers—how He has made the springs not only to run among the hills, but has scattered their water-drops on high, and abroad, until they throw an arc athwart the dark abyss, and glitter before His awful throne in the unutterable beauty of the rain-bow—and how all these grandeurs have their great and wonderful utilities! The Human Hand! It first fixed the mariner's trembling needle on its axis—it first heaved back the bars of the tremendous printing-press—it spread the tubes of Galileo, until world after world swept before his enraptured vision—it has held the sword with which Freedom fought her battles—it turned the leaves upon which Shakespeare and Milton inscribed their burning thoughts—it has held the chisel that has brought living grace and beauty out of the cold, inanimate marble—it has guided the pencil that has painted living grace and beauty on the artist's canvas—it holds the electric battery, that flashes thoughts along the lightning wires!

The argument to be drawn from the various contemplations in

which I have indulged is obvious: That, to find out the meaning of the momentous time he lives in, and the work which God gives him to do in it, embodies the whole duty of the christian statesman, philanthropist and citizen. And, pre-eminently, let me say that, if *we* would drink again at the pure fountains of constitutional Freedom—if we would expel the brood of follies, sensualities and sensations that infest the land—if we would make this people a reverential, honest, and conscientious people as well as a money-making and wonderfully prosperous, and progressive nation, it must be accomplished under Providence by the educated *youth* of the country of both sexes.

Yes, the Century of Progress, ladies and gentlemen, *is for all*, the Century of Work—Work in its higher and truer sense, as well as in its now mechanical and utilitarian significance. It is the time for *workers*—helpers of *His* plan, by the natural and legitimate use of the powers and faculties He gives—rolling on the car of improvement to the supernal goal to which all that is good and true must tend; the assimilation and re-union of man with his Maker!

"Men, my brothers, were the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do!"

It is a great work—a truly grand work—that in which *you* either are, or propose to be engaged. If I were asked in what regard our dear old State of North Carolina was less exhibiting her alignment with the spirit and progress of the age of which I have spoken, I should find my answer HERE. I would have but to point at this large assemblage of earnest and intelligent men and women, seeking with a noble and ingenious enthusiasm, aided by the best of modern appliances and the most skillful and conscientious instruction to equip themselves fully for the excellent vocation of EDUCATION of youth, I know of none more exalted. The Statesman, who skilfully applies the doctrines of political economy to the exigencies of government and works any national problems to the best benefit of the people, deserves, and has, the civic wreath and the plaudits of his countrymen. The man of science, who, exploring the hidden things of earth, and air, and water, eliminates new truths to corroborate the Revelations of God, or new principles of wonder, of utility, and of power, is, as he ought to be, the object of contemporaneous fame, and lives in history. The poet, the philosopher, the historian, the jurist, the man of affairs, all have their

niches in the world's regard, and rear great monuments that tell their achievements. But the conscientious, the intelligent teacher, is above them all, just as the source is higher than the stream; above them all, though so often unappreciated and unregarded, just as while the river is sweeping by in stately majesty and bearing on its bosom the products of every clime, men forget the mountain-spring, whence the waters took their rise.

"The school-house is
As is the chrysalis to the butterfly;
To the rich flower, the seed. The dusky walls
Hold the fair germ of knowledge, and the tree
Glorious in its beauty, golden with its fruit,
To the low school-house traces back its life."

The Philosophy and Effects of Popular Elections.

My theme, though suggestive of thoughts on government in general, is specially applicable to the single feature of the Elective-system as it obtains under Democratic institutions. I come to discuss the Philosophy and Effects of Popular Elections, in a land like our own. Even this is so comprehensive that my brief remarks can only faintly indicate the more prominent principles involved. The *primary*, indeed the sole object, of all government should be the greatest *good* to the *greatest number*. That must be readily admitted by all who desire the promotion of human happiness in its broadest and grandest meaning.

Keeping this *leading* idea in view, I proceed to say, there is a *deep philosophy* in Popular Elections. Who shall determine *what* system of government will benefit and bless the greatest number? Who shall name the agents to administer that system? Who is most likely to aim at, and advance the prosperity and happiness of the greatest number? To all of these inquiries, I answer unhesitatingly and emphatically the *people*. The COMBINED *wisdom* of the *masses* is far wiser than the best wisdom of the great; their motives purer, their aims higher, their patriotism *sublimer*, and their vision less distorted by base desire of self-promotion and *unworthy* ambition. Individually, they may not be very wise, or learned, or great, but acting in concert, alike interested in the common weal, conferring with each other, putting their heads and hearts together, they come to know what is *best* and most *needed* for their good; they know what is *right*, what is just, and whenever and wherever

the opportunity is afforded—involving great questions of human rights—they will lay the deep foundations of government upon the eternal basis of *impartial justice*, and lawful liberty; upon these foundations they will rear a temple of *Freedom* to who's shrine *all* may bring their offerings and be *blest*. Popular Elections afford the people this great opportunity. Through them the people speak—speak in tones of *thunder* till tyrants tremble! Through them the people lift up their voice and proclaim: "*thus* shall the *corner-stone* of our liberties be fixed and settled, on *truth* and *equity*, *justice* and *equality*, order and law"—then wicked, selfish ambition that would wade amid human woes, through *blood*—to infamous *thrones*, hides its brazen front and sinks into appalled silence, as if it had heard indeed the voice of God!!

And after this system of free-government is *thus* established, that same pure motive, single aim, high endeavor, and potent voice of the people, must ever be *active* to *maintain*, and *preserve* it. I know it may be plausibly urged that a few wise and *great* men, would be best fitted and qualified for this work. *Possibly* that might be so if the supposed *wise-ones*, were not mere *men* after all; wicked, selfish, ambitious, (for unfortunately unhallowed ambition and *greatness*, are too often united in the same man,) grasping, fond of power, and alas! *so prone* to abuse it. Of all men, rulers, governors, (except our *own*, God bless him) need most watching, including the average Congress-man and State-legislator; because, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Who shall watch them if the *people* do not? Who *shall* watch them, since the philosophy of sad experience teaches us that power is constantly stealing from the hands of the many to the few.

It seems true in general that those rulers and public functionaries will not watch each other, except so far as motives of selfishness may prompt them. On the contrary "a fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind to each other," and induces them to combine for personal aggrandizement, and perpetuation of power, often at the expense of the people's good. This personal ambition, this *purient* love of power by the few, reverses the whole idea of good government. *No, sirs!* this world was not created for *one* man, nor for one *class* of men, nor for a select *few*, but thank heaven, for *all* the children of Adam's hapless race! So *government*

should be instituted, not for *one* man only, nor a select few, but for *all*.

I will now briefly notice some of the *Effects* of Popular Elections. One of the most beneficial and far-reaching effects of Popular Elections, is their *reflex* influence upon the individual man. Their tendency to arouse him, to excite his pride, and make him feel his responsibility and power as a citizen. The natural inclination in man to mope and plod, and be a *quasi* nobody, is very strong. He requires mental excitement, something to startle him out of his dullness and opium-like torpor, and *wake* him up. FREE INSTITUTIONS at *once* furnish the incentive. They offer high reward to manly exertion, and laudable ambition.

In a free country—free from all patents of nobility and favored classes—where all are equal under the constitution, where the whole people take part in public affairs, *each man* lives and breathes in a vitalizing atmosphere and is constantly borne forward under the grand impulse of lofty aims! The influence of such a principle —of such an *ever present* stimulus, upon the development of a noble *manhood* is *incalculable*. Moved by such a power men bestir themselves and grow; their minds wake up, their latent energies are called forth, and presently you see a whole nation *instinct* with life, quick to learn, prosecuting science, full of inventions, emulative, progressive, ambitious of *success* and *superiority*, ready to *brave* and to *do*, to dare *high* achievements, and in every way advance the civilization of the age. Each man then becomes a nobleman; noble in all the elements of true greatness—a prince among men, a King—without his *crown* it is true, but *not* without more than kingly glory! On the other hand, where the few rule and the *many* serve, the masses are continually borne down by severe toil, never realizing the joy of freedom nor tasting the sweet luxury of *personal* independence; living scarcely above the brute, and suffering more, because of a susceptibility to acuter feelings, and because, though endowed with *reason*, their souls are *dwarfed* and their hearts *crushed!* Look on the picture and tell me *why* the difference? It is due on the *one* hand to *Popular Elections*, on the *other*, to *slavish disfranchisement*. In the one case the *people* have a ruling voice in public affairs, in the *other*, *none*.

Of course I do not assert that Popular Elections are an unmixed good. Nothing on *earth* is. The world throughout, is at *best*, but

a mixture of *good* and *evil.* Nor do I claim that the influence on individual character have ever been, or are likely to be, fully realized in this fallen world. But I do claim that such is the *tendency* of free institutions, that these institutions are *established by* and *rest upon* the voice of the PEOPLE, as expressed, and expressed ALONE, through Popular Elections. The might of a free people is invincible!

An undying love of *country*, a fervent desire for the *happiness* of all, together with the pride of American *citizenship*, constitute, in my opinion, the *safest guarantee* for the maintenance and perpetuation of our free institutions. Hence the world has never seen *braver* men, nor *better* patriots, than have honored with their lives our great *western Republic*! How long, think you, would 300,000 American freemen, inspired by the lofty patriotism and heroic deeds of a *glorious* ancestry, submit to Russian *Czars*, and Turkish Sultans?

Suppose a Lee, a Sherman, a Stewart and a *Jackson*, with their armies united, fighting for human freedom on the banks of the Danube! How long would it be until Russian and Turk would be routed? How many years would elapse before the map of European nationality would be changed, and *Liberty* build *her Temple* upon the ruins of *despot's* thrones! The day is coming, I believe, when the progress and power of civil and religious liberty will be marked and illustrated by events and changes even *grander* than these. Every true patriot should gladly seek to hasten and to hail that *glorious* day! Liberty to any people is life, power, glory! Slavery is weakness, and death; death to all that is noblest, best, *grandest* in human history and in human achievements. In the spirit of this declaration may our country live, and flourish, ever growing *purer*, and *mightier*! But in order that you may enjoy the blessings of free institutions, you must *protect* those institutions *now* and *always*. The question, "How long will America be a Republic," is a question of vital interest to the venerated sire, on whose head the "snows of 80 winters have fallen," for he would see his children and his *children's children* prosper. Need I say that it interests the noble, anxious, christian mothers of America? Should not the perpetuation of our *free institutions* be the guiding-star of every true American patriot? Then how important is the question, to the individual who boasts

of manhood's *strength* and *power*. It *should* interest the school-girls of North Carolina, for they are to be the mothers of the yet unborn Grahams, and Swains, and Davies; the school-girls of '78 in the United States are to be the mothers of the yet unborn Washingtons, and Madisons, and Websters, who are to wield the destinies of America. And now before we take our seat, and before our eyes become dazzled and our attention enchained by the sparkling beauty of the *fairest* of *Southern maidens*, who sit here *before me*, I would like to answer the all important question. As long as the *Ballot* is kept PURE, America will continue to be a republic. And since you desire this, and since you desire *liberty* and *life*, knowing as you do that all government tends to *centralization* and consequent *despotism*; I would like to make one request of you. It is this, and now *listen*—and let tyrants *tremble*—I beseach you oh! my country keep *pure*, and *sacred*, and *inviolable* the *Ballot-Box*. Protect the Ballot, that mighty weapon of the freeman.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
But executes the *freeman's* will,
As *lightning* does the will of—*God*.

J. M. LEACH, JR.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

Born in 1328, when the dark clouds of the Norman Conquest—when Feudalism and Chivalry were vanishing before the morning star of thought which betokened the rising sun of the Revival of Literature, and of the Reformation, Geoffrey Chaucer plunged with impetuosity into the rugged forest of English Literature, almost without a guide. True, the epic poem Beowulf had stirred the courage of the hardy Britons at the recital of the super-human deeds of its hero; the matchless songs of King David had reached the English through Cædmon's Paraphrase; Sayamon and Ormin too, had sung their songs; but Chaucer was to explore new fields. The realms of true poetry were yet undiscovered. The poet's pen had not yet essayed to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." With the soul of the true poet, Chaucer courted the Muse; she smiled, she favored, they wedded; their off-spring were numerous and lovely; but of all these the Canterbury Tales take the precedence. In these, the plan is simple, the execution masterly. With unequaled felicity, he paints in living colors our

ancestors as they then were; thus giving us a correct insight into the organization of society at that day. No sickly sentimentality, no unnatural circumstances, no gross extravagances mar the beauty of a single line; but the exquisite, the pure love, the boundless charity of a pure heart, adorn and illumine every word, every syllable.

The "Romaunt of the Rose," "The Flower and the Leaf," and "The House of Fame" are among Chaucer's best. The last of these has been imitated by Pope in his "Temple of Fame," with indifferent success. A child of fortune and of royal favor, we would naturally expect to find Chaucer haughty and imperious towards those of inferior rank, but not so; on the contrary, he was a man, kind and generous and of the broadest humanity. He was represented as being pleasing and meditative in his appearance, and somewhat given to corpulency.

His political life was long and active. He was often employed upon diplomatic negotiations, and it was supposed that he met the renowned Petrarch at Padua, while upon such a mission to Italy. In 1386 he was forced to flee from England on account of the political dissensions of that year. On returning, in 1387, he was thrown into prison, but was soon released, and shortly thereafter was appointed to the office of clerk of the King's works, which he held for two years. He died at Westminster on the 25th of October, 1400. He is the first of that illustrious list of poets, whose ashes calmly repose in the vaults of Westminster Abbey.

The Stream Of Life.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free!
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee;
And when thy latest blossoms die,
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief summer, on thy path,
The dews of Heaven are shed.
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed
The dust alone remains.

The Fate of the Indian.

The policy of the United States government towards the Indian has scarcely been exceeded in cruelty by that of Great Britain towards her East India subjects. The Indian flees before the encroachments of the pale-faces.

Through the trackless forest he used to chase the red deer, pursue upon the plains the hardy buffalo, and with his simple hook or spear he now and then caught a fish from some clear stream. When he went to war, he first deliberated, and the wisest heads sat in solemn conclave round the council-fires.

Instead of the extinction of the race, why should not the enlightened voice of the 19th Century demand for it a reservation of land in the far West?

The extermination of the Indian race would rest as an ineffaceable stain upon the brilliant escutcheon of our glorious Republic.

This race is not judged with that charity which is supposed to emanate from a commonwealth, the majority of whose citizens are Christians. By nature, the Indian is honest and truthful, but how can he act, and how must he consider us, when we treat him with an apparent kindness only. No wonder then that this simulated kindness was the prelude to all the treachery which we ascribe to him.

Is the cruel policy of our government towards the Indian a necessity! We rob him of his lands, despoil him of his hunting grounds, and endeavor to starve him into obedience.

This starvation process is not a new one. Several times have the haughty chiefs of the Sioux and Foxes, gone to Washington city, and laid their grievances at the feet of our Chief Executive, complaining that their people were dying for want of food. This was true, but no permagent remedy was applied.

It is a bitter shame that the negro is treated better than the Indian. We hold the lands of the Indian, the negro holds ours. Then how much sooner should we sweep the negro from the face of our country, than touch a single hair of the redman, who dwelt here far back into those times, of which neither the memory of man nor the page of history hath any record.

Now their injuries spur them on to war, the Great Spirit urges them on to vengeance, and our Western frontier is all ablaze with conflicts between them and our troops. A desultory yet

sanguinary warefare is continually carried on. Every day the Press reports either some slight advantage to our arms or a victory to the Indians.

The few companies which are sent out by the War Department are constantly engaged, and hence their ranks so rapidly reduced that they are often obliged to retire worsted from the field and acknowledge their inability to overcome their savage foes.

There are many and grave reasons for these wars. The Anglo-Saxon race has usurped and used her power with criminal sway. "Laws," you will say, "have been passed for the amelioration of the Indian." Aye, look at the effect of the liquor law. By this law, no liquor can be sold in the Indian reservations. But what do we see? The redman, deluded by the white traders, buys the fire-water, with the very money that he has received as his annuity from the central government. Therefore the liquor law, by not being enforced, is a dead letter; as are all the laws passed for the protection of the Indian. At one time, he is given reserved territory, at another time, it is taken away. One year a treaty is made with him, the very next year it is broken. We should remember Sparta and her Helots, when we think that the Indian has about accomplished his destiny. The idea proceeds from a spirit of despotism.

The Indian should be protected in his rights. What are those rights? At the conclusion of our first War of Independence, many Indian tribes were allies of Great Britain. When terms of peace were agreed upon, we properly refused to treat with the Indians as *allies*, but, in the articles of that treaty, we recognized their right to such territory as they then occupied. The 5th clause of the Treaty of Greenville, which was made in regard to the Cherokee nation, then occupying lands now embraced by the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, reads thus: "The Indian tribes, who have a right to those lands, are quietly to enjoy them, hunting, planting, and dwelling thereon as long as they please, without any molestation from the United States." This, and other treaties in regard to them, have been recognized as valid by the Judicial Tribunal of our Nation. The commonwealth of Georgia was the principal violator of the foregoing stipulation. What was its inevitable result! The Indian grew more wary and

suspicious. No wonder then that our armies now occupy the frontier. The Indian is justly aroused; he sits no longer idle in his cabin, "an advocate for peace," and waiting in expectation of the fulfillment of empty promises. There is no need of our saying that we are driven to these wars through necessity. The necessity was of our own creating. General Custer, though he fell bravely, died in no noble cause. For the untimely deaths of our countrymen on the far Western plains, how fearful the answer that must be rendered by the officers of our Republic before the Great Assize! Before them there will appear the accusing spirits of a Tecumseh, a Black Hawk, a Logan, a McIntosh, a Captain Jack, and hundreds of others, not less celebrated or less wronged. Where then will be that seller of trading posts, Belknap! Yet he is but a chief among a vast multitude of despoilers, those who are ever betraying our Nation's sacred trust and dearest honor, the scanctity of her pledges and her written laws.

It is contended that the redman cannot be civilized. That position is untenable, for we see his condition becoming gradually ameliorated in the Indian Territory. Now is the time for our government to use its strong hand. Not to crush out, but to better the condition of the Indian. In times of necessity, strong remedies must be applied. The best results are brought about by tremendous sacrifices only. It is not a new plan which we would propose, but one that has been broached many times in both Houses of Congress. Among its strongest supporters were Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, men whose memories will never fade from the remembrance of the true sons of America. Let Congress make a grand land Reservation in the West. Wyoming Territory, for instance. It has, at present, 98,000 square miles, with but 11,000 inhabitants. But some will say, "stop, the plan is altogether impracticable." Our reply is, "look to history and see if more arduous tasks than this have not been successfully accomplished." Let Congress give the citizens of Wyoming the full value of their property in any other portion of the United States. Settlers in that country are little bound by the ties of home, going there only to escape the ills of poverty in the Eastern States. They will then the more readily move. Afterwards call a council of the scattered Indian tribes, assign divisions of this reservation to them, and let

them be controlled by their own laws, for they cannot comprehend ours. In a word, put them under the same government, as are those in the Indian Territory. This course, we assert, will settle once for all the problem of their destiny, in so far as we are concerned in its present diabolical tendency. Our National Debt will of course be increased. But how did Pitt raise England to the acme of her glory, except by creating an immense debt, which is now her preservation, and which makes her the arbiter of nations. Our continued violation of treaties, selling him bad whiskey, and giving him annuities instead of land and game, makes him now our terror in the West. Were the Greeks patriots when they defended their country against the Persian invader! At that time the inhabitants of Greece were, by the Persian army, thought to be a band of barbarians. Were the East Indians patriots when they fought the Sepoy wars, and sealed the grave of freedom with their blood at the battle of Lucknow! Are the "Wearers of the Green," the Poles, the Swiss, the Hungarians, considered patriots! If so, then the North American Indian is a patriot, and should enjoy his inalienable rights under the constitution.

Instead of receiving the rights which were guaranteed him by the early Presidents of our Republic, the smoke from his peaceful lodge scarcely ascends but a wind of adversity scatters it. For when poor and starving he appeals to us for bread, we give him a stone. If he resents our treachery we press upon him with the bayonet. Sorrowfully may he exclaim with the poet:

> "Yet Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying
> Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind,
> Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying
> The loudest still the tempest leaves behind."

Why should we pursue a conciliatory policy? Because a great, grand, and glorious Republic should not do otherwise. Every Indian that falls in the West, fills a patriot's grave. Thermopylae hath not a nobler parallel than the Lava Beds where the Modoc tribe suffered its extinction. Is it within the rightful province of a christian land to tell the Indian this:

> "Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
> Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
> Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
> Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne."

EDALS.

Goldsmith.

Undoubtedly every reader, whether an extensive or a limited one, has linguered over the attractive memoir of this man of genius. It is not our province in this short sketch to reproduce any dates or events, which, in a continued biography of such a man, would possess an intrinsic value. To deal with the man as seen through his works, and to eliminate such attributes, as he appeared to us ostensibly to have possessed, forms a more difficult, but not less pleasing task. This we will attempt to do, but, in dealing with his simplicity and genuine poetic temperament, we are compelled to associate ourselves with a man, who has had few counterparts and no successful imitators; and, for this reason, we may be defective or redundant in some of our delineations, just as the artist, through his ideal conjectures, pictures an absent landscape with many false ornamentations which it never possessed. Goldsmith has been styled an enigma by those who never troubled themselves with a deep insight into his character. We do not pretend to much penetrative acumen, but we do not stand alone in affirming to the contrary. If Macaulay knew how to estimate a genuine poet, a real son of nature, Goldsmith most assuredly bears off the palm from any of his contemporaries. For it was the opinion of Macaulay, that the poet, unfettered by the criticising propensities so abundantly shown among the moderns, simple in expression, but true and original in imagination, generous and yielding to impulse, and instinctively fond of nature and mankind, was the true one. Therefore, this pretended enigma, and exception to mankind, estimated in his apparent peculiarities and shocking volatility of temperament, becomes but an embodiment of true poetic genius. His instinct for traveling was doubtless the uncurbed, out-breaking desire of the poet to examine minutely the natural and acquired temperament of his fellow-creatures, and his diagnosis is eminently peculiar to a poet. No delight accrued to his lofty conceptions of true nobility from a contemplation of national vices, and private indulgencies, but in observing them, a moral intuitively sprang from his naturally deductive mind. This feeling has been clearly exhibited in his poem, "The Traveler." He observed, with keen and unfaltering vision, the manners, customs, and morals of the European countries, and in this poem, burst forth in an indignation,

restrained but decisive, resulting wholly from his poetic manner of measuring mankind. In his wanderings, apparently so wild, aimless, and unproductive, were laid those real pictures of human life, with its mingled wisdom and folly, so enticing to the reader. As he stands, as it were, upon some sightless mountain top, and, with the pitying and generous vision of a poet, weighs and calculates the peculiar attributes of each European nation, we no longer look with indifference and contempt upon his unaccountable wandering; we ourselves are in fault; his genius, favored by the contrast, swells to an enormous grandeur.

"Poor Goldy," they said; poor, indeed, he was as to luxury and affluence, and in that fund of knowledge and tact for revealing it, which comprise brilliant conversational powers; but rich in imagination, in the wealth of the Muses, and in the immaculate purity of a real poetic soul.

Scott has pictured the character of his native countrymen to perfection, and graced the pages of fiction with polished sketches of chivalry; Bulwer has penetrated the mysteries of the Black Art, moulded beautiful and enchanting sentences, and won laurels in dealing with the passion of love; Dickens has interwoven the transactions of common life with an instructive philosophy, mingled with unmistakable wit; and Thackeray, the greatest delineator of human life, as it is, has led the reader unconsciously through the great drama which he has acted, and has borne him along in delight at the truth and unaffected style of the narrative; but Goldsmith, leaving the vanity of aristocracy, the pomp of wealth, the unearthly imaginings of unearthly beings, the ridiculous phases of street character, and the folly of fashionable monomania, enters the cottage of simplicity and virtue, and displays in reality the innermost secrets of the hearthstone, the confiding christianity of its inmates, wise in heavenly knowledge, but credulous as to the hypocritical ways of the world. Such a picture, as that presented in the Vicar of Wakefield, far exceeds in value, the gallantry and refinement of Scott, the passionate and mysterious sketches of Bulwer, the covert wit and ridiculous portraits of Dickens, and the sketches of fashions and follies in real life by Thackeray. Irving, in beginning his memoir of Goldsmith, thus estimates his hero. He says, "While the productions of writers of loftier pretentions and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our

shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing, they make us happier and better men."

The Legend of St. Sophia.

The following piece was written by a young lady as a school composition, and was furnished for publication at our request :

The sun had set in splendor,
The sky was ablaze with light,
From the western masses of purple and gold,
To the east, with rose-tint bright,
And away in the boundless ether
The clouds rose high and fair,
Like mountain peaks, with their snowy crests,
Aflame in the sunset glare.

Byzantium's countless spires
Were touched with fiery gold,
And Sophia's Church, with its massy dome,
Its columns grand and old,
Stood bathed in the stream of glory
That flowed thro' the open door,
That rippled o'er fretted arches wide
And played on the marble floor.

From niches dim, gleamed statues,
That watched by the altar fair,
Whose tapers glimmered like setting stars,
Thro' the dusky evening air,
And there the holy Eucharist
Was spread for a weeping throng,
And the trembling voice of the patriarch, swept,
The hollow aisles along.

Who are the kneeling figures
That bend in earnest prayer?
Mother and child and timid girl—
All these are kneeling there;
But husband and sire and brother
And lover—where are they?
Do women and children alone praise God
In His Holy Court to-day?

Ah, hark! On the solemn service,
Breaks the crash of falling walls,
And the heavy tread of a mighty host,
The worshippers appals;
For with shouts the Moslem conqu'rors
Thro' the city make their way—
"Down with the Christian," is their cry,
"In the name of the Prophet slay."

They come, they have passed the threshold,
  Their hands are wet with gore,
Mother, and maid, and helpless babe,
  Lie dead on the marble floor,
And with savage curses, they near the priest,
  Who stands at the altar's base,
The blood of Christ in his lifted hand,
  God's light on his holy face.

He raises the silver chalice,
  "Lord, hear our fervent prayers,
Let no heathen hand pollute the feast,
  That a Savior's love prepares";
The Paynim stands at the altar—
  His scimitar flashes bare—
Lo! a great light shone thro' the darkening aisles,
  And gleamed with a radiance rare.

It flashed from the Moslem armor,
  It circled the priestly head,
And stept with a softened splendor
  On the faces of the dead;
It smote with a wondrous power
  On the silver altar's side,
And the lifeless walls of massive ore
  Suddenly opened wide.

Awe-stricken stood the Moslems,
  Hushed was the battle's din,
While bearing the Holy Sacrament,
  The priest passed slowly in—
There in sleep before his Savior,
  He ever boweth down
Till in place of the "Crescent" the Holy Cross,
  Sophia's dome shall crown.

Chivalry.

"The sages of the East were teaching wisdom beneath the palms; the merchants of Tyre and Carthage were weighing their heavy anchors and spreading their purple sails for far seas; the Greek was making the earth fair *by* his art, and the Roman founding his colossal empire of force, while the Teuton sat yet a child unknown and naked among the forest beasts; and yet, unharmed and in his sport, he larded it over them; for the child was of a *royal* race and destined to win glory for all time to come."

Thus wrote Menzel, the German historian, and the saying is as true as it is *beautiful.* The Teutonic races rose out of the North, wave after wave dashed against the Alps and rolled through the mountain passes into the fertile plains below; the city of the Cæsar's was socked by Attila, the scourge of God, and the vast fabric of

the Roman empire was broken to pieces. The result is modern Europe, modern civilization, and the supremacy of the Teutonic races. Why this supremacy? Is it the purity of his religion, the boldness of his spirit, or the strength of his *patriotism* that has made the Teuton King on this earth? Let the history of other nations answer.

The religion of Rome flowed in the fountain of all Truth; *Greece* is but another name for daring thought and personal freedom; while the sacrifice of Mettus Curtus, leaping headlong into the chasm, which had refused to close 'till Rome's choicest gift be thrown therein, and the everlasting departure of Lycurgus to secure obedience to his laws, are but types of ancient love of father-land.

The secret of Teutonic success is the elevation of woman. The Teutonic races alone have recognized woman as a being to honor, to love, to sacredly protect. They alone have raised her from a state of base and *lustful* slavery to the lofty plane which she now occupies.

In effecting this merited and most fortunate exaltation, no insignificant part was played by the Knights of Chivalry, an institution which has been the theme alike of the poet, the historian, and the satyrist.

The period of Chivalry has not been precisely determined; we know, however, that it flourished between the years 900 and 1500 of the christian era. There were two stages through which the candidate for Knighthood had to pass. At the early age of twelve he left the paternal roof, whose gentle influences might no longer tame his fiery spirit, and attached himself to some neighboring Knight, celebrated for bravery and humanity. Here he was instructed in the management of the horse and the use of arms—the sword, the lance, and the battle axe. Having become skilful in these exercises, he was promoted to the rank of a Squire, and attended his Lord on all expeditions. When engaged in the hunt, which was the principal diversion of the period, the Squire learned to sound the notes of reverie when the hounds were uncoupled or when the prey was brought to bay and killed. These sports had the effects of actual military discipline. To despatch a wolf, a deer, or a wild boar, made the Squire expert and dexterous in the use of weapons, qualities that stood him good stead in actual warfare.

Oftentimes he would lose his way in the forests. If at night, his course would be directed *by the stars*; in the day time, by observing upon which side of the trees the moss hung, and thus judging of the direction of the wind.

It was usually at this age that his affections were awakened and fixed. He was permitted to attend on the ladies a few hours each day, but only when they were good-humored, vivacious and attractive. Thus by degrees was he trained in deeds of hardihood, bravery and gallantry, and taught to *worship woman*, the *corner-stone* of Chivalry.

If fortune ordained that the lady was of a higher rank than himself, even as the mariner guides his vessel by the North Star without the hope of ever possessing it; so the young Squire inscribed on his heart the image of his lady love. Her words were talismanic of success, and her smile the lode-star of his hopes. Thus we read in an admirable romance on chivalry, that when Quentu Durward sighed in vain for the beautiful Isabelle, of Crage, he turned away and delivered himself to fate. "When she hears that a Scottish soldier, named Quentu Durward, distinguished himself in a well-fought field, or left his body on the breach of a disputed fortress, she, perhaps, will remember him and honor his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland."

In a legend, called the Golden Thread, it is related that the daughter of a German Count, having bestowed magnificent gifts upon her father's household, turned to Leofried, the Page, and, in derision, presented him with a single golden thread. He immediately opened his veins and laid the precious emblem next to his heart.

The last and highest honor of Chivalry was Knighthood. The person who conferred this degree was selected from the most renowned Knights of Christendom. Francis I, of France, was dubbed Knight by the celebrated Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and great Sir Launcelot was so loved and honored that even after death his skeleton was made to confer the degree, his sword being so adjusted in the skeleton's hands as to fall on the neck of the candidate.

The ceremony of creating a Knight was simple but solemn. The *novice*, in complete armour, except the helmet, sword and spurs, appears before the distinguished Knight. On either side of him

stand two nobles, as god-fathers, vouching for his fidelity, and pledging themselves that he will be worthy of the honor to which he aspires. The golden spurs are buckled on him, and the sword is belted around him, when the Knight, striking him on the head with a sword, exclaims: "I dub thee Knight in the name of God and St. Michael. Be faithful, bold and fortunate." When a Knight had borne himself honorably in battle he was said to have won his spurs. No assistance was given him in his first engagement. It is recorded that, in the battle of Cally, when the Black Prince, who had but recently been made Knight, was heavily beset by the French, his father, Edward III, refused to relieve him until he should win his spurs.

When not engaged in warfare, the Knights diverted themselves with tilts and tournaments, to gratify their martial spirit, test their relative strength, and establish the beauty of their respective mistresses. Each Knight armed *cap a pie* and riding a courser, likewise covered with complete mail, displaying on his person some gift from his lady-love, entered the lists; and with his good arm proved the strength of his own affection and compelled others to pay homage to his mistress.

In addition to the respect, admiration, and love, which the laws of Chivalry required its votaries to render to the gentle sex, it was ordained that they should protect the weak and friendless wherever found. It was this spirit that caused the noblest of Europe to join the crusades, that they might aid in snatching the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of infidels, and free their weaker brethren from the tyranny of the Turk.

At this time the richest lands of Europe were in the hands of a small number of haughty and powerful Barons, each of whom was an absolute despot in his own dominions.

Locked up in castles rendered almost impregnable by ramparts, motes and walls, in the midst of daring, loyal men and dissolute women, tracing their ancestry to the very Gods, the Feudel Barons spent their lives in plundering, riotous living, and licentiousness, and thought that the whole earth was made but to minister to their amusement and gratify their ambition.

The Crusades grew out of Chivalry, and the Crusades, destroying the power of the Barons and increasing the power of the laboring people, forever liberated mankind from the grinding tyranny of

the feudal system. We can now look back on Chivalry as a piece of beautiful and fantastic frost work, which has dissolved in the beams of the sun. But though we look in vain for the pillars, the vaults, the cornices, and the frittered ornaments of the transitory fabric, we know that its dissolution has left upon the soil valuable tokens of its former existence. Chivalry revolutionized society. Before it arose the weak were insulted and outraged by the strong; woman was a slave because she could not fight for her freedom, and everywhere might was right. To-day we are governed by the instincts of humanity, and the weak are protected by the *organized power of society.* The institution is gone; but the spirit of Chivalry is still alive, exalting honor and virtue and justice above power and physical strength. Might and violence may prevail for a time and to a certain degree, but those who fight for the weak and oppressed win a glorious and everlasting victory, *in the hearts of posterity.* God forbid the day to come when the chivalric duels of the Southern soldiers shall not fill our hearts with love and pride and grateful admiration.

No national council honors their memory, no conquering people sings their glories, no trophies of victory marks their resting places.

> "By fairy hands their knell is rung,
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
> There Honor comes a pilgrim grey,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
> And freedom shall a while repair
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

There is a likeness between the play of human passion and the play of natural forces. They equally exhibit a perpetual conflict, threatening on the one hand the destruction of the earth, on the other the overthrow of government and civilization; but they are each so nicely adjusted and so firmly controlled that their destructive tendencies are either neutralized, or compared with the final result are momentary and insignificant.

The play of natural forces has given harmony and stability to the universe; the play of human passion has organized men into society, and is evolving a constantly improving type of civilization.

Go out on a clear night and reckon the stars which strew the heavens. For every single star visible to the naked eye the telescope reveals a world of stars far sunk into the depth of space

and scattered over the entire surface of the heavens. Look to the right—there is no limit; look to the left—there is no end. Above —below—world rises upon world, system on system. The whole is in motion—moons are revolving about planets, planets about suns, and suns about a common centre. They cross and re-cross each others paths with a velocity 10,000 times greater than that of a cannon ball. The system rocks and sways to and fro, but there is no disorder nor destruction, for every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form by the omnipotent force of gravity. Human society is held together by a force no less powerful. When hunger and want and poverty drive men to despair, and communism rears her hydra head; when pride and avarice, envy and hatred, idleness and intemperance hatch out their brood of vices and crimes, the fabric of society may rock and sway, but it is brought again to its balance by the irresistible power of woman.

O woman, wouldst thou know why thou rulest the hearts of men? Wouldst thou hear the secret of thy power? God made thee pure and beautiful. Man failed to recognize thy genuine worth, till the Chivalric Knights of the middle ages threw off the degrading yoke which thou hadst worn, and placed thee on thy throne. Right nobly hast thou worn thy crown, and in his darkest hours man has been cheered by the light of thy love. "As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils and bind up the shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordained by providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart."

And now walking on thy lofty embattlements of purity and innocence, conscious of thy transcendent excellence, look back; and, in thy daily thoughts, remember the Knights of Chivalry, and continue through all ages to hold with queenly charm and dignity the lofty throne to which they exalted thee.

R. W. Winston.

EDITORS' TABLE.

SALUTATORY.

It is with the liveliest feelings of anxiety, and the deepest solicitude, that we undertake to perform the arduous duties of our monthly MAGAZINE. But we, at the same time, willingly bend our whole energies to the task before us. Our immediate predecessors have met with a gratifying success. This prompts us to proceed without any misgivings as to the pecuniary support of the MAGAZINE. We feel inclined to tell our readers this, because money has, and ever will be, the greatest impediment to the success of any strictly literary journal.

When we are thus secure, and enjoying the favor of an indulgent public, we trust and believe we can go forward to our work with a zeal which will advance the future prosperity of the MAGAZINE.

We would make an appeal to the Alumni. If you cherish any real, life-giving affection for your Alma Mater, come forward and aid us. When you have each, individually done so by every means in your power, then, and not till then, will the Societies consider that you have done your bounden duty. It would give us great pleasure to see the MAGAZINE lying upon the tables of every one of you. We will look to your liberal support and generous confidence.

Our fellow-students have patronized their MAGAZINE most liberally, as they should; and we only hope that they will conduct themselves towards us with that charity and candor which is generally so inherent in their natures. We will strive to obtain from time to time, articles from some of the most noted and distinguished writers of the Southern States. From the University proper, we expect to find men who will contribute the shorter essays.

And since the day has dawned and is now upon us, when the budding promise of the land unfolds its talents beneath the ripening sun of this most ancient and venerable centre of light, we are

the more anxious to preserve the interest felt in this journal and the University. To do our part, we will endeavor to keep a zealous lookout, and an eye single only to their glory and usefulness.

Under our management, the MAGAZINE will be conducted upon the same plan as the one of last year, with this single exception, that the PERSONALS will, in the main, mention the names of men who are rather about to leave the arena of life, than those who are about to enter upon it.

We would have all, who love the unaffected simplicity and elegance which characterizes the style of Addison and Irving, remember that we too have an affection for those perfect delineators of the faults, follies and virtues of mankind. We would aim to imitate, if we cannot attain their excellencies of diction and thought.

By patient endeavor and industry, we hope to overcome every obstacle which may present itself in our way.

Extend to us, as to our predecessors, a hearty clasp of the hand, and thus assured of your good will and kindly support, we will proceed to business.

MAJ. SEATON GALES.—Our opening piece in this MAGAZINE is a lecture, "The Nineteenth Century," delivered by Maj. Seaton Gales, of Raleigh, before the Normal School this summer. This was among the most favorably received addresses delivered before the school, and, coming from one of our most talented writers, must to a great extent enhance the value of this issue. Maj. Gales formerly occupied an exalted position among the editors of this State, and has also gained a celebrity of no less extent as a literary and polished speaker. He is still comparatively a young man, and we earnestly hope that laurels triple the number of his future years may descend upon him. We hope soon to present another specimen of his pen before the public.

☞ It gives us great pain to record the death of our highly-esteemed friend, James M. Nicholson, of Enfield, N. C. He graduated here with first honor on the 6th June, last. His polite demeanor, generosity, and his invariable good humor made him a favorite with every one who knew him. In after life the highest prospects of success seemed to await him. A steady application and unvarying industry over his text books, conspired to mark out for him a bright and eventful career.

The Kindergarten.

It may be of some interest to our readers to know some of the impressions which Miss Coe's teaching, at the University Normal School, made upon an eye witness. Children of all ages, from three to thirteen, daily attended the school.

What employment, useful yet such as to keep the child interested, was found? No text books were used. The children were taught by dictation verses of Scripture, short pieces of poetry and songs. They were taught the differences between the three Kingdoms of Nature, and made to collect objects of nature, and to specify to which kingdom each one belonged. Thorough instruction was given on "Color and Form." They wove mats composed of such colors as to educate the child's eye to the distinctions and relations between the colors. Besides these instructions, there was each day a thorough drill in gymnastics. These were the essential points brought before the pupil. Some one will ask "what good can result from all this? I want my child to learn how to read and write." Education is not a thing to be gotten in a day, but is only *partially* reached after a life-time of incessant labor. Teach a child how to observe Nature for *himself*, and then he will be eager to read what *others* have observed. In our Northern, and in some of our Southern, cities the old-fashioned way of first teaching a child his "a b c's" has been abolished, and in its place "Object Teaching" has been substituted. The child is no longer taught to have a vague idea of an object, but is shown the object as it is in all its reality. How many ideas of the real shape, size, or color of the innumerable objects of Nature and Art contained in "*Webster's Blue-Back*" does a child grasp, though he may "*spell through*" it fifty times?

The Kindergarten is nothing more than a school in which children are taught "Object Lessons." It is, therefore, a good kind of school. Being good, it demands a considerable outlay of cash. Can our Southern people, poor as they are, afford to make this outlay? Thousands of half-grown men and women are at this very minute kept at home for lack of money to pay tuition. Can parents, then, afford to send their children, of three and four years old, to school,

when their older brothers and sisters could go to school with but little greater expense?

Our State is now beginning a grand forward march in the struggle against ignorance. It augurs good for us when politicians discuss this great question from the stump. The newspapers have taken up the banner. Our people, it is to be hoped, are becoming ashamed of our position as regards Education, and are determined to have reform in this particular. North Carolina has taken the lead. Let us all lend a shoulder to help our State out of the mire, and then give her an onward motion, which shall never cease, until every child within our borders has free access to the best schools in this Union.

The Present Depreciation of Greek.

In this age of scientific and inventive maniacs, it is sad to see the havoc which has been created in the ranks of classical lore. A correct appreciation of scientific studies does not necessarily produce a depreciation of the immeasurable value of classical attainments, and we are constrained to consider any gigantic struggles in the development of science to the injury of the classics, as a misdirected enthusiasm. Within the last few years, this bent of the popular mind has been so marked and general, that the self-conscious superiority, publicly evinced by our scientific men, has been extremely detrimental to the minute pursuit of classical studies, and has tended to dwarf the classical energies. Whereas, a few years since, we beheld Macaulay, a classical giant at an early age, and John Stuart Mill, whose recollections did not extend back to the time when he began the study of the classics, we now seldom see a college-graduate whose ambition embraces the simplest etymology, and that man would be a great curiosity, who would vie with the learned German linguist, in devoting a life-time to studying the genitive case of the Greek Article.

Greek has suffered more from these unjust incursions upon her territory than any other language, and this should not be so. No language could be assiduously pursued by scientific students with more immediate advantage than Greek. Here we find the earliest germs of philosophy, the first principles of human physiology, the

fundamental laws of physical science, and experimental philosophy, almost fossilized from neglect. From this language are derived those comprehensive technicalities, which embrace in their narrow space many contracted laws and experiments. Here we find that originality which would be so salutary to the modern student, if only practiced, and that bold invention and discovery, which should be an example of noble independence in thought to every scientific novice. Some one has styled language, "fossilized poetry"; well might he, in referring to the Greek language, have lengthened his category by adding, philosophy, painting, sculpture, history. Here emanating even from their language, we behold that obedience to intellect among the Greeks, which won them victories both in the learned and warlike world.

Last and most prominent, in this language we behold the most perfect one that has ever graced literary manuscript, or flowed in musical cadence from human lips. No wonder music calmed the temper, and curbed the proud spirits of this mighty nation, when such beautiful and metrical verse flowed spontaneously from the natural softness and harmony of this wonderful tongue. In studying such a model of perfection, unconsciously we are compelled to imbibe its spirit, and long earnestly for a more correct and appreciative knowledge of our mother tongue; and when we are stimulated to understand our own vernacular, what more beneficial result can be desired from the pursuit of any study? We earnestly hope our fellow-students will not aid in consigning this model of languages to oblivion by neglecting its pursuit.

PORTRAIT OF JUDGE GRANT AND WIFE.—We present to our readers this month an elegant steel engraving of Judge James Grant and lady. We had hoped to have the engraving in time for the last number, but were unable to obtain it.

☞ Mr. Frank Winston has resigned his position as one of the Editors of the MAGAZINE. We regret to lose from our ranks so trained and efficient co-operator. To his efforts in the main last year, we must attribute the revival of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and its success down to the present period. He was twice elected by the Philanthropic Society as Editor, and has always gratified them by his zeal and numerous efforts in behalf of the MAGAZINE.

COLLEGE RECORD.

☞ The following are the medals and prizes offered to the students:

To that student of the First Year Class in Latin, who stands best at the intermediate and final examinations, a gold medal is offered.

To the most successful student of the General Chemistry Class, a gold medal will be awarded.

Two gold medals, worth fifteen dollars each, are open to the Second Year Class in Greek. The Greek medals were offered this session for the first time. One medal is to be given to that student who obtains the highest stand in the class. The man who makes the best use of his opportunities, and who realizes most progress during the whole session, will receive the other medal.

A volume of German Lyric Poetry will be awarded to the best scholar of the First Year German Class.

The medal for Oratory is open to the Graduating Class only. The successful speaker will be selected by a committee of three, appointed on Commencement Day, from the distinguished gentlemen present.

☞ Our State Board of Agriculture, recognizing the value to the farmers of North Carolina of those services which have been rendered by the Agricultural Experiment Station at the University, have wisely determined to give to Dr. Ledoux, the Director, all the assistance necessary. Not only has Mr. W. B. Phillips, who held the position of assistant last year, been retained for the ensuing twelve months, but an additional expert has been added to the working force in the person of Mr. George Warnecke. Mr. Warnecke is a German, his home having been in the province of Hanover, where his native tongue is spoken with the greatest purity. He comes with highest recommendations from Prof. Stohmann, of the Leipsic Experiment Station, and Prof. Nobbe, of

Tharand, among whose corps of workers he long bore an honored place. For two years he has occupied the position of first assistant in the laboratory of the Connecticut Experiment Station, and Prof. Attwater and Mr. Orange Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, speak in unqualified terms of his zeal and ability. With his pure German, and the genial disposition which his friends ascribe to him, he will be a great acquisition, not only to the Experiment Station, but to the University. He will assist Dr. Ledoux in the analysis of fertilizers, marls, soils, &c., and in the testing of seeds.

☞ We note with a great deal of pleasure, the plan of grading, which, in the future, will be carried out at the University. As the President remarked, on the opening day, many students have heretofore been able to pass their examinations, even obtain a high grade, simply by putting in an appearance at the final examination. He proceeded to state further, that hereafter, attendance and good recitations at class would only secure a high grade and a satisfactory report. That the Professors, without exception, were determined to break up the system of "cramming," so detrimental to progress, regularity, and the growth of vigorous intellect. This is a bold step in the right direction, and all steady, pains-taking students will thank them for their action.

☞ Sir Robt. Peel, from earliest boyhood, worked to excel in little things, that, at some day he might hold, with Titan grasp, a Primacy under the English Crown. With thousands of such examples before us, why hesitate to press forward, in friendly competition, for the University prizes. The Faculty extend a cordial invitation to all the students, both old and new. The prizes are awarded according to merit. Heretofore considerable effort has been manifested to secure the medals, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the present classes will seek after them with the same praiseworthy spirit and energy.

☞ Fellow-students, send us your contributions. Have them condensed. "Brevity," as you know, "is the soul of wit," and some have even dared to think that Secretary Evarts himself could scarcely injure his sentences by pruning them of their lengthy redundances. Some contributions must of necessity be rejected, but we hope to view all that are handed in with perfect impartiality.

☞ This year ushers in a regular class, which has pursued a four year's course at the University. Another era dawns upon us. The Senior speaking should be renewed. Our numbers warrant it, and the old graduates will hail with pleasure and gratification a revival of the much-honored custom. Let the present Seniors show their pluck by not shrinking from the ordeal which the Professor of English will demand of them for its successful accomplishment.

☞ A few of the students are in favor of instituting in one of our Societies a medal for Composition in English. Medals for composition are awarded at some Colleges and Universities. Offering such a medal would be equally beneficial at Chapel Hill, were it not for the fact that the University Magazine holds out inducements superior in permanent utility to the writer of pure English. The criterion by which he is here judged, condemned or applauded, will better establish the true merit of his style and ideas, than the many personal and biased friends which often surround him at a University. In one case he may rest with impunity upon his honors; in the other, he must exert himself to maintain the position previously won.

☞ The Fresh. Treat—how vivid are the recollections of that Treat when we were Freshmen. Sturdy Seniors flying along the avenue with bags of peaches—Juniors and Sophs. breaking their necks over one box of oranges—Fresh. with goobers in their pockets and eyes wide open—astonished at the sudden transition from a dignified demeanor to a more than informal scrambling for the rapidly vanishing edibles. But this was an exception to the general rule. In the main, we think they will go farther towards allaying class animosities than all the cane sprees and pugilistic encounters in christendom. At any rate, Sir Giles Overreach is of the same opinion.

☞ Prof. M. Fetter, who was a Professor at the University from an early date in this century until 1868, has recently been on a short visit to his old home. We were glad to see him looking so well and stout. He is at present Principal of the Academy at Newbern, N. C.

☞ The old College custom of calling over the roll at prayers has been dispensed with. Singing has been substituted for Roll Call. Roll Call, we believe, is a College relic and does not pertain to the University system. If so, then the dignity of the latter would be compromised by retaining what does not properly belong to it. So far, the change has worked admirably. The students still continue to attend the morning prayers in the Chapel.

☞ Let not the oft quoted Latin maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano,* be disregarded. The evening hour is the time for recreation. Perhaps in the near future, some one of North Carolina's public-spirited citizens will present us with a gymnasium, worthy of its donor and the acceptance of the University. When this is done, we may see this institution turn out her graduates, combining the strength and agility of a Milo with the intelligence and sagacity of a Cicero.

☞ A skillful mechanic, from Baltimore, has inspected the heating apparatus of the New West and New East Buildings, and pronounces them only slightly damaged. The Faculty will, at the cost of a few hundred dollars, put it in complete repair before the cold weather sets in. The large influx of new students has made this measure necessary.

☞ The Reading Room has upon its tables many of the leading daily and weekly journals of the State. These papers are duly appreciated. We congratulate the managers on the flourishing condition of the Room, and the interest taken in it by some of the students.

☞ Between the rousing ring of the big bell and the stern reality of text books, the blissful remembrance of mamma's apron-strings will fade silently away.

☞ We are pleased to state that the Law Class of the University, which is conducted by Judge Battle, is constantly receiving reinforcements. The Judge is a man of decided stamina and ability, well acquainted with the labyrinths of law—but let us stop, why speak of that one of whom the whole State has full and favorable cognizance.

☞ The Fresh. have, by the unanimous consent of the Sophs., taken complete possession of the New East and New West Buildings.

☞ The enlightenment of the present age justly frowns upon the ancient practice of hazing. Such barbaric usages as "fagging" in the English schools, and the late hazing sprees which have made Princeton *in*-famous, we trust are passing away, never to return.

☞ Dr. T. W. Harris will open a Medical School, in Chapel Hill, at the opening of the session of '79. The above gentleman is a graduate of the University of N. C., and has attended, for two years, lectures in Paris. The University courses of Natural History and Chemistry he wishes and intends to have considered as special auxiliaries to his own school. They are indeed the first stepping stones for the Medical student. It will be so arranged by Dr. Harris that attendance both upon his own school and the University can be effected without inconvenience.

☞ The Young Men's Christian Association, at the University, may be an instrument for much good. Last year it was conducted with great success, and its influence among the students was very marked. The Mangum Medalist, of last session, was one of its prominent members. Young men now pursuing their studies here cannot do better than by at once joining the Association.

☞ "The early bird catches the worm." Phis'., act on this principle, and, when you select the Speaker for this year, elect at an early date and secure one of those men, whom not only the State of North Carolina, but the whole South delights to honor. Let the *qui vive* be Excelsior.

PERSONALS.

Dr. William Norwood, D. D., is now at Richmond, Va.

Jno. B. Killebrew, Ph. D., Bureau of Agriculture, Tennessee, resides at Nashville.

Hon. Jesse Turner, Judge Superior Court Arkansas, lives now at Van Buren, in that State.

Hon. Calvin Jones, ex-Chancellor State of Tennessee, resides now at Summerville, in that State.

E. J. Hill, Ph. B., '78, is temporarily engaged in the mercantile business. The "General" will study Law.

Hugh L. Davis, '81, will winter in Louisburg and other places. "P. I.," we understand, is turning politician.

A Yale student to another who is unwell and in bed: "Well, old chap, are you sick?" "Sic sum," was the quick response.

Hon. Matthias E. Manly, ex-Judge Superior Court, N. C., has long since retired to private life. His residence is at Newbern.

Arthur Arrington, A. B., '78, and Mangum Medalist, is following industrial pursuits. May the "Gnat" buzz with his usual good luck.

Jno. Hubbard Hall, '81, *alias* "The Doctor," it will be remembered, established a fine reputation among us as an expert in his profession.

A. D. Jones, C. P., '78, according to previous declarations, is reading Blackstone *et id omne genus.* "Buck" has braced himself for success.

N. A. McLean, Jr., is meeting with flattering success in Law, at Lumberton, N. C. "B. M.," for his experience, finds no trouble in getting a case.

H. T. Watkins, A. B., '78, has turned pedagogue. He revels, near Reidsville, in the myriad delights of a teacher's profession. Our condolations.

J. B. Lewis, C. P., '78, will study Law in Baltimore. No one has yet been secured to occupy the position as "Health Doctor" in the place of Bones.

On the shady side of Main street, in the Capital of Hyde county, hangs a shingle, bearing the simple inscription, E. Spencer Simmons, Att'y at Law.

W. P. Cline, Ph. B., '78, has settled to work at a High School in Lincoln county. We learn that "Sankey" will soon turn aside and pursue the beaten path of Law.

J. H. Faison, A. B., '78, is rapidly becoming a Doctor. The many friends of "Fais" will be glad to learn that he has been honored with the degree of D. D. B. O. A.

C. C. Covington, '78, is in the Commission business at Wilmington, N. C. He, and others besides, cannot forget—

> "Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
> Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
> Ramis, et obliquo laborat
> Eno flumen trepidare rivo."

EXCHANGES.

Owing to the pressure of business, in other departments, our Exchange list has not been extended, as we desire it shall be in the future. Brothers of the College Press generally, a brimmed beaker to a flowing tide of prosperity! Should the tide ebb may you drift with her, nor scrape your keel upon the hidden rocks!

It will afford us the greatest satisfaction to notice vigorous and polished articles, but we will sharpen our scythe with the keenest relish to cripple, if possible, the growth of any sickly weed in the flourishing fields of thought.

We may expect to be riddled, but hope that our adversaries will refrain from chewing or poisoning their balls. Fair play and a good turn is all we ask.

"Well! Well! Well!" it is really laughable to read the arguments of the *Nassau Lit.*, in favor of their annual cane spree. If we are rightly informed the cane spree amounts to this: On a certain day all the pugnacious Sophomores get together, banter their willing foes among the Fresh., and then there ensues a pitched battle. Such a barbarous relic of the middle ages, the *Lit.* would have the civilization of the present day to countenance. This practice may continue for some time in the Military Schools of our land, but it ought to be eradicated from the institutions of learning.

We notice in the *Southern Collegian*, a long and full account of Wash. and Lee's victory over the University of Virginia nine. The score stood, when the game was called, 12 to 0. It is yet a question whether brains and brawn will amicably unite. That piece,

"A plea for Anglo-Saxon," is in entire consonance with our feelings. A knowledge of our real mother-tongue, the language of our Saxon or German ancestors, who, leaving the barren shores of Sleswick, penetrated over a trackless ocean to Britain and left there the relics of their prowess, their religion and their laws. To the Anglo-Saxon we trace many endings and a great number of our commonest words and colloquialisms. Walter Scott has given us, in the initial chapter of Ivanhoe, a beautiful instance of the relation between the Norman French and the Anglo-Saxon, at a period just succeeding the conquest.

Able pens among the Faculty contribute to the pages of the *Virginia University Magazine*. We do not know this, but we are fain to conjecture it, because of the general tone and drift of its articles. "Old Time Notions" is a spirited and lucid picture. To the University of Virginia, the Free School of Political Sciences, Paris, has given one of the scholarships which have been so liberally offered to twenty of the best Universities of Europe and America.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

—While the Staff, at their last meeting, were busily engaged with matters concerning the Magazine, a waiter brought in a treat of choice Havana Cigars, sent by Messrs. Roberson & Harris, Druggists. This firm has always been noted for its liberality, fair dealing and prompt attention to business. Their advertisement may be found in this Magazine, to which fact may be attributed their increasing trade among the students. Their obliging clerk, Mr. Issac Emerson, ever greets his friends with a pleasant smile. Gentlemen, our thanks. "Call again."

—A. Whitlock, Merchant Tailor, Tarboro, N. C., is always prepared to furnish boys and gentlemen with nicely-fitting, elegant suits. He does good work, uses good material, and dresses one up in the latest style for the lowest prices. The young men of College would do well to give him their orders.

—We have no railroad to Chapel Hill, but the hack-line of W. D. Cates & Son supplies the traveling public with excellent facilities for reaching this place.

—The mammoth tobacco business of Blackwell & Co. has a world-wide reputation, and still they continue to advertise. Tact, honesty, and *advertising*, will build up any business, as the success of this firm will prove. Commencing after the war with but little capital, Messrs. Blackwell & Co. have already established a most colossal and Stewart-like business. "Excelsior" is their motto.

—We take great pleasure in recommending to the public our Printing Company, Messrs. Blackwell & Co., managed by J. B. Whitaker, Jr. They do their work correctly and neatly, and render general satisfaction. A specimen copy may be seen by examining our MAGAZINE.

—All subscriptions, advertisements, and orders, should be addressed to R. P. Pell, Business Manager of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, N. C.

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A full supply of good Fresh Drugs and many new and elegant Pharmaceutical Preparations. Tobacco and Cigars. Fine Groceries. Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c. Agents for Averill Chemical Paints [ready mixed] and compressed Calcimine. Lamps and Chimneys. The La-Bastie Chimneys which will not break.

Awarded Diploma at North Carolina State Fair, 1877.

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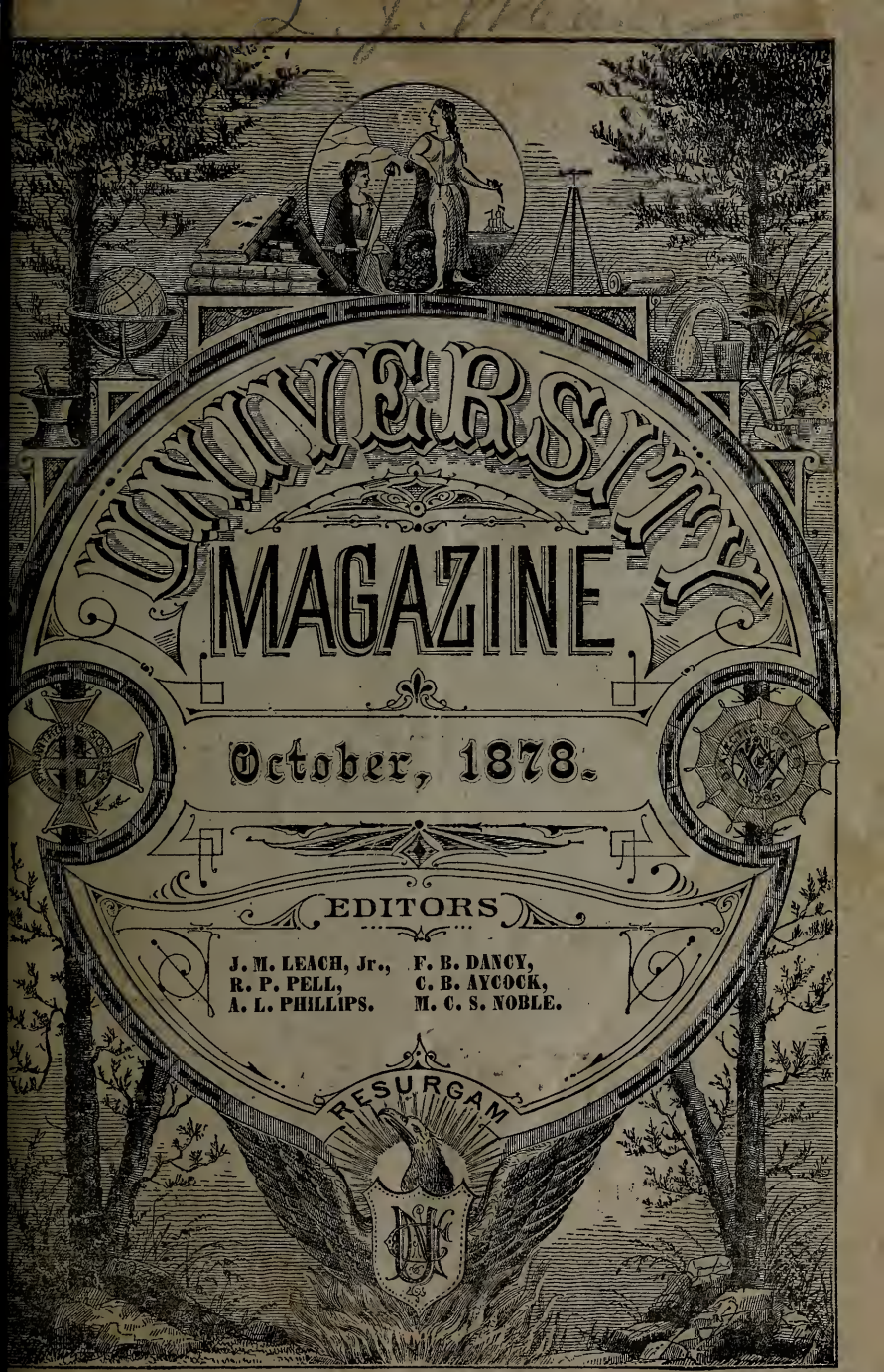
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October, 1878.
EDITORS
J. M. LEACH, Jr., F. B. DANCY,
R. P. PELL, C. B. AYCOCK,
A. L. PHILLIPS. M. C. S. NOBLE.
RESURGAM

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THE

NORTH CAROLINA

University Magazine,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Conducted by the Literary Societies.

DURHAM, N. C.:
W. T. BLACKWELL & CO.'S DURHAM STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
1878.

NORTH CAROLINA
University Magazine.

EDITORS:

Of the Dialectic Society:
J. M. LEACH, Jr.,
R. P. PELL,
A. L. PHILLIPS.

Of the Philanthropic Society:
F. B. DANCY,
C. B. AYCOCK,
M. C. S. NOBLE.

Vol. 2. OCTOBER, 1878. No. 2.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Aaron Burr, and his Daughter, Theodosia Burr Alston.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY AT CHAPEL HILL, ON THE 6TH DAY OF JUNE, 1878, BY JOHN H. WHEELER, MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA, FURNISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE EDITORS OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Mr. President, and Members of the Historical Society of North Carolina:

This occasion has been indeed a "Field Day" in North Carolina. After the ornate and eloquent address of Major Engelhard before the Literary Societies, the able and affectionate lecture of Judge Grant before the Alumni, and the brilliant displays of the young gentlemen of this venerable institution; I feel, in attempting to address you, how literally the kind caterers who have so liberally provided this literary feast on this eventful occasion, have fulfilled the apostolic programme,—"Every man at the beginning, doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then, that which is worse." But I trust that my humble tribute to the cause of literature, may receive your kind approbation.

The beauty and the accomplishments, as well as the social

position of Theodosia Burr Alston, her eventful life, and her premature and tragic death have thrown around her name a spell of romance, and sympathy, which recent events have greatly enhanced.

She inherited the genius of her distinguished father, Aaron Burr, once Vice-President of the United States; and was the fit companion of her talented husband, Joseph Alston, late Governor of South Carolina. "*So fathered and so husbanded she was stronger than her sex,*" worthy to be ranked with the proud Portias of ancient Rome. After her marriage to Mr. Alston, (in New York, January, 1801,) at the age of 18, she accompanied her husband to South Carolina, where she resided for several years, interrupted by occasional visits to the home of her father. Her last voyage was commenced 30th December, 1812, when with impaired health, at the request of both her father and husband, at this time the Governor of South Carolina, she embarked from Charleston, in a small pilot boat vessel, called "The Patriot," commanded by Captain Overstocks. From that day she has never been heard of. By many it was conjectured that the vessel foundered in a gale of wind at sea, off Cape Hatteras, and all perished. By some, it has been stated that the vessel was captured by Pirates, and all on board murdered. This fearful statement was made more credible by the dying confession of a sailor in Texas; and by the statement of an officer in the Navy, that he had the same facts from two prisoners whom he brought to Norfolk in irons, who were tried, condemned and executed for Piracy.

In a New York paper (the *Graphic*) not long since, there was a statement of C. Townsend Harris, of Piermont, New York, giving the confession of a notorious Pirate, Gibbs, who under sentence of death, stated that he had captured the vessel on her passage; that he had information of the vessel leaving Charleston, having on board silver plate, jewelry, and other valuables; he resolved to lay in wait for her, and, at sea, attacked and captured her. In the struggle many of the officers and men were killed, and the passengers were all put to death. Mrs. Alston, he stated, begged hard for the lives of herself and her children, offered to him all the wealth she had, and promised to secure him from all harm. But she entreated in vain. He said, "if he spared them, he must spare the others; and that he would not do." He then forced them "to

walk the plank," and they were all drowned. Similar statements have appeared, from time to time, in the public prints. But recently an article appeared in the *Post*, at Washington, signed by J. W. Harshaw of Argyle, New York, which makes a similar statement as told to him "more than fifty years ago by his mother," and a painful obscurity has rested upon the minds of many as to the fate of the unfortunate and lovely lady. But a recent discovery has been made in our own State, which dissipates this obscurity, and makes certain the mode and manner of her untimely end. A few days ago the Rev. Solomon Pool, late the President of the University of North Carolina, enquired of me if I had ever seen or possessed an authentic likeness of Mrs. Alston? I showed to him a fine copper-plate engraving of her, which is one of the frontispieces in Partin, "Life and Times of Aaron Burr" (published in New York, 1858). Professor Pool then produced an exquisite photograph of an original painting now in the possession of his brother, Dr. Wm. G. Pool, who resides near Elizabeth City, N. C., of which he gave me the following account: Dr. Pool is a native and resident and a physician near Elizabeth City, Pasquotank county, N. C. About eight or ten years since he visited, while at Nag's Head, near Cape Hatteras, in his professional service a family; and although they were in moderate circumstances, he observed hanging on the wall a finished picture of a lady. On his inquiry he ascertained that the picture had been found, with other articles, by the husband, then 80 years of age, when quite a youth, on a vessel that had been wrecked in a furious storm that occurred in the winter of 1812 or 1813—that the vessel was a small one, with a name not recollected, only that it was a *patriotic* one. This picture was presented to Dr. Pool, who has it now, and from which the photograph was taken a short time ago. The pictures were then carefully compared, and both submitted to a lady of much experience, (herself an artist,) and she pronounced them both to be the likenesses of one and the same person. "The counterfeit presentment" of each other.

NOTE.—The engraving in Partin, as also the likeness in Davis, (Memoirs of Aaron Burr, by Matthew L. Davis, New York, 1836,) are copies of her portrait by Vanderlyn, who painted her picture in 1802, as appears from the following letter from Mr. Burr to his daughter:

NEW YORK, 4th December, 1802.

To Theodosia:

Vanderlyn has finished your picture in the most beautiful style imaginable. When it was done, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "That is the best work I have done in America."

Vanderlyn died only a few years ago. He painted the landing of Columbus, in the Rotunda of the Capitol (Davis, II, 216).

This settles, beyond question, the mode of the death of the loved and lost Theodosia. It was near the dreaded Cape Hatteras, so often before, and since, the death place of the fearless and gallant. With the wild foam of the Atlantic for her winding sheet, and the fierce North winds her sad requiem, did this gentle spirit wing its flight to another and a better world. Here, where sad memory recalls the fate of the steam ship, "The Home," that went down in 1837, with our talented Croom* and his family; and "The Pulaski," in 1838, with our Cameron,† the uncle of one of our distinguished members now present, (Hon. Paul C. Cameron); and "The Central America," with her gallant commander, Herdon, and our loved John V. Dobbin; and recently the U. S. Steam Ship, "The Huron," with whose fate is associated the loss of our generous Guthrie; and soon after "The Metropolitan," all sad victims to the grim Molock of the Ocean. ‡"There stands Hatteras!" exclaimed one of the gifted sons of North Carolina recently in the U. S. Senate, "the unconquered, the great destroyer of vessels and of sailors, an Ocean Blue Beard leading to the chambers of death the white winged brides of the sea."

Here is often waged the fierce war of the elements, more fierce and fearful than the tilt and tournament of ancient days, when "The Wind King of the North" enters the lists with "*The Torrid God that rules the Southern seas,*" so poetically described by another distinguished son of Carolina, now no more.§

> "The wind king of the North, came down
> Nor stopped by river, mount, or town;

---

*Hardy B. Croom was one of the distinguished and loved sons of N. C. He was educated at the University and graduated in the Class of 1817. He was a member of the Legislature of N. C., as Senator from Lenoir county, in 1828.

†John Adams Cameron was the brother of the late distinguished Judge Duncan Cameron. He graduated at the University in 1806; was in the Legislature, from Fayetteville, in 1820; and a U. S. Judge in Florida, whence he was returning, when he met his untimely and melancholy fate.

‡General M. W. Ransom, 6th February, 1878.

§Joseph W. Holden.

But like a boisterous God at play,
Resistless bounding on his way—
He shook the Lake, and tore the wood
And flapped his wings in merry mood,
Nor furled them, till he spied afar,
The white caps flash—on Hatteras' bar,
Where fierce Atlantic, landward bowls,
O'er treacherous sands, and hidden shoals.

He paused—then wreathed his horn of cloud,
And blew defiance, long and loud,
Come up ! come up ! Thou torrid God,
That rul'st the Southern sea !
Ho ! lightning-eyed, and thunder-shod,
Come wrestle here with me !
As tossest thou the tangled cane,
I'll hurl thee, o'er the boiling main !

The angry heavens, hung dark and still,
As Arctic night on Hecla's hill;
The Mermaid sporting on the waves,
Affrighted fled to coral caves.
The billow checked its curling crest,
And trembling sank to sudden rest,
As Ocean stilled its heaving breast.

Reflected darkness, weird and dread,
An inky plain the waters spread—
So motionless since life was fled.
Amid this elemental lull,
When nature died, and death lay dull,
As though itself were sleeping there,
Becalmed upon that dismal flood,
Ten fated vessels idly stood,
And not a timber creaked !
Dim silence held each hollow lull,
Save when some sailor, in that night,
Oppressed with darkness and despair,
Some seaman groping for the light
Rose up, and shrieked !

They cried like children lost and lorn,
'Oh ! Lord deliver while you may !
Sweet Jesus ! drive this gloom away !
Forever fled, oh, lovely day,
I would that I had ne'er been born.
For stoutest souls were terror thrilled,
And warmest hearts with horror chilled.'

'Come up ! come up ! thou torrid God,
Thou lightning-eyed, and thunder-shod,
And wrestle here with me !'
'Twas heard, and answered—'Lo ! I come,
From azure Carribee,
To drive thee, cowering to thy home
And melt its walls of frozen foam.'

From every isle and mountain dell
From plains of pathless chaparral
From tide-built bars where sea-birds dwell,
He drew his lurid legions forth,
And sprang to meet the white-plumed North.

Can mortal pen in verse convey
The fury of that fearful fray?
How ships were splintered at a blow,
Sails shivered into shreds of snow—
And seamen hurled to death below!
Two Gods, contending with bolt and blast,
The huge waves on each other cast;
And bellowed o'er the raging waste,
Then sped like harnessed steeds afar
That drag a shattered battle-car
Amid the midnight din of war

False Hatteras! when the Cyclone came
Four waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim,
And ran and wrecked yon argosy!
Fore'er nine sank! that lone hulk stands
Embedded in thy snow-white sands,
An hundred hearts in death there stilled
And yet its ribs with corpses filled,
Are now caressed by thee!

Smile on! smile on! thou watery hell!
And toss those skulls upon thy shore,
The sailor's widow knows thee well,
His children beg from door to door,
And shiver while they strive to tell
How thou hast robbed the wretched poor!

Yon lifeless skull shall speak for me,
This is Golgotha of the Sea!
And its keen hunger is the same,
In winter's frost, or summer's flame!
When life was young, adventure sweet,
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
And here my scattered bones have lain,
And bleached for ages on this main!
Though lovely once, strange folk have come,
Till peopled is my lonely home,—
Enough are here, Oh! heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!
The barque that lingers on this wave,
Will find too soon a wat'ry grave!
Then, gallant sailor! turn and flee,
Thousands of wrecks are on thy lea!
With swelling sail and sturdy mast
Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast!
Sail on, sail on! Oh! ship, sail fast,
Till thou Cape Hatt'ras' coast, hast past,
And gain an open sea at last."

We might here leave our interesting subject, having accomplished our object, the settling of the mooted question, as to the mode and

manner of the death of the lovely Theodosia. But the career, character, and accomplishments of this interesting lady, her filial devotion, her affectionate conduct, as well as the brilliant, and at times, doubtful and desperate career of her distinguished father, may well occupy our attention for a short time. Doubtless, to many, this history may be familiar; and by others, forgotten; yet to all, the acts and character of one of the most extraordinary men that our nation has ever produced, his successful career in the field, as in the Senate, his undaunted bravery, his determination of character, his acknowledged ability, and his vaulting ambition,

"The sin whereby the angels fell,"

must be interesting, and its study useful and instructive; useful, to imitate his virtues, and instructive, to avoid his errors.

We trust our efforts may not prove useless, or unwelcome. A faithful and careful biography of an individual is an able ally to the history of his times. From the life of Dr. Johnson, by Boswell, we have not only a vivid account of the general history of his age, but a clear photograph of himself. In it we have Johnson as he "lived, moved, and had his being." We can see his herculean frame; his rolling walk; his blurred and blighted vision; and hear, in wheezing accents, his oracular and wise conversations. We become as well acquainted with him and his illustrious associates, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith and others, as if we had lived at the same time, and on terms of familiar intercourse. Truly does Fuller tell us, "History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or gray hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or wrinkles thereof."

The History of our Republic, from 1775 to 1836, (in which period Mr. Burr figured,) is valuable and interesting. The grand-father of Aaron Burr was a German;* he emigrated to America, and settled in Fairfield, Connecticut, where he bought land, lived, and raised a large family. The father of Mr. Burr, whose name he bore, was there born, (4th January, 1715,) and was educated at Yale College. He was a Presbyterian Minister, and was first President chosen for Princeton College. A portrait of him now hangs in the College Library. He married in 1752,† Esther, the

*Parton 30. Diary of Burr 11:25.
†Parton 37.

daughter of Jonathan Edwards, distinguished as a Divine and Metaphysician. Jonathan Edwards was the first American Author who achieved a European reputation. His work on "the Will," is to this day, the Principia of Calvanistic Theology. The Edwards stock is famous in New England. The remotest ancestor of the race was a London Clergyman, in the age of Elizabeth. From Jonathan Edwards has sprung a large number of men of talent, station, and worth, and women of peerless beauty and solid accomplishments.‡ Some of the stock exist in our State, and from this stock was the mother of Aaron Burr. He was born at Newark, on the 6th February, 1756. His father died in 1757, and his mother the year following, leaving two children; Aaron, our present subject, and Sarah, who married Tappan Reeve, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Without the controlling influence of a father or mother, he was wild and wayward. Perhaps he was naturally so. A private diary of his mother thus describes her children:

"January 31st, 1758.—Aaron is a little dirty, noisy boy, different from Sallie in almost everything. He begins to talk a little. He is sly and mischievous. He is more sprightly than Sallie, but not so good tempered. He is very resolute and requires a strong governor to bring him to terms."

When only four years old he had some misunderstanding with his teachers; in consequence he ran off from home, and was not found for some days after. Had he had the early trainings of a pious and patient mother, how different might have been his future career!

> *"This tells to mothers what a holy charge
> Is theirs! With what a kingly power their love,
> May rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
> Warns them to wake at early dawn, and sow
> Good seed, before the world doth sow its tares."

When only ten years old, Burr ran away from his uncle, in Elizabethtown, and came to New York, where he entered on board a ship bound to Europe, as a cabin-boy. His uncle pursued him. Young Burr perceived him coming down to the wharf, ran up the shrouds to the top gallant mast-head; nor would he come down

‡Life of President Edwards, by J. E. Dwight. Grace Greenwood, (Mrs. L. K. Lippincott,) of the New York *Times*, is a great-grand-daughter of Edwards.

*Mrs. Sigourney.

until all preliminary points were settled to his entire satisfaction. But with all this wayward determination of character, he was fond of school and acquired knowledge rapidly.

†Pierpont Edwards, another uncle, but only six years his senior, was his school-fellow when he was only seven years old. He writes, "Aaron is here; goes to school and learns bravely."

In 1769, he entered Princeton College as a Sophomore, and graduated in 1772, with the first honors of that renowned institution, when only sixteen years old. He formed friendships in College with William Patterson, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; Col. Matthew Ogden; Rev. Samuel Spring, father of Rev. Gardiner Spring, and others, which only ended with life. He was reading, at the house of his brother-in-law, Judge Reeve, history, especially the lives of celebrated soldiers, when the battle of Lexington (19th April, 1775,) roused his military ardor. He said and felt that "he was born to be a soldier." A mere boy in appearance, only 5 feet, six inches in height, he felt the hero in his nature. He was capable of great fatigue and endurance; of indomitable perseverance, and of undaunted courage. He was a good horseman, a fair marksman, and a skilful fencer. He was fond of military science, and familiar with works on the subject. He wrote to his friend, Matthias Ogden, to join the army with him, and they left Elizabethtown, for Cambridge, when they arrived a few days after Washington had there assumed the command of the army. His guardian, Timothy Edwards, dispatched a messenger with a letter for him, and gave instructions to bring the young fugitive back. On reading the letter, Burr asked the messenger if he expected to take him back by force. "If you do," he said, "I will have you hung in ten minutes." He replied to his uncle's letter, in respectful terms, and stated the reasons which influenced his conduct. Burr then joined General Arnold in the expedition to Quebec. After a toilsome march through trackless forests, in the dead of winter, the frontier of Canada was reached, when Burr was dispatched to Gen'l Montgomery, by Arnold, to advise him of his approach with reinforcements, by whom Burr was

†Pierrepont Edwards, born at Northampton, Mass., 8th of April, 1850. Died at Bridgeport in 1826. Lawyer, soldier of the Revolution, member of the Continental Congress, 1787, Judge of U. S. District Court at the time of his death, Grand Master of Masons, and father of H. W. and Ogden Edwards. (Dictionary of Am. Biography, by Francis Drake, Boston, 1876.)

appointed *aid de camp.* The attack on Quebec was made on the 31st December, 1775, before day, during a violent snow-storm. The Americans were repulsed with disastrous loss, and Gen'l Montgomery was killed. Captain Burr behaved with great gallantry, and bore the dead body of his General off the field,* attended by Dr. John Wheeler, the Surgeon of the Regiment. The praises of Burr were on every tongue. His youth, his coolness, his courage, his intelligence and manners won for him "troops of friends."

The Americans, after the failure of the campaign and fall of Montgomery, on the approach of Burgoyne, retreated, under the command of Arnold, by whom Burr was appointed Brigade Major. Burr and Arnold, as was to be expected, could not agree, and Burr soon returned to New York. For a while, he was at Headquarters, with Washington; and acted as his aid. In July, 1776, he was appointed aid to Gen'l Putnam, under whom he served for a year, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel (Malcolm's Regiment) in the Continental Army, with which he was engaged in the battle of Monmouth (28th June, 1778). From his severe duties and delicate condition, his health gave way, and after a service of four years in the army, he resigned his Commission (10th March, 1779). General Washington, in accepting his resignation, wrote to him that "he regretted not only the loss of a good officer, but the cause (sickness) of his resignation."†

The next year he commenced the study of Law with Judge Patterson, in New Jersey, and prepared himself to practice. He was a lawyer by necessity, and a soldier by nature. After remaining a year with Judge Patterson, he removed to Haverstraw, New York, and studied with Thomas Smith; and was admitted to the bar at Albany, 1782; and there opened an office and commenced the practice. It has been stated that Burr studied law as a science, not as a mechanical art. His definition of the Law has been often quoted, and admired—"Law is whatever is boldly asserted, and plausibly maintained." He was very successful at the Bar; and his success is attributable to his careful preparation of his cases. He was consequently never surprised in conducting a case, while he pursued his opponents with arguments, motions, and appeals.

*See History of N. C., 11:200. (Toner's Medical Men of the Revolution.)

†For copy of Burr's resignation and General Washington's answer, see Davis 1:168.

As in military life, so in his legal career, he was a perfect martinet; he never granted or asked any favors. One of his maxims was, "Never do to-day what you can do as well to-morrow, because something may occur to make you regret your premature action." Another maxim was, "Never negotiate in a hurry." His style of speaking was brief; never loud, vehement or impassioned; more in the style of familiar conversation. He was dignified, slow, distinct, and emphatic; always chaste and self-possessed; never hurried or confused. As on the battle-field, so in his legal conflicts, his arrangements were perfect. He used to say that he never spoke with pleasure. He was never diffuse; but concise, precise, and plain. There lurked sometimes in his speeches a quiet sarcasm, incisive and effective. As a lawyer, Burr had no superior in ability and success; and he was the only opponent (says Parton) who could put Hamilton on his metal. "The keen encounters of their wit" are still cherished in the traditions of the profession. His manner was as great, in his way, as his formidable opponent's, Hamilton's, was in his, with whom for twenty years he contended for the palm of victory. One indulged in glowing rhetoric, the other dealt in severe logic. One presented flashes of poetic eloquence; the other, philosophic reason. Hamilton's mode was to exhaust a subject by discussing every point, whether at issue or not, often speaking for hours, enchaining the court and jury with his fluent and matchless eloquence; while Burr in reply, with calmness, selected the vital points, and assailed the vulnerable positions at issue. In a speech of twenty minutes he would neutralize the ornate and eloquent address of Hamilton. Burr rarely lost a cause. General Erastus Root, who was well acquainted with both, in their palmy days, and who served in Congress with Burr, (1803–1805,) has recorded, "As a lawyer and a scholar, Burr was not inferior to Hamilton. Their modes were very unlike. Hamilton was diffuse and wordy. His words were well chosen, his sentences formed a swelling current, and captivated his audience, but did not convince. Burr was methodical and compact, terse and convincing. One gained applause; the other, the case." Burr would say as much in a half an hour as Hamilton would in two hours. They were, in their day, much the greatest men in their State; and, perhaps, in the United States.

In his person, Col. Burr was about five feet, six inches in height, well formed, and erect in his attitude. His air was that of a soldier. There was a loftiness in his manner that commanded respect. His deportment was courtly and graceful. His features regular and handsome. His eyes were jet black and of peculiar brilliancy; his manners urbane and fascinating.

On the 2nd July, 1782, he married Theodosia Prevost, the widow of an English officer. This union was a happy one, but excited much surprise, and was a puzzle to many. That Burr, young and handsome, covered with military glory and legal fame, highly educated, of distinguished lineage, should marry a widow, ten years his senior, by no means handsome, and without any estate of consequence, except two rollicking boys,* was surprising to all.

There was, at this time, no lady in the land who would not have felt complimented by Burr's attentions. But she was his choice. He turned from "the wealthy courted daughters of the nation"; from the Livingstones, the Schuylers, the Clintons and the Van Renssalaurs, with whom he was then on terms of intimacy, to submit to the charms of his choice. But "he had eyes and he chose her," and he was happy in his choice. He used to say, in after years, that "of all the ladies he ever knew she had no peer." Her chief charm to him was in her cultivated mind. Like Burr, she was a lover of books, pictures, poetry and everything that marked the distance between the Poet and the Puritan. He was to her a devoted lover. Their letters show as ardent affection and sympathy, as those of Abelard and Eloise.

There was born to them, at Albany, in the first year of their marriage, Col. Burr's only legitimate daughter, whom he called after his wife, Theodosia. This beautiful child had a joyful welcome into a world, from which she was destined to have so mournful and terrible an exit. From her infancy, she was the idol of his soul, and his mind was absorbed in that most fascinating of employments, the culture and expansion of a being so lovely and so loved. His letters prove that on her were fixed his constant

---

*One of these sons of Mrs. Burr, by her first husband, was Hon. John B. Prevost, who (in 1812) was recorder of the City of New York, and subsequently District Judge of the U. S. Court in Louisiana. He married the daughter of Dr. Samuel S. Smith, of Princeton, New Jersey. Mrs. Burr died in 1794.

thoughts. In one of them he states, "I hope, by her, to convince the world, what neither sex appear to believe, that women have souls." In her tenth year she was reading Horace, Terrence and Homer, in the originals; speaking French like a native of France.* She was well versed also in Spanish and German; graceful in dancing and a skilful skater. Although she had the family diminutiveness, yet she was graceful and beautiful, and the very poetry of motion. With sparkling wit, she inherited her father's courage and fortitude. Her faith in his honor and worth was implicit. Her letters to him are models of style of filial affection. Under the direction of her father, she became the best educated lady of her age. She was his idol in her childhood; his companion in maturer years; the charm of his life in prosperity, and his consoling angel in adversity. From her earliest infancy she exhibited that fondness for her father, that amounted to idolatry; and in after life the ruling passion of her soul was to undergo the severest of suffering and sorrow in his behalf.

Theodosia ventured to write to her old friend, Albert Tallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, in her father's behalf. A letter still more interesting than this has recently come to light, from her to Mrs. Madison. The coldest heart cannot read this pathetic production without emotion. She writes:

"MADAM: You may be surprised at receiving a letter from one with whom you have had so little intercourse for the last few years. But your surprise will cease when you recollect that my father, once your friend, is now in exile, and that the President can restore him to me and his country.

"Ever since the choice of the people was first declared for Mr. Madison, my heart, amid the universal joy, has beat with the hope that I too should soon have reason to rejoice. Convinced that Mr. Madison would neither feel nor judge from the feelings or judgment of others, I had no doubt of his hastening to relieve a man whose character he had been able to appreciate during a confidential intercourse of long continuance, and whom he must know incapable of the designs attributed to him. My anxiety on this subject has, however, become too painful to be alleviated by anticipation, which no events have yet tended to justify, and in this state of intolerable suspense I have determined to address myself

*At his request she translated for her father, into French, the Constitution of the United States; and Bertham's works. She read with ease Latin and Greek, while her father was constantly urging her to renewed application.

to you, and request that you will, *in my name*, apply to the President for a removal of the prosecution now existing against Aaron Burr. I expect it from him as a man of feeling and candor; as one acting for the world and for posterity.

"Statesmen, I am aware, deem it necessary that sentiments of liberality and even justice, should yield to considerations of policy. But what policy can require the absence of my father at present? Even had he contemplated the project for which he stands arraigned, evidently to pursue it further now would be impossible. There is not left one pretext of alarm even to calumny; for bereft of fortune, of popular favor, and almost friends, what could he accomplish? And whatever may be the apprehensions or the clamors of the ignorant and the interested, surely the timid and illiberal system which would sacrifice a man to a remote and unreasonable possibility that might infringe some law founded on an unjust and unwarrantable suspicion that he would desire it, cannot be approved by Mr. Madison; and must be unnecessary to a President so loved, so honored. Why, then, is my father banished from a country for which he has encountered wounds and dangers and fatigue for years? Why is he driven from his friends, from an only child, to pass an unlimited time in exile, and that, too, at an age when others are reaping the harvest of past toil, or ought, at least, to be providing seriously for the comfort of ensuing years! I do not seek to soften you by this recapitulation. I only wish to remind you of all the injuries that are inflicted on one of the first characters the United States ever produced.

"Perhaps it may be well to assure you that there is no truth in a report lately circulated, that my father intends returning immediately. He never will return to conceal himself in a country on which he has conferred distinction.

"To whatever fate Mr. Madison may doom this application, I trust it will be treated with delicacy. Of this I am more desirous as Mr. Alston is ignorant of the step I have taken in writing to you, which, perhaps, nothing could excuse but the warmth of filial affection. If it be an error attribute it to the indiscreet zeal of a daughter whose soul sinks at the gloomy prospect of a long and indefinite seperation from a father almost adored; and who can leave unattempted nothing which offers the slightest hope of procuring him redress! What would I not risk once more to see him, to hang on him, to place my child on his knee, and again spend my days in the happy occupation of endeavoring to anticipate all his wishes? Let me entreat, my dear madam, that you will have the consideration and goodness to answer me as speedily as possible. My heart is sore with doubt and patient waiting for something definite. No apologies are made for giving you this trouble, which, I am sure you will not deem irksome to take for a daughter, an affectionate daughter thus situated.

"Enclose your letter for me to A. J. Frederick Prevost Esq., near New Rochelle, New York.

"May every happiness attend you, is the sincere wish of

THEO. BURR ALSTON."

The original of this letter in the bold and beautiful writing of Theodosia, is in possession of James C. MacGuire, Esq., of Washington, and it is printed in Harper's *Magazine*, vol. xxix, 293, Theodosia Burr, by Parton.

In the depths of misfortunes, Burr writes to her, "Be what my heart desires, and that shall console me for all the ills of life." After the death of his wife (1794) he seemed to cling to his daughter with increased tenacity, and realized the disruption of such affection so completely, that we are tempted to present the beautiful extract from an anonymous writer to your notice. "What an idol is an only daughter! With what intensity of feeling does a father, who has buried his first love, gaze on his motherless child —beautiful in her sorrow for the dead, lovely and devoted in her affection for the living. All his thoughts, feelings and anticipations; all his earthly interests and heavenly hopes blended with the image of his child. For her, and through her beauty, he mourns the departed; for her, he is ambitious and diligent. In his eyes, she is faultless, and he attempts, in his pride, to make her more than perfection. Although, by an awful dispensation of providence, he has been taught the evanescent nature of our earthly comforts, and the weakness of the tenure by which we hold those we love; yet with bitterness of this discipline upon his heart he again builds his hopes upon as frail a foundation; and his spirit reposes with a confidence that eternity alone can warrant on a creature fleeting as time and as uncertain in continuance as the 'spring born butterfly.'"

Such were the feelings which Burr cherished for his loved child. She married (in January 2d. 1801,) Joseph Alston, afterwards Governor (1812–'14) of South Carolina, who was a gentleman of large fortune, and as distinguished for his amiability as he was for noble, generous qualities. He was a lineal descendant of General John Ashe, of our own Cape Fear country.* Their only son died 30th June, 1812. The melancholy and tragic end of Mrs. Alston has already been alluded to. He survived Theodosia only four years.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

*John Baptista Ashe, the founder of the Ashe family, (see History of N. C.) was the father of John Ashe, (born 1721,) distinguished for his patriotism and character. He was a Brigadier General in the Revolutionary war, and was defeated at Bice Creek. He married Rebecca, daughter of Maurice Moore—he was the father of Mary, who married M. W. Alston, who were the parents of Joseph Alston, who married Theodosia Burr.

Communism in the United States.

A COMMENCEMENT ORATION BY J. S. MANNING, A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

The hatred of American patriots to "taxation without representation" had been appeased by universal enfranchisement. The scarred victor had hung around the colossal oak the trophies of war, and, proud of the newly won Republic, had returned to his quiet home to enjoy the government of his own handiwork. But in this day of America's hopeful prosperity, behold, ships came from Europe freighted with speculative systems of Social Reform.

The despotism of eastern potentates; the ambition and avarice of capital, had reduced the operative to utter destitution. Incessant labor, from earliest dawn to evening darkness, was insufficient to alleviate his misery; or beguile the discontentment of his soul pierced by the goads of insupportable injustice.

The wails of an oppressed and degraded humanity were unheeded, until despair wrought a "Reign of Terror," and an infuriated people, dashing aside the laws that had oppressed them, avenged the accumulated wrongs of ages, and direful was the vengeance taken by a Robespiere and a Marat!

English monarchism quaked before the thundering voice of chartism, which, demanding an extension of political privileges, was vehemently espoused by millions eager to satiate their inflamed appetites with the treasures of the nobility. Reluctant labor sought a protector in the Trades' Union, an association fraught with perils to the laborers who ventured to live without its pale, and pregnant with trouble to England.

The sturdy Teuton, also, writhed under secular and ecclesiastical wrongs; and Germany suffered the agitation and danger incident to the existence of his protective organizations.

From these unbearable evils a refuge was discovered in young, growing, independent America. In 1787, near the palisades of the Hudson, the first American Communistic Society was organized. It adopted the quaint name of Shaker and recognized "Mother Ann Lee," an Inspirationist from England, as its spiritual and temporal head. She was the only and undisputed oracle, and wielded the sceptre of absolute authority over her devoted proselytes. Sub-

sequently other Communistic Societies, dissimilar in some moral requirements, emigrated from Germany, and, in America, first quaffed the nectar of Equality of Rights, Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religious Worship, Freedom of "every good and perfect gift."

> "For here the exile met from every clime
> And spoke in friendship every distant tongue."

These societies adopted as the "golden magnet" for the laboring class, community of property, and attempted by "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," the demolition and reconstruction of society. Upon the wreck of the social fabric a Fourier would fain have erected his gigantic Palace de Phalanx, and, to accomplish a like work, Robert Owen became a pauper. Other Utopian schemes of Social Reform have been abortive; because their advocates have disregarded the truth that society is the growth of ages, progressive ever, and not subject to the fitful fancies of every professed reformer. As the embryo bursts through the superincumbent earth and matures to the graceful plant, so society cast off the corroding bands of feudal servitude under the influences of a true Reformation, and has been elevated during each generation by the deeds of moral heroes and the devotees of true wisdom.

The advocates of Communistic doctrines avow, as their single purpose, the amelioration of the laboring class; often, indeed, has its depravity demanded immediate and radical reform.

But these pseudo-reformers, in applying their theories, would deprive the artisan of his greatest stimulants to labor—the right to enjoy the fruits of his own toil, and the prospect of well-earned individual aggrandizement and elevation. Teach man to live by the sweat of others' brows, and his energies slumber and die. His inventive talents, untaxed, become effete through habitual inactivity. He is a parasite, and his unemployed mind makes him the easy victim of low temptations and infamous passions. Labor itself would be robbed of its attractiveness and, divested of competition, would languish from imbecility. As Brownson remarks, "Community without Individuality, which is termed Communism, is tyranny; the fruits of which are oppression, degredation, and immobility—the synonym of death."

It is a notable fact in these societies that the tantamount claims

of Education are almost wholly ignored. The revelations of Science and the beauties of Art create no longings, and find no eager, expectant minds to grasp their truths. The creations of the poet's fancy give no pleasure, but fall on listless, unappreciative ears. Pernicious principles these, to instil into our laborer with the assurance that they are the panacea of his ills! No; educate our laborer intellectually and morally; for upon him rest the stability and advancement of our government; and if he be the pliant tool of the intriguing demagogue, or the perfidious agitator, he will but forge his own chains and plough the furrows to military despotism.

We should be thankful that these Communistic Societies have not been popular with native Americans, but have risen and continue to increase in consequence of the super-abundance of European population. The austerity, seclusion and self-abnegation of their members possess no charm for our laborer. He does not wish to renounce his privileges and his aspirations for the onerous discipline of a society. Yet the worst institutions exert some useful and salutary influences, so Communism in America is characterized by honesty, cleanliness and extreme frugality.

What influence has Communism in forming other associations of the laboring class? To it may justly be ascribed the Trades' Unions, which, as their history clearly attests, are more defiant and more directly threaten social disorganization. These associations were formed for the financial protection and social elevation of the laboring class; a commendable object, if legitimate ways and means were adopted for its accomplishment. But they fail of their purpose, for they barricade the avenues to wealth, which our institutions, unfettered and unobstructed, leave open; and "they," says a learned writer, "however plausible in theory, become, in practice, the mere association of violence and tyranny, over industry and peace." England, and even the United States, can bear abundant testimony to this. Recently anarchy reigned in a large portion of our country. The laws were set at defiance by operatives incited to insurrection by exaggerated wrongs; and instigated to exchange the quietude and happiness of honest labor for the tumult and desperation of the lawless mob. A commentator on this struggle remarks that "for the Communistic elements of the riots, not American Institutions, but the maladies of European Society, and the short-comings of European governments, are responsible."

Our cities are thronged with the disaffected of Europe, many of whom have fled because of crime; and they seek to transfuse into the American laborer the venom of their minds, and to make him the abettor of their machinations. Thus the cry of the insufficient remuneration of industry is often and loudly echoed through our land. This will continue until the laboring class avails itself of the Public Schools which our government, in its provident care and deep solicitude for the welfare of its citizens, has established. Then the laborer can understand the fluctuations of the currency, and the direct and intimate relation of his employer's success to his own. Then the bitter jealousies of these two classes, whose hostility has become too earnest and deep-rooted, will be allayed, and all senseless bickerings silenced. Our artisan must learn that his unions beget unions of employers and lead inevitably to greater oppression; and that the demand for his industry is diminished by the flight of the uninvested capital, which would otherwise beautify our fertile valleys.

These Communistic Societies and Trades' Unions do, to some extent, benefit the working men, by giving them consolidation and mutuality of interests; by checking the encroachments of corporations; by making capital more prudent in its demands and cognizant of the risk in reducing the wages of labor to a minimum. But why should such protection be sought by labor in America? When rich minerals yet hide their lustre in her unexplored regions; when vast and wealthy areas afford only holes to foxes and dens to wild beasts; when limitless physical powers have not yet been utilized, and many a mountain torrent broadens into the rapid river and sweeps to "the father of waters" without the busy hum of a factory; when every citizen "of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth" will be rewarded; why, I ask, should labor in America need such shields?

Owing to these diabolical doctrines discontent impregnates the air of our cities. The unwary and idle are entrapped in the meshes of false and perfidious philanthropists, by whom the peace of our country is endangered, politically and socially. Vice is increased by the subjection of the very subsistence of the many to the verdict of a chosen committee vested with plenary powers to suspend and resume labor at will. The darkest clouds of human misery

enveloped Glasgow during the strike of 1830, when 60,000 operatives were thrown paupers upon charity; and vice, as the frost that nips the tender bud, felled unrelentingly its numberless victims. Yet, how many recurrences of this!

Communism is not only impracticable, but impossible. To accept it would involve the grant of unlimited and unconstitutional powers to its adherents; and who can make this grant? It would require the coffers of the capitalist to be drained of their hoarded wealth, and our country ravaged by a most bloody and destructive civil war; since, as Rousseau says, "It is certain that the right of property is the most sacred of all civil rights, and more important in some respects than liberty itself; either because it so nearly affects the preservation of life; or because a man's property being more easily injured and with greater difficulty defended than his person, the law ought to pay a greater attention to that right which is most easily infringed; or, either, lastly, because property is the true foundation of political society, and the genuine security of all civil engagements."

The ephemeral successs of the Franc Commeneros, of Spain, the Carbonari of Italy, and the Commune of Paris, warns us of the poison before the deadly potion is drunk. Their barren wakes tell of the tornado of wild fury, which spread desolation in the horrible home of the Inquisition; crimsoned anew the battle-field of the Cæsars, and illumined the Parisian sky with the lurid conflagration of historic palaces.

Universal Education, it seems, would furnish the safeguards against these calamities, while contributing to the general and rapid prosperity of our country. When, in no distant day of futurity, the nations of the earth, both the weak and the powerful, shall assemble in one grand convention, the flag of the known Mistress of the Western World will be seen waving in graceful folds above the pavilions of regal and oriental magnificence; her stars, with the symbols of her States, glittering in enhanced resplendence; her stripes, emblematical of the punishment that awaits the transgressors of her laws. No golden apple of discord will distract the deliberations of that great convocation; but, with the harmonious acclaim of millions, America's brow will be circled with the merited laurel wreath, and Freedom, Justice and Educated Labor will pour forth in inexhaustible fullness the rich gifts of wisdom, plenty and peace!

Hero-Worship.

The middle ages, wrapt in visions of chivalric adventure, seemed almost unconscious of the dire influences of an enervating lethargy, which had settled upon all moral and intellectual life. Yet, now and then, some inspiring genius loomed up as a prophetic signal of the far-distant future, fraught with light and love. It was an age of hero-worship; when the Gothic cavalier, the Celtic warrior, and the Moslem fanatic weltered in human blood, and filled every romantic grotto with the ghastly skeletons of their victims.

The entrance of Rome upon the stage of national enterprise was marked by the advent of Romulus, her first great hero. From this time forward, hero-worship swayed her populace, and hence her government. As empress of the world, and dictatress to all minor principalities, she was expected to develop some grand and noble principles which would bless and save the fabrics of subsequent governments; but her inglorious destruction revealed that licentiousness and that base servility to popular heroes, which gradually weakened, and finally crushed, the mighty structure. However agreeable the contemplation of a hero in his individual capacity may be, however the feelings and conceptions of a student may be enhanced by an association with the ideas and actions of a beau-ideal, yet an absolute yielding to this influence is to be deplored; not only when such an influence is gained over single individuals, but most especially when it is gained over communities; because the principle is lost sight of in the man; in other words, actions must be referred to principles as a standard, and not to men. Great men are a misfortune as well as a blessing; for hero-worship is instinctive to the masses, and, in this case, despotism is inevitable.

Continue the idea that such an influence is to be dreaded, a first reason may be drawn from the fact that it embarrasses free thought, and obstructs independent action. A great man is like a great river, possessing innumerable tributaries, which, leaping from the mountain springs, lave every rock, irrigate the roots of every plant, and permeate the soil of its banks.

A hero is considered a standard of comparison, and the masses, in yielding obeisance to his acknowledged superiority, imbibe his vices as freely as his virtues. A servile acknowledgement of great

authors in their heroic capacity is the most formidable barrier to free thought among the educated; for those who incorporate within themselves the romantic imagery of Byron, the incompatible divinity and deviltry of Bacon, the peculiar attractiveness of Thomas De Quincey, and the striking allegories of Bunyan, are least liable to be swayed by the sound dictates of cautious, thorough, independent thought.

Like our Roman Catholic friends, we are fully convinced that great authors should remain in purgatory, until the evil resulting from a propagation of their works may be counteracted. Picture, then, to yourselves, the various telephonic instruments, which some of our greatest defunct authors would devise, in order to obtain immediate communication with the large publishing houses of Lippencott, Murray, &c., in order to stop any further editions of their works.

Versatility of talents, and brilliancy of expression, frequently contribute to conceal the immorality common to some great men. In their hands, the Bacchic vessel sparkles in unison with their most brilliant thoughts, obscene profanity becomes simply an indication of strong and emphatic utterance, and degrading songs the extemporaneous offshoots of poetic sentiment.

The fickleness of French character has become proverbial. The fact is, the French still continue to be hero-worshippers. On the contrary, Americans are remarkably ungrateful to their great men. Louis XIV, the great French dandy, with his golden tapestries and incomparable costumes, constitutes a Frenchman's beau-ideal of greatness, and he yields an impulsive adoration to the memory of "*le bel homme.*" On the other hand, an American, in referring to Daniel Webster, never stops to distinguish him from the great constellations that rivalled him. Like the rest, "He was a right smart fellow."

This slavery of the French people to the oracular commands of their heroes has begotten in their minds a revolutionizing spirit, whose ebullitions may be seen in the multitude of their modern revolutions. Such a spirit, most woefully exhibited in the late Franco-Prussian war, falls into contempt when it is contrasted with the unbiased, practical phases of American character.

America has erected her altars and unfurled her pennons, not at the pedestal of some demi-god, as it were, but high upon the dome

of liberty, cemented by unity, truth and justice. At first she was an insignificant germ in the great field of nations, but now she has attained a development almost as stately as the parent from whence she sprung.

The great empires of our Latin ancestors, whose religion permeated even their secular employments, whose fiery nature engaged in combat and overwhelmed almost every nation of the globe, whose fearless mariners penetrated the remotest nooks of ocean's trackless main, and whose victorious pennons waved alike amid the philosophic shades of Greece and the barbarous shores of Britain, lie shattered at the base of the monuments which they reared to their emperors and their generals.

Experience teaches that men are fickle, but principles are constant. A large number of young men, in planning their career, place before them as a paragon, some great hero of the past. In so doing their presumption leads them amid all the fickle mazes of a mind different from their own, and their impressionable natures become tinged with the objectionable as well as the useful features of the hero.

Men who stand upon broad principles are the representative men of any country, and as we look upon them in comparison with those who render servile homage to popular heroes, they remind us of some prominent peak in a range of mountains. For instance, take the highest peak of the Alps. There it stands lifted upon a throne inlaid with snowy gems, and monarch of unlimited domain. As if disgusted with the monotonous regularity stamped upon the broad expanse around, it proudly erects its head, piercing the empyrean firmament above, and losing its summit in a halo of golden light. There, with sparkling crest and royal mein, it sends forth its thundering mandates in the shape of overwhelming glaciers which rush heedless and headlong over the summits of the peaks below. Thus men of principle rule men of a servile disposition, and with determination carry out their measures as heedless of such beings as if they did not exist.

No country has been more free from hero-worship than this Great Republic. America has never recognized, either in public institutions or popular sentiment, the position of her great men as though they partook of the least degree of sacredness. As I implied before, they are neither Gods nor Demi-gods.

Our waving forests, frowning rocks, and rough barriers, were unsuitable to the contracted ideas which hero-worship would necessitate; but here Freedom culled from Nature herself found a hospitably home and constant friends. May she always honor moderatele those deserving honor, and punish stringently those deserving punishment.

De Profundis.

BY FATHER RYAN.

[From the Mobile Register.]

We lay before our readers a rare treat to-day—a rich, weird strain, fresh from the poet's pen—a sad refrain from a master hand,

* * "which sweeps along,
The grandest octaves of the heart."

The poet priest sings the best songs of sorrow—he interprets best the hearts of the people "in their woe." When the "Conquered Banner" was furled in glory, he embalmed it in a song which will keep fresh its immortelles. And now when the pestilence comes, and spreads over us its raven wings, from the dark shadows he chants a lamentation which points us all to prayer. But he wants

* * "no name, no other fame
Than this—a Priest of God."

Ah! Days so dark with Death's Eclipse!
Woe are we! woe are we!
And the Nights are Ages long—
From breaking hearts, through pallid lips,
Oh! my God! woe are we!
Trembleth the mourners' song—
A blight is falling on the fair
And hope is dying in despair—
And terror walketh everywhere.

All the hours are full of Tears—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Grief keeps watch in brightest eyes—
Every heart is strung with fears,
Woe are we! woe are we!
All the light hath left the skies,
And the living awe struck crowds
See above them only clouds
And around them only shrouds.

Ah! the terrible Farewells!
Woe are they! woe are they!
When last words sink into moans
While life's trembling vesper bells,
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Ring the awful undertones!
Not a sun in any day!
In the night time not a ray—
And the dying pass away!

Dark ! so dark ! above—below—
Oh, my God ! woe are we !
Cowereth every human life—
Wild the wailing—to and fro—
Woe are all ! woe are we !
Death is victor in the strife—
In the hut and in the hall
He is writing on the wall
Dooms for many—fears for all.

Thro' the cities burn a breath,
Woe are they ! woe are we !
Hot with dread and deadly wrath,
Life and love lock arms in death,
Woe are they ! woe are all !
Victims strew the Spectre's path;
Shy-eyed children softly creep
Where their mothers wail and weep—
In the grave their fathers sleep.

Mothers waft their prayers on high—
Oh, my God ! woe are we !
With their dead child on their breast,
And their Altars ask the sky—
Oh, my Christ ! woe are we !
"Give the dead, oh, Father, rest !
Spare thy people ! Mercy ! spare !"
Answer will not come to prayer—
Horror moveth everywhere.

And the Temples miss the Priest—
Oh, my God ! woe are we !
And the cradle mourns the child,
Husband ! at your bridal feast
Woe are you ! woe are you !
Think how those poor dead eyes smiled;
They will never smile again—
Every tie is cut in twain,
All the strength of love is vain.

Weep? but tears are weak as foam—
Woe are we ! woe are we !
They but break upon the shore
Winding between Here and Home—
Woe are ye ! woe are we !
Wailing never—nevermore !
Ah, the dead ! they are so lone,
Just the grave, and just a stone,
And the memory of a moan.

Pray? yes, pray; for God is sweet—
Oh, my God ! woe are we !
Tears will trickle into prayers
When we kneel down at His feet—
Woe are we ! woe are we !
With our crosses and our cares,
He will calm the tortured breast,
He will give the troubled rest—
And the dead he watcheth best.

Fettered by Fate and Fondled by Fancy.

It seems to us that all College boys are fettered by Fate and fondled by Fancy. They fancy they are *men*, but they are not; they fancy they *will be* great, but they are not; their "day of power" is not yet come. They are chained to the *present* by *fate*, but *fancy beckons* on. A "Freshman," (always the subject of an intelligent Sophomore's criticism,) at first sight, would seem to be the least fettered of all college boys, for he has just broken the fetters of his mother's apron-strings. Perhaps a piece of apron-string is still hanging in his button-hole as he majestically promenades our beautiful Campus. But on the morrow he is to appear in the recitation room of the Professor on Latin. He is asked, in an indifferent tone (indicative of much *reserved thunder*): Will you tell me what a characteristic subjunctive is? "I really never heard of such a thing, Professor." "Did you prepare this lesson?" "No, sir." "Were you sick?" He replies, as do the Yale boys, "*sic sum.*" And as the questions go around the class, he is thinking how much pleasanter it would be, to be seated in his own comfortable room, *inhaling* the smoke (for "dashing boys" *will* do this) of an odoriferous cigarette, made of "Durham smoking tobacco"—the *best* in America. When he reaches his room (his own comfortable room) he writes to his sweetheart, telling her,—

> "I love you as I love myself,
> A self of *purer* clay,
> And when I left you, said *good-bye*—
> The parting *dimmed* the day."

He exhorts her to allow no erosive flood of circumstance to wear away the solid rock of their eternal friendship. He reminds her that he thinks of her *oftimes* and affectionately, and argues that surely if "kind words can never die," *then* the memory of our absent loved-ones is immortal, and *being* immortal, stirs within us waves of emotion that shall wash the golden sands on the farthest shore of the great ocean of eternity. But perhaps his *love* lives *near* the school. Still, his father writes him to be faithful to his studies, prompt on recitation, "get every lesson." His mother writes him to be a good boy above all things, and do his duty. The *Faculty* allow no one to "leave the Hill without permission." He has none. Amid all these voices is heard that of *duty*—duty to *himself*. Oh! young man, you are fettered by fate, *caressed* and *petted* by sweet

fancies! You cannot go to see your lady-love. Is not the *school boy* a type of *man*, my readers? Are we not all fettered by fate and fondled by fancy?

Not long since, in our own country, a train was dashing along at lightning speed when, passing a sudden curve in the road, it came upon faulty track and was thrown off, tearing up the track for some distance. The brave conductor, seeing the great danger, seized the *break*. It was his last noble office, for his head was almost crushed by the catastrophe. But as he lay dying he exclaimed: "Put up the signal-flag for the next train. It is coming." His imagination had run along the track until it saw the coming train, the passengers undisturbed, the engineer unconscious of danger ahead, *proud* of his "iron horse," its strength and beauty. Imagination sees all this and, flying back, whispers to his "better nature," and he exclaims: "Put up the flag." And, as his body was being chained to death and decay, fancy was caressing, persuading, pointing his soul to heaven. Fancy points the way which Faith must climb to glory and to God, for "faith is but man's IDEAL of humanity and God. I say HUMANITY and God for we conceive the *infinite* only in its correlation to the *finite*." So while the hand of Fate was crushing out his young life, doubtless *fancy* caressed his soul, for he had done his duty.

We hold that all men are dreamers. *Reverie* is but day-dreaming —but the yielding of the soul to fancy's flight. But Philosophers may scorn the name of *dreamers*. Yet Aristotle, as he contemplated the beauties of nature—admired the resplendent glory of the "King of Day" as he stood in the mid heavens, doubtless thought of *brighter suns* that shine beyond the ken of mortal eye—he was dreaming of immortality.

The Statesman would have us believe that his shoulders are too heavily burdened with State affairs; that the measure of his hours is filled with mental labor and anxiety—that fancy is an unfrequent visitor. Yet there are hours when memory carries him back to the home of his childhood—to the lowly mounds which inclose the dust of his sainted parents. Fancy pictures the *Old Family-clock* —the rude *lamp* casting its shadows on the floor; by whose light he learned the first principles of political science. He is wishing he were a boy again—fancy is flirting with him—for he *is*, and must be, a *man*. Then comes the thought, flooded with tears, that

home, *boy-home*, has "passed away forever, as the swaying of a pendulum—as the fading of a shadow on the floor." He is fettered by fate and fondled by fancy. Emerson says,

'Tis but a—"short vacation
Fate grants each to stand aside;
'Tis the *turning of the tide.*"

How strikingly does the life and captivity of *Napoleon* illustrate this truth! *Napoleon*, whose word was *power*, the flash of whose genius pierced the darkness of COMING AGES; the God of War his intimate friend and boon companion; on whom Destiny seemed to wait as an handmaid; who bore the screaming eagles of France across the death-destined bridge of Lodi, long before he beheld the star of his destiny mount *heaven—high* on the field of Austerlitz; yet it was but the "turning of the tide," and Napoleon slept—did I say *slept?*—he *dreamed away the night* upon the "iron-girdled coast of St. Helena"!!

Sir Hudson Lowe says of him, that "although he once said of himself that he had a *soul* of marble, yet the mind of Napoleon was dependent for happiness on the accidents of eternal fortune. He had an organism which was sensitive in the extreme. It has been truly said that exalted genius has generally in its composition, something of a *feminine*, as distinguished from an *effeminate* nature. The sight of St. Helena must have smitten the heart of the royal captive, with dismay!! And oh! how often in his exile-solitude did he wish to be a *freeman*, walking the soil of France—"beautiful France." And did he not often fancy that he was Napoleon the *Emperor?* Here is a picture of greatness *caged*, but not *cowed*; of *genius, fettered by fate* and *fondled* by fancy.

Shakespeare considered all men dreamers, for in Tempest he says,

"We are such stuff
As *dreams* are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Shakespeare himself was but a dreamer. When he speaks of our "*little life*" he was doubtless dreaming of a *nobler, higher* life. De Quincey calls him the "Glory of the human intellect," and yet his writings were not appreciated. But imagination pictured the future to him, as it is *now*, viz: That he should be quoted more than any other writer. It was this thought that induced him to

tug long and hard at the greasy ropes of a London play-house before he "shaped to enduring beauty the embodiment of an Hamlet." During his life he was fettered by fate and fondled by fancy, for not until the star of his life was *waning* did the *sun* of his fame light up the world, and shed a stream of mellow glory on his tomb.

In reviewing we find we have mentioned representitive types of all men; the school boy, the brave conductor, the philosopher, the statesman, the warrior and poet; these are all *dreamers*, they are all fettered by fate and fondled by fancy. These are men of the world. But there is a man whom we can scarcely say is fettered by Fate. Do you know his name? It is the *christian*. It is true that he must die; but Fancy cannot be controlled by Fate, but wanders through creation immaterial and chainless, straight to the throne of God!! The christian recognizes in Fate but the hand of a kind providence; he considers not the tide-marks of Fate upon the "sea of Time," but trusts in the skill of that Pilot, who will steer his frail bark into the "haven of rest." Death to the christian is but crossing the threshold of the door that opens into bliss eternal—simply crossing the "dark river" to bathe his soul in the "crystal stream of the river of life," who's waters are *tide-less*—they never *rise* nor *fall*, and yet flow on forever.

Choose a day on which to represent the most sublime and affecting tragedy we have; appoint the most favorite actors; spare no cost upon the scenes and decorations; unite the greatest efforts of poetry, painting and music; and when you have collected your audience, just at the moment when their minds are erect with expectation, let it be reported that a State criminal of high rank is on the point of being executed in the adjoining square; in a moment the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts, and proclaim the triumph of real sympathy.—*Burke.*

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with: "Them's the jockeys for me."—*Coleridge.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

Col. John H. Wheeler.

It is appropriate, in presenting the instructive article on the first page of this number of the MAGAZINE, to give a brief notice of the life of the writer of that article.

John H. Wheeler was born August 2nd, 1806, in Murfreesboro', Hertford county. He was prepared for College by Rev. Jonathan Otis Freeman. At the age of fifteen he entered the Columbian College, District of Columbia. Here he remained five years and received his degree, A. B., in 1826. He read Law one year, in the office of Chief Justice John Louis Taylor. At the age of twenty-two the degree of A. M., was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina.

From 1827 to 1830, he represented his native county in the State Councils, in the lower branch of the Assembly. At the age of twenty-four he was a candidate for Congress, in the first district, but was defeated by Hon. Wm. B. Shepard, of Beaufort.

In 1831 he was appointed, by the President of the United States, Secretary to the Board of Commissions under the Convention with France. Among these Commissioners was Judge Romulus M. Sanders, of N. C. Mr. Wheeler performed the duties of this office with so much credit as to draw forth from the Commissions a voluntary testimonial of his faithful performance of duties.

In 1837, he was nominated by the President to be Superintendent of the Mint at Charlotte. This nomination was confirmed by the Senate. In this capacity he labored faithfully until 1841. In 1841, the Democracy of Mecklenburg tendered him the nomination for the Legislature. This honor he was compelled to decline as he was about to remove to Lincoln county. In 1842, he was elected Treasurer of the State. In 1851, he published his valuable history of his native State. Of late years he has been employed by Congress to index the Congressional Record.

In every public station, Mr. Wheeler has been ardent, faithful

and just in the discharge of his duties. He is distinguished by his ability, integrity of character and honesty of purpose. He can never be forgotten by the citizens of his native State. He is among the few who have striven to rescue the Colonial History of the Old North State from obscurity, and has faithfully endeavored to perpetuate the glories of her achievements and the honor of her sons. Though now a resident of Washington City, his heart ever yearns to his old home, and naught that he can do to advance her glory or perpetuate her name, will be neglected by him.

Mr. Wheeler is now seventy-two years old, but is firm and elastic of step. His voice is clear. Still at his advanced age he is severe and patient in his research; his composition is clear and polished. He is well preserved, and we can but express the hope that many years will be spared to him—years which his nature will compel him to give in adding something to aid in giving permanency to the history of North Carolina.

The Use of Translations.

We hope that the dignified cognomen which, in this article we shall give to what is known among our students as "Jacks" or "Ponies," will be appreciated. We do this, not for the purpose of indulging in alliteration, but simply to place this animal in its proper position among the other members of the *Genus Equidae.* There are two purposes for which translations are used, and there are two classes of students by whom such books are appropriated. In the first place the translation in its legitimate use, is for the purpose of aiding the student in reading obscure passages—not passages difficult of reading on account of some peculiar construction. The grammar gives aid in this direction. The faithful student uses the translation in a legitimate way.

The second use of the translation is for the purpose of facilitating preparation for recitation—this is illegitimate—and finds favor with those students whose natural inclinations are averse to making any research to find an author's meaning. It is sufficient for this class of students to read hastily the translation, go on recitation with an imperfect knowledge of the text, and with this knowledge built upon an unsubstantial foundation.

In discussing the evil of too frequent use of aids in preparation, we are compelled to ask, why are languages read? What is the reason a student has to devote so much time to Latin and Greek, or to any of the Modern Languages? We would answer that the study of languages is a broad field for thought; it gives one a view of the intellectual condition of the people of whom he is reading; it gives one an opportunity to examine the thoughts and criticise the style of the most learned men of the past; it enlarges ones vocabulary of words; it disciplines ones mind, and fills it with well ordered facts and events.

The study of languages is one of the best means of acquiring mental discipline. The giving to a foreign word its exact meaning in ones own tongue requires great discrimination; "It cultivates an accurate knowledge of synonyms and gives a closer insight into the nature and signification of words than could be gained by the study of one's mother tongue." Readiness and accuracy of expression are thus cultivated. To perceive the relations of one part of a sentence to the other parts, to make a correct application of the rules of grammar, and to catch quickly the exceptions to the general rules, trains the mind to ready and exact reasoning. "The slow and difficult process of translation, often requiring repeated attempts before yielding satisfactory results, strengthens the mind against shrinking from perplexities." In fine it cultivates energy and industrious habits—the only sure elements of success.

But it is claimed that a language can be more quickly acquired by the free use of a translation. Yes! and riches or honor can be more readily gained by stealing from others what they have accumulated or by robbing others of their good name. In some cases the pecuniary circumstances of the student may require a speedily gained education, yet even in that case it were better that he learned a little by his own honest exertions, than to be superficial in the use of knowledge resulting from the labor of another. If it is best to read the translation why not discard the Text Books, the Grammar, the Lexicon? It is not better. If a language is read merely for information, a translation alone is needed. But on the other hand, if an author is read to study his beauty of style, his depth of research or for the pleasure to be gained from a literary

work, then the translation must be discarded forever. We are to study the author, not the translator—the original, and not the original buried beneath the imperfections of the translator.

Those favoring the use of translations say that it does away with such repeated references to the lexicon. Of course it does, and they may well add, "it presents but one meaning to each word, one meaning and nothing from which to choose." One cannot turn too often to the pages of the lexicon used, perhaps, by his father. The writer once heard a learned gentleman remark that he never "looked out the Latin *et* without finding some new meaning." The use of a lexicon gives the student an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a whole range of meaning to which the word is applicable. The lexicon gives a word as translated in its various shades of meaning. The lexicon also furnishes the knowledge of how words are inflected, compared or conjugated, as the case may be. Other advantages of the lexicon, and of the old system of studying languages, might be given, which clearly demonstrate that the use of translations is injurious. "Slow, but sure," is a homely saying, and is applicable here. The student who spends an hour in studying and overcoming the difficulties of one word, has done more than he who read in an hour a whole page of a translation.

The last point to which we direct the attention of our reader is that the use of a translation creates a feeling of dependence. It robs a student of self-reliance and causes him to lean on others. The translation in language is but as the various other modes used in acquiring knowledge of other studies. All are injurious. When we enter life we will have no *Bohn* to make easy the difficulties which will oppose our progress. "There is no royal road to learning." The only way to succeed as a student is to rely solely on one's own exertions—discarding those agencies which are as injurious to the mental nature as are the use of intoxicants to the physical nature. We may endeavor to go around the hill of life, but our path will lead to destruction. The only road is up "life's rugged step, where fame's proud temple shines afar." To pluck the fruit we must climb the tree; and we must ascend the hill ere we can gaze on the panorama that is spread out before us.

The College "Bore."

When we listen to an old Graduate, while speaking on the sacred grounds of his Alma Mater, grow eloquent in his praises of her, and, with tears in his eyes, ask where are all of his old associates, giving as an answer "*Rari nantes in gurgit vasto,*" we naturally imagine that his was a truly happy college life. The hearing of an Alumni orator fills us with a great desire to make ourselves famous after leaving College, and therefore, be called to address that venerable body, the Alumni Association. We feel justified in making the assertion that some of our college subscribers will some day be invited to address the body above mentioned, and also that he too, like the Graduate referred to, will have the good sense to present the bright side only, and make no mention of a well-known character now in our midst, and known as the College "Bore." It is the duty of some one to put something on record concerning this gentleman. He never leaves College walls after once entering them, but continues ever a *quasi* student from year to year. Punctual to a fault, he is the first to appear at the opening of a session and welcome his former acquaintances with disgusting smiles, and annoying and oft repeated accounts of his summer's exploits. Who has a greater knowledge of events that have and have not transpired, are and are not transpiring, will and will not transpire, than our subject? If a full report of anything whatever, either within or without his field of observation is wanted, make inquiries of him immediately and you will obtain much information. One of his pet subjects of discussion is the coming Commencement, and in connection with it the names and chances of election of the many candidates for its various offices. Listen to his story and no man at the last Commencement had greater enjoyment, took more with the ladies or was a greater success generally than he. In a meeting of the students, for any purpose, he takes an active part to the great disgust of all. His darling object seems to be to second a motion, which motion he is sure to support with a speech which invariably defeats it. Therefore, when argument fails you get him to oppose you, and then rest satisfied. There are some things, however, that can be said in his favor. He will come to your room, just when your studies are dry and difficult, and entertain you for many hours. When he visits

you, even though you may feel dull and not inclined to talk, yet he will rattle away as pleasantly as ever. He is the equal, intellectually, of any one he meets, for no matter what idea is advanced he quickly remarks, "I was just going to say that."

The Historical Society.

No people ever become great who do not pay reverence to the great and good men, who have left to their descendants a heritage of their noble deeds and the fruit of their illustrious actions. It is well for us to commune with the spirits of the brave men and true who have made our State, if not one of vast wealth and influence, yet, still better, one of plenty and contentment. Such, I believe, is the staid, conservative character of our people. Never hasty in their actions, yet when aroused in the interest of truth and justice, the last to sheathe their swords. Ever watchfully jealous of their liberties, they prevent this jealousy from degenerating into meanness, and pay due respect to the exercise of lawful authority. Calm, collected, watchful, they baffle the efforts of demagoguery to arouse them to violence, and stand unshaken by the storm of political excitement when other States are wildly driven before the hurricanes of Communism which seems ready, at almost any moment, to sweep over some of our sister States, bearing destruction in its path and leaving only desolation in its track.

Society with us may for a short time lose its balance and vibrate wildly in the air of popular excitement; but soon it steadies itself and rests undisturbed upon the foundation of order, which is innate in the hearts of our people. It is to furnish posterity with the means to understand and correctly appreciate the deeds of those who have gone before, so that they may imitate the virtues which made their ancestors illustrious, and eschew the evils which rendered their escutcheon less fair—that the Historical Society was formed. It is to rescue the records of the past "from the twi-light of uncertainty, which hovers about them, and from the night of forgetfulness, which is about to settle upon them forever." Walter Scott shows us Old Mortality brushing the dust from the tomb-stones that illustrated the lives of those who had been of his faith. So the Historical Society wishes to burnish the deeds of our venerated dead and cause them to emit gleams of purest light from amidst

the dust of years. The character of the men who form the Society is a perfect assurance of the goodness of its designs. Among its charter members we find such names as Graham, Hooper, Atkinson, Phillips, Hubbard, Deems, Craven, Battle, and others of equal dignity. The Society was organized on the 4th of May, 1875, with Hon. W. A. Graham as its first President. After his death the Rev. Dr. Wm. Hooper filled the chair. The third and last President is Hon. John Kerr. Prof. R. H. Graves is Recording Secretary; Mrs. C. P. Spencer, Corresponding Secretary, and Prof. C. D. Grandy, Treasurer. President Battle has set apart an alcove in the old Dialectic Society Hall, in the West Building, for the use of the Society. Mrs. Swain has turned over to President Battle 50 or 60 books of great historical value, which the late Gov. Swain had in his possession, the property of the Historical Society. Let every man in North Carolina, who desires to see the records of past events and achievements in his State preserved and utilized, exert himself towards the collection of facts and forwarding them to the Historical Society. All information on the subject can be obtained from Mrs. C. P. Spencer, Corresponding Secretary, Chapel Hill, N. C.

☞ We wish to have the fact fully understood that this MAGAZINE is not the property of any set of students, but it is the property of each individual student of the University. We are led to make this grave announcement, not because we have heard anything confirmatory of the first sentence of this article, but because the MAGAZINE has received so little support from those of the students not designated to conduct it. When we take up an exchange we notice an article by a member of the Senior Class; or probably an oration made by an Alumnus; or a short sketch by a Sophomore, and not unfrequently a good article by a Freshman.

Fellow-student—you who are reading this article—what have you written for the MAGAZINE? What have you done for it, except subscribe? We came near saying pay your subscription, but our books do not warrant such a remark.

The retiring board of Editors watched, but watched in vain, for articles from the students. Not in vain, for one or two articles were furnished.

What is the MAGAZINE for, if it is not to encourage practice in writing among the students? The present Editors intend to leave nothing undone to make this periodical a representative of the University. To do this they must have co-operation. We see in this neglect of our students a want of University pride. We do not mean that the average student will not defend this institution and repel the unwarranted attacks which are frequently made on it. Our meaning is this: There are no men here who wish to help elevate the University. Then there is a class who do not wish to aid the MAGAZINE. These are men who have always opposed the establishment of this journal, and now that it is established they have not sufficient magnanimity to come forward and aid in the work.

Then there is another class of students who do not wish to have anything to do with the MAGAZINE since Mr. ——— is one of the Editors, or because another gentleman bearing that same mysterious cognomen, ———, was specially active in giving the MAGAZINE a start. Fellow-students, such reasons as these will no doubt keep many of you from being Governor of this great Commonwealth. Of course if you are nominated for the responsible office, and either of those Mr. ———s are on the ticket, you cannot consent to canvass. And then the world will be deprived of the brilliancy of your genius—exactly as the students are now not permitted to read your well-penned thought. Then there is another class of students who oppose everything, whether good or bad, with which they are not connected, or at the head of which they do not preside. This is a class of men to be pitied, and we hope few are found among our number.

To all we would say—Fellow-students, the MAGAZINE of the University of North Carolina is established. Six editors with willing hearts have it in charge, and they invite you cordially to put aside all dislikes and prejudices, and aid in the advancement of this old institution of improvement. Surely it shall not be said that the venerable University of North Carolina cannot sustain a MAGAZINE. One and all we invite you to write an article and send it in, and while you will derive great benefit therefrom, others may not only be interested and pleased, but may also be benefited and instructed. Let not this call be made again.

COLLEGE RECORD.

University Day.

The Trustees of the University, one year ago this month, decided to institute the 12th of October of each year as an anniversary day, in commemoration of the first step toward establishing the University, viz: The laying of the corner-stone of the Old East Building, by Gen'l Wm. R. Davie, and others, in 1793. Last year the occasion was celebrated in a most appropriate manner. A sketch of the history of the University, from 1793 to 1877, was delivered by President Battle, and there were addresses by other Alumni. This year the occasion was anticipated more eagerly than ever, for students who expect to rival their ancestors in celebrity, ever and anon, desire to hear of the hardships and exploits of those sainted pioneers.

On Friday, the 11th of October, the anniversary exercises for this year were conducted. The rostrum was most tastily decorated by the ladies of the village, and above it were inscribed these words: "*Sicut patribus*, 1776—1878." "The Old North State," that popular song composed by Judge Gaston, was sung by the Glee Club. President Battle then arose and continued his history of the University, by giving an account of the University Buildings. No record of the documents that were deposited in the corner-stone of the Old East Building has ever been preserved. Mr. Patterson, a resident of Chatham county, was the builder, and the cost of completing it amounted to £2,500. The Old East, two stories in height, continued for many years the only building occupied by students, but in a few years it was raised another story, and lengthened so as to afford halls for the two Literary Societies. The Old West Building was erected in 1822. In choosing a Faculty and a presiding officer, the revolutionary spirit that existed among our people prejudiced them against adopting the titles usually bestowed upon the presiding officers of the Universities in England, such as Chancellor, Provost, &c., and

instead they assigned to that important personage the title of President. This gentleman, whoever he might be, was the *sina qua non* to the whole establishment, the father of the little family of Faculty and students, who clustered around him to assist, and to be assisted, in imparting and receiving their "sums" and their "lessons." Hence he alone was to be provided with a separate mansion, (an unpainted, wooden house, with two rooms,) while the Professors were allowed to eat and sleep in common with the other swine, who had their common sty in the Old East. Next arose the question, "How are the students to be fed?" The village at that time could only boast of one house, and the total number of inhabitants did not exceed one, while at a distance of two or three miles lived three or four farmers. A Steward's Hall was then erected, where the students were to board. This building, which stood in 1844, has now gone to ruin. The bill of fare prescribed by the Trustees was simple and frugal. The students in those days were not the milk of the land. Their gastronomical, as well as "gasonomical," abilities must be educated to endure hardship. At breakfast, milk, coffee or tea, one warm roll, or corn-bread and butter, (most generally corn-bread and butter without the roll,) must serve to satiate the highly sensitive gaster which had dealt out strength to the student until the midnight tallow candle flickered in its socket. At dinner, bacon and greens awaited the student's craving palate, but as substitutions are sometimes allowed in studies, so this tempting bill of fare might be substituted by beef and turnips. In addition to this a fowl of some description must complete, as well as begin, the list of delicacies, and even this might be substituted by puddings, tarts, &c. At supper, coffee, tea and bread, but no butter, comprised the nutritive substance which must resist the wear and tear of brain-work upon the physique. An amendment was made to this latter clause whereby "students who do not drink tea or coffee may *eat* milk." The changes in seasons were accompanied by changes in the quality of bread. The final clause of this elaborate constitution provided that "all amendments to this bill of fare must be made only by permission of the Faculty." This bill of fare, which was evidently related to the students by President Battle, in order to introduce more gastronomic economy among them, presented quite a sad

contrast to the scene which followed at dinner, when each student appeared fully embued with the idea that if *his* ancestors, by stinting themselves stunted the minds and bodies of their children, no whining posterity of mewling, brawling, sickly, sentimental brats should pronounce curses upon *their* forefathers for such neglect of the "middle extremity."

In 1797, Gen'l Person, by a liberal donation, secured the completion of another building. In 1798, the corner-stone of the Main or South Building was laid, but, for want of funds, was not completed. During the meanwhile the students were compelled to erect shelters. In those days of American antiquity, lotteries, which are now held in such low esteem, were considered proper and honest. Hence the Trustees resorted to this method of raising funds and completed the building.

The Trustees, at the beginning of the University, gave especial prominence to Natural History, Modern Languages and English, but would not tolerate Greek. The next building erected was the Chapel, but on account of a large donation of land made by Maj. Chas. Gerrard, took its name from that gentleman. The other buildings were afterwards erected as follows: Smith Hall, (commonly called Ball Room,) named for Gen'l Smith; Person Hall, named for Gen'l Person, and the New East and New West, (society buildings,) erected in 1859. At first the University had no President. When the first session opened, the Faculty was composed of David Kerr, Professor of Humanity and Presiding Officer, and Dr. Chas. Harris. Mr. Hinton James, of Wilmington, was the first student who arrived on the Hill, and in one month after opening, the number reached 40. In 1796, there were more than 100 students in attendance. Up to 1850, the greatest number of students did not exceed 170. After this year the number increased until it reached 496, the third University in rank with respect to numbers in the Union.

Among its distinguished graduates were: President Polk, Vice-President King, Hon. John Y. Mason, Prof. Erasmus D. North, of Yale College, Hon. Thos. H. Benton, Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, United States Senator, Aaron V. Brown, United States Senator and Governor of Tennessee, Judge Grant, Hon. Henry W. Miller, Hon. Wm. A. Graham, United States Senator and Secretary of the Navy,

Gen'l Pettigrew, Chief Justice Pearson, Gov. Z. B. Vance, Chief Justice Caldwell, and many others equally distinguished.

After the address, the University Ode, composed by Mrs. C. P. Spencer, was sung by the Glee Club. President Battle then introduced Hon. Jno. Norwood, of Hillsboro, a member of the class of 1820. This venerable gentleman then proceeded to give a history of the members of his class. Out of 80 who entered the Freshman class, only 36 presented themselves for a degree. After a lapse of twenty years, only five were left in the State. Of those who graduated, Hon. Wm. A. Graham, Hon. John Bragg, Hon. Matthias E. Manly and Edward Simms, rose to distinction. The only survivors now are, Hon. Matthias E. Manly, Hon. Dr. Armand DeRossett, and the Speaker.

The exercises then closed with a hymn, sung by the Glee Club, and the benediction, delivered by Rev. Dr. Roe, of New Jersey.

☞ When a Freshman has learned to consume cigarettes in an artistic manner, by inhaling smoke and ejecting it through his nostrils, life is no longer a barren reality, but is as real as a bar of soap.

☞ We do not presume for a moment to encroach upon the wisdom of the grave and reverend Seniors, nor to tell them of their duty, but we would like to know if they have secured the services of "that preacher man."

☞ The Editors have resolved to reduce the price of the Magazine to $2.00 per annum. The number of copies issued per annum will be 10. Those who have already paid the original subscription price of $2.50, can take advantage of this reduction by obtaining two copies more than the remainder of the subscribers. Address all communications to R. P. Pell, Business Manager, Chapel Hill, N. C.

☞ We regret to see a notable absence of all class organization among the students. Such organizations are vital functions of College life elsewhere, and we can divine no reason why such customs should not be instituted here. We do not favor aping too many customs—for instance, we must exclaim against the square topped caps—yet there are certain customs which add materially to the pleasure and profit of the student, and these we wish to see introduced.

☞ A well written romance entitled, "A Candidate for Ball Manager," has been sent to this office, but we decline to publish it on account of its extreme personality. The plot is well executed, and the closing words of the hero give evidence of success. Says he: "All augers well. Three Seniors have lately come to my support. Representatives of two delegations have waited on me and assured me of my popularity. The Fresh. think I'm a blood. On the whole I think my chances good. Aye, more than good—they are sure."

☞ At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of the University, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, E. L. Harris; Vice-President, W. A. Betts; Secretary, J. D. Murphy; Treasurer, T. H. Battle. W. A. Betts, F. H. Stedman and D. Kennedy, constitute the Devotional Committee. A. L. Phillips, G. Robbins, A. R. Holshouser, C. D. McIver and J. D. Gunter, form the Reading Room Committee. We understand that the Association intend to request of the Trustees the privilege of having an address before their body during Commencement Week, the address to form a part of the Commencement Exercises.

PERSONALS.

E. B. Engelhard, '78, is in the office of Secretary of State, Raleigh, N. C. He spent his summer in Europe.

Rev. W. O. Temple, having completed his *sal*tant studies here, has resumed his clerical duties in the East. "Eh, what say?' "What's that, Billy?"

J. B. Lewis, '78, stands first in a class of 100,000 at Eastman's Business College. He will open a Business College at Rocky Mount, and devote his whole time and energy to the Math. department. He occupies his spare time in writing a poem to be called "The Crossing of the Eno."

"Pigmy," '81, will diversify the jingling of his banjo by beating the long roll on his patient's teeth. He has not grown any.

Cheap and trashy *Books* are found flooding every State in the Union, but the cheapest and sorriest we have ever seen come from *Maine.*

Archibald Tarry McCallum, '81, has not departed from us forever. Next session his boyish face, beaming eye and ringing laugh, will again re-appear in the Campus.

The blow pipe is laid aside together with the piles of manuscript on "An Improvement on Hoyle." Wasting dissipation until 10 o'clock and that beautiful game, whose name he bears, know him no more. "Euchre," '81, studieth law.

The usually *bustering* and noisy city of Faison was thrown into the wildest state of joy and excitement the other day, by the startling announcement, proclaimed from the house tops, re-echoed down the by-streets, and passed from mouth to mouth, "Fresh. Faison has cut another tooth!"

Powell, '77, who fled the ball-room Thursday night of last Commencement for Europe (!), is back on his cotton plantation, bearing himself with the dignity which characterized him when 2nd Sergeant at Bingham School.

R. E. Caldwell, Ph., '78, has charge of a flourishing Academy at Flat River P. O., in this county. The community being a very good one, we hope he will *waltz* through well.

R. Bascom Kerner, founder of Kernersville and lately a student at this University, has founded, and still manages, a Classical and Mathematical *High* School, at Salem, N. C. "White men shall rule America."

T. C. Phillips, who so precipitously fled the horrors of College life for the tender sympathies of the home circle, has not, so far, accumulated courage and steam enough to return.

Jonas Carr, once a *student* here, is in business at his home, Oxford, N. C. "Jony," we know, will do well in every calling of life, and a "bigger blood" among the ladies cannot be found. "Raise you five!"

John Cunningham, '81, after spending about two weeks with us this session, concluded to return to Tennessee. *Fugis fugere fugi fugitum.*

Isham F. Hill was forced to leave us on account of a weakness of his eyes, brought on by over work. Hope he will soon recover.

William Lanier Hill is doing up Europe, as everybody knows. So burdened was his mind with the thoughts of again resuming the laborious duties of College life, that, even in Europe, life was a burden and, to relieve himself, he sped a letter from the wilds of Switzerland, inquiring, "What can I substitute for Physics?"

C. T. Askew, '79, is Secretary of the Falls of Neuse Paper Manufacturing Company. Success.

Thomas Irby McNeill, Ph., '78, has returned to his Southern Sunny home in S. C. He is taking anti-fat.

John Baxter Killian sits on the rugged tops of the Blue Ridge and, with deplorable sadness, fiddles for the wild goats to dance down the ragged cliffs below.

Alfred D. Jones, Medalist of the Di. Society last year, is now at the University of Va. His many friends miss him very much.

J. E. Scott, '80, has returned to Alamance to make himself a "horny handed son of the soil." No doubt *calico* attracts him from us.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges this month have been comparatively few. We hope that those who honor us with their periodicals in return for our own, will be more punctual in the future.

The Cornell *Review* comes to us this month the model of College Magazines. We notice most of the articles are written by Alumni, a fact that augers well for the love the students bear for that institution after their departure. The *Review* goes for us a little, but we must acknowledge the corn, and hope by steady perseverance to make our Magazine acceptable even in the eyes of such portentous journalists as the editors of that excellent Magazine, the Cornell *Review*.

We welcome a new addition to our list. We have received two numbers of the *Pennsylvania University Magazine*. The articles are written in very simple English, and the sentences are terse and short. The absence of this merit in ourselves and in many other College periodicals, which we might mention, detracts very much

from the pleasure which the general reader obtains from their perusal. The acquirement of such a tact indicates experience, care and an absence of pedantry. The latter defect is, perhaps, the most striking which is palmed off in the productions of College students. The *Magazine* contains a communication from some one concerning the propriety of Commencement orations, which struck us as not only being in perfect consonance with the views of Commencement visitors, but also in accordance with the custom now generally prevalent of abolishing all unnecessary bombast. We think the editors of this *Magazine* have very correct ideas on the subject of criticism, which a large number of our Magazines carry to the extreme, and frequently render hypocritical.

The *Princetonian*, evidently elated at the prospect of giving vogue to College gossip another year, comes to us full of local incidents. It is a model paper for the students at Princeton to employ as a medium to sail at the Faculty. However, it does contain some very spirited and pointed editorials on the subjects of discussion generally debated by College periodicals. We think if the *Princetonian* would indulge less in snapperado, and expressions of discontentment, it would be more relished by outsiders. Yet, when we feel ourselves treated unjustly by the Faculty, or ground down by some unaccountable feelings of disgust with everything about us, we can always find consolation in the scientific "cuss" words invented by the *Princetonian*. We always welcome it.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

Chapel Hill, N. C., Philanthropic Hall, September 14th, 1878.

Whereas, The Philanthropic Society has received intelligence of the sad and untimely death of James Mann Nicholson, of Halifax county, a former member of the Society and a graduate of the University at the last Commencement, it desires to express its sorrow over his loss and to place on record its admiration of his character.

He was a man of great amiability, gentleness and purity of heart, shrinking from strife and evil words, and treating every man as his peer. His intellectual faculties were not only quick, but strong, above the average, so that he was able to comprehend

problems of more than ordinary difficulty. Besides, his keen sense of duty stimulated him to constant exertion, which, supported by a vigorous constitution and temperate habits, made him the foremost scholar in his class. He gave promise of much usefulness in life, and there was no sign of evil in him. Loved and honored by his fellow-students and esteemed by his instructors, his memory will long dwell among us, though these halls shall know him no more forever. In token of regard it is

Resolved, 1*st*, That a badge of mourning be worn by all the members of this Society for thirty days.

Resolved, 2*nd*, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the University Magazine, *Raleigh Observer*, *Tarboro Southerner*, and to Mr. Nicholson's parents.

Jno. M. Manning,
Robt. W. Winston, } Committee.
J. C. Dowd,

Rooms of Y. M. C. A., University of N. C.,
September 28th, 1878.

Whereas, The Author and Preserver of life has seen fit, in His infinite wisdom, to afflict our hearts with grief by bringing to a sad and untimely death our beloved brother, James Mann Nicholson, therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to Him who both "giveth and taketh away," we cannot but lament the loss of him who has suddenly passed from us.

Resolved, That in him the Young Men's Christian Association has lost a sincere and earnest christian, and we, its members, have been bereft of a brother, whom "to know was but to love." In him an amiability of disposition was combined with a firmness of character, which commanded respect, wherever known. Possessed of abilities rarely excelled, he won all hearts by his modest bearing. Truly can we say that he was "one on whom the very Gods did set their seal to give the world the assurance of a man."

Resolved, That we tender our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased friend.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Y. M. C. A., and sent for publication to the University Magazine.

Robert Strange,
Jas. Manning, } Committee.
Jas. D. Murphy,

A. WHITLOCK,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

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TARBORO, N. C.

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Awarded Diploma at North Carolina State Fair, 1877.

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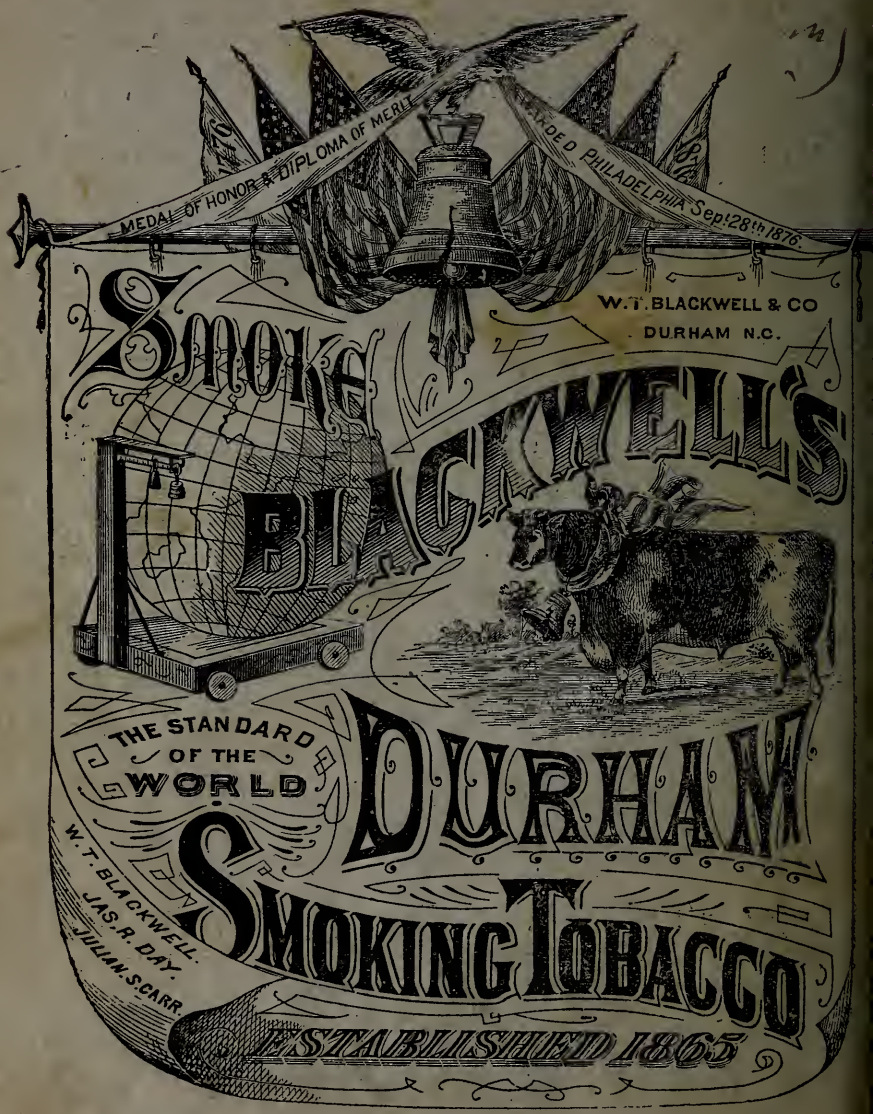
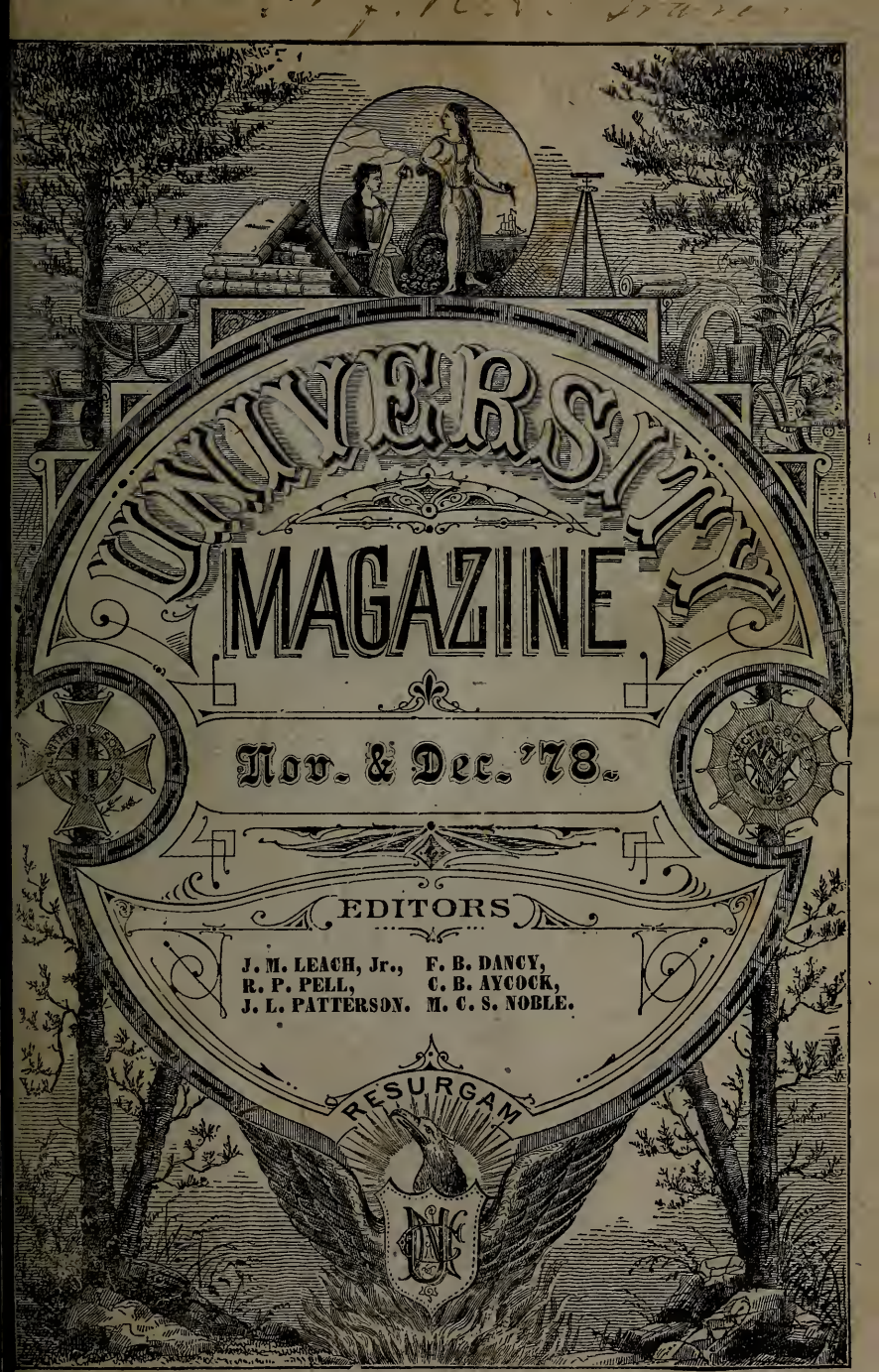


THE TIE THAT BINDS THE TWO HEMISPHERE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J. M. LEACH, Jr., F. B. DANCY,
R. P. PELL, C. B. AYCOCK,
J. L. PATTERSON. M. C. S. NOBLE.
RESURGAM

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THE

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EDITORS:

Of the Dialectic Society:
J. M. LEACH, Jr.,
R. P. PELL,
J. L. PATTERSON.

Of the Philanthropic Society:
F. B. DANCY,
C. B. AYCOCK,
M. C. S. NOBLE.

Vol. 2. NOVEMBER, 1878. No. 3.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Aaron Burr and his Daughter, Theodosia Burr Alston.

BY COL. JOHN H. WHEELER.

[*Concluded.*]

We have been so interested with the accomplished daughter that we have about forgotten the distinguished father. In 1789 Col. Burr was appointed Attorney General of New York by Governor George Clinton, the duties of which were arduous, and which he discharged with acknowledged ability, so that, in 1792 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, which he declined to accept, as he had already been elected Senator in Congress. He took his seat in the Senate in October, 1791, succeeding General Schuyler, and served until 4th of March, 1797. Of his service in the Senate, as that body at this period sat with closed doors, and was regarded as an advisory body to the Executive, we have but little information. He was elected to the State Assembly of New York in 1798.

From some aspersions by John B. Church, who was an editor, we learn, on the character of Col. Burr, a challenge was sent by Burr and the parties met on 2nd of September, 1799, at Hoboken, where, five years afterwards he met Gen. Hamilton, and exchanged fires without effect. A ludicious incident occurred on the ground.

Col. Burr's second was Judge Edamus Burke, a relation of Thomas Burke, Governor of North Carolina in 1781, and afterwards a Judge in South Carolina. Like Handy Andy, he was an eccentric Irish gentleman, full of fine frolic and fun. Burr told him that the balls were cast purposely small; and chamois leather was cut to put around them and that the leather must be greased in order to ram the bullet home. This the blundering Irishman in his haste neglected. After having taken their positions, Col. Burr had noticed the Judge hammering the ramrod with a stone. When the pistol was handed to him, with his characteristic coolness, Burr drew the ramrod, tried the pistol and ascertained that the ball was not home, and informed his second, who replied, "In faith, sir, I forgot to grease the leather, but you see he's ready; don't keep him waiting, just take one crack at him as it is and I will grease it well next time." Col. Burr, at the word fired, of course, without effect. This gaucherie of Burke afforded much amusement but perhaps saved the life of Mr. Church.*

The political affairs of the country now assumed a violence and virulence never before known in the Republic. The contest between the two parties, the Republicans, led on by Mr. Jefferson, and the Federalists, under Mr. Adams, were now fierce and ferocious. The Electors had made no choice for President, and the election devolved on the House. Mr. Jefferson had 73 votes, Mr. Burr 73, Mr. Adams 65, and C. C. Pinckney 64. Many of the Federal party resolved to elect Mr. Burr; not that they loved Mr. Burr, but they hated Mr. Jefferson. But more honest and sensible men of the party, as Gov. Morris, said "That it was evidently the intention of the people to elect Mr. Jefferson and it seemed

*Adames Burkes was distinguished as an eccentric, liberal and witty man. He was a native of Ireland, born in Galway, 1743. Educated at St. Omen. Came to America and settled in South Carolina. A lawyer by profession, and in 1778 was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court The war closing the courts, he volunteered, and served in the Revolutionary contest, which, when over, he resumed his seat on the bench. In 1789 he was elected to Congress, but he would not resign his seat on the bench, and the Legislature of South Carolina passed a law prohibiting any Judge from leaving the State. He resigned his seat in Congress and remained on the bench until his death. While attending Congress he was the second of Burr. He was an earnest opponent of the adoption of the Constitution and wrote a pamphlet against the establishment of "the Society of the Cencinatti" as Anti-Republican, which was assailed also by Mirabeau of France, Judge Brachern, of Pennsylvania, and others. He was never married, but his bachelor's hall was the frequent scene of mirth and hospitality. His free habits affected his health, so that dropsy ensued, for which he was tapped. He was assured by his doctor, Irvin, that he would soon be better. The Judge shook his head and with his wit which was his ruling passion, even to the last "Nothing in my house was ever better after being tapped." His ruling as to the effect of bad whiskey in case of larceny is still a standing joke of the profession. He died at Charleston, 1802. See Drake's dictionary of Biography, Johnaton's Traditions of the South. Lanman's Biographical Annuls. Anecdotes of the Revolution by Alen Garden.

proper to elect him." On this trying occasion Mr. Burr bore himself as it became a gentleman and a patriot. He remained in New York, and did not endeavor to use any efforts to influence the minds of the members. He wrote to Gen. S. Smith, as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 16th, 1800.

It is highly probable that I will have an equal number of votes with Mr. Jefferson; but if such should be the result, every man ought to know that I would utterly disclaim all competition. As to my friends they would dishonor my views and insult my feelings, by a suspicion that I would submit to be instrumental in counteracting the wishes and expectations of the people of the United States. And I make you my proxy to declare these sentiments if the occasion should require it.*

Imputations of fraud and intrigue were then made, as always have been, and will be, in closely contested elections. But the calm verdict of history, has settled the fact that this exciting contest terminated as it justly ought. The course of James A. Bayard, by whose vote the election of Mr. Jefferson was secured, was the subject of scrutiny, but his conduct was shown to be worthy of the motto of the great original of his name, "without fear and without reproach." The following letter from him to a friend, shows his chivalric character:

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 22nd, 1801.

"You have been correctly informed that I have been nominated and confirmed as Minister to France—and that I have declined the appointment, which, under other circumstances, would have given me perfect gratification. "Among other considerations is the part I took in the election; as I gave the turn to the election, it was impossible for me to accept any office held on the tenure of Mr. Jefferson's pleasure. My ambition shall never be gratified at the expense of honor. I shall never lose sight of the motto of the great original of our name."†

Had Mr. Clay pursued the same course in 1825; and refused office at the hands of Mr. Adams, he might probably have been a successor of Mr. Adams as President.

Mr. Jefferson took the oath of office as President 4th of March,

*Burr Jefferson believed that Burr was engaged at the same time in secret intrigues with the Federal party to defeat the will of the people and secure the highest office in their gift. Hamilton, although on friendly personal relations at this time with Burr, was an out spoken and determined supporter of Jefferson in the struggle then pending in the House of Representatives; and in his correspondence with leading Federal members of Congress he sought them to aid in the election of Jefferson as he was the acknowledged choice of the American people

†See Congressional Globe, 33d Congress. 2nd Sept.

1801, and Mr. Burr as Vice President at the same time. When residing in Washington, Mr. Burr lived on Capitol Hill, at Thomas Law's, near the present Coast Survey Office.

The most important event in the life of Col. Burr and the one that had the most direct influence on his future life and happiness was the duel between him and General Alexander Hamilton.

In February, 1804, Burr was nominated by a public meeting in New York a candidate for Governor. Judge Morgan Lewis was the opposing and the successful candidate. General Hamilton opposed the election of Burr with much vigor and virulence. A letter written by Charles D. Cooper contained expressions of Hamilton as to Burr for which he required some explanations from Hamilton, which were refused. A challenge from Burr followed and was accepted. They met at Hoboken on the 11th of July, 1804, and Hamilton received a mortal wound, of which he died on the next day. This was the culminating point in the career of Burr. From the very pinnacle of honor and popularity, the second officer in the Government, and a prospect of being the President, he fell so low, as to become an object of scorn to many, of hatred to some and of suspicion to all. He might well exclaim with fallen cardinal:

> "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.
> There was the weight that pulled me down.
> All my glories have I lost forever."

The tragic event had but light effect upon this man of iron. The correspondence, as well as his demeanor on the field, prove his determined and fearless character. His letters to Governor Alston the day before the duel, and the day after, exhibit no emotion, or feeling.

On the morning of the duel, and after it was over, one of Col. Burr's relatives arrived in town from Connecticut, and called on Burr at his house, then at Richmond Hill.* Not a soul in the place knew aught of the occurrences of that bloody morning's work except Burr himself. His relative was shown into the library

*It is rather a singular coincidence that the same name, "Richmond Hill," was selected by a distinguished Judge (Pearson) of our State, for his home. This coincidence is the more singular, by the fact, that both were equally distinguished for their intellectual endowments, their delicate physical proportions, their brilliant black eyes and regular features, and their calm and decided demeanor. Richmond Hill, in New York, was located at the corner of Charlton and Varrick streets. The wife of John Adams lived there (in 1790) just before Burr bought it. This property (160 acres) was purchased by John Jacob Astor at $1,000 an acre. Richmond Hill was adopted by Dr. Samuel Johnson as the name of his villa near London.

where he found Col. Burr reading. In a few moments breakfast was announced, and the two gentlemen went into the dining room and breakfasted. Conversation was carried on in the usual strain, Burr inquiring as to his relatives and country friends. His friend left and strolled off to the city. As he passed along Broadway he perceived much excitement, as if some extraordinary event had occurred. Near Wall street, an acquaintance, pale and breathless, rushed up to him and exclaimed, "Colonel Burr has killed General Hamilton this morning in a duel." "Why, no he hasn't, for I am just from his house—spent some time with him—and I breakfasted with him, and he said nothing about it." "But," said the other, "there it is in the *Bulletin*." But, from the serenity of Burr's manner and his quiet conduct, the cousin pronounced the news untrue. Before turning into Wall street, he found the whole city astir, and the news too true, though his relative had never alluded to it.

The excitement was unexpected to Burr, and he was wholly unprepared for it; he was compelled to leave the city. The body of General Hamilton was carried to Trinity Church, where Governor Morris pronounced an eulogium. The Coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Burr, and he found it convenient to visit Florida and Georgia.

In after life, Parton says, that Burr often spoke of Hamilton and this duel. He never regretted his act, nor blamed himself, but indulged in a nonchalant or defiant affectation in regard to the affair. He said the anti-mortem memorandum left by Hamilton, as to his abhorrence of duellery, was "like the confession of a penitent nun." Burr remained South until fall. On his return to Washington he passed through Fayetteville on 3d October, 1804, where, he states, "I knew no one but Mr. Grove, M. C., who did not call on me." This shows the feeling of the public towards him. This was singular, since Grove voted for Burr in preference to Jefferson.* Burr was in Washington on 27th October, 1804.

He acted as President of the Senate, December, 1804, and on 4th February, 1805, he presided over that body, sitting as a Court

*In the vote between Jefferson and Burr, in 1801, of the House of Representatives from N. C. were: For Jefferson—Willis Alston, Nath. Macon, Richard Stanford, David Stone, Rich. Spaight, Robt. Williams—6. For Burr—Jos. Dickson, W. B. Grove, A. Henderson, Wm. H. Hill—4.

of Impeachment of Judge Chase. On the 2d March, 1806, Mr. Burr took leave forever of the Senate. On this occasion he addressed the Senate in such dignified and impressive tones, that it is recorded* the whole body was in tears. It was some time before the members could recover themselves sufficiently to choose a President *pro tem.* The Senate unanimously resolved "to present the thanks of the Senate to Aaron Burr for the impartiality, dignity, and ability with which he had presided over their deliberations." This closed his public career in Congress. But other fields of enterprise were open to his restless and daring temper.

The luxuriant territory of Orleans had been ceded by France to the United States, and on the 18th of December, 1803, the tri-colored flag gave place to the stars and stripes of the plaza of New Orleans. Many individuals, daring and adventurous, flocked to the land of promise. Among these, went Aaron Burr. If he had any treasonable purpose, or any other desire than to establish himself as a lawyer, and to begin anew, in a young and fertile region, his political career, neither his diary or his correspondence show it. He was arrested, however, (3d March, 1807) by order of the Government, in Tombigbee county, then in the Mississippi territory, and sent under military guard to Richmond, Va., to be tried before the Circuit Court of the United States for treason. The trial (before Chief Justice Marshall) was commenced on the 22d of May, and ended September 1st, 1807. The indictment stated "that Aaron Burr did set on foot a military enterprise against the territory (Mexico) of a foreign power (Spain) with whom the United States were at peace." He was acquitted by the jury, after much excited argument, in which the first legal talents of the country were engaged. The subsequent history of our nation proves that, if he was guilty as charged, he was only in advance of his times. Had the enterprise as charged been a few years later, and he had won another San Jacento, his patriotism would have been ranked with Houston and others, whose daring conduct had "extended the area of liberty."

After his discharge from custody, Burr thought that America was no resting place for him. The next year (June, 1808), he embarked, under a disguise and an assumed name (Edwards), for

*Washington Federalist, 13th March, 1806.

England. But the brand of Cain seemed to be fixed upon him, and the curse pronounced on him, that he should be a "fugitive and vagabond in the earth." In London he was arrested, by order of the Government, his papers seized, and he was ordered to leave England in forty-eight hours. He then went to France and other places in Europe, where he remained, in circumstances of destitution and suffering, for four years.* He returned (1812) to New York. Here fortune seemed to smile again. He was kindly received by his old friends. He opened a law office, and Colonel Robert Throop tendered him the use of his library. Clients and business soon followed. But the smiles of fortune were soon changed for the frowns of sorrow. His grandson and namesake, a most precious and promising boy, in whom he hoped to live again, and on whom "he had garnered up his heart," died suddenly (June, 1812), in South Carolina; the same year was brought to a mournful close by the loss at sea of his loved and idolized Theodosia. This blow, as he stated in a letter to Governor Alston, "severed him from the human race." Yet such was the stoicism of his nature, that he went, as usual, about his business; for he held it a weakness to mourn for any event that he could not avoid or control. It was one of his maxims *to accept* the inevitable without repining.

Fortitude and fidelity were, says Parton, Burr's favorite virtues. The private seal that he used in his confidential communications was descriptive of his character and prophetic of his destiny. It was a solitary rock, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," rising above a tempestuous sea, while the furious waves dashed against its base and the fierce winds roared around its summit. It bore this inscription: "*Non flatu nec fluctu*"—moved neither by storm or wave.

In a letter to his wife, he said, "That mind is truly great which can bear, with equanimity, the trifling and unavoidable vexations of life, and is only afflicted by those which determine our substantial welfare." He utterly despised all complaining of the greatest calamities.

He never ceased to take a warm interest in the political affairs of the country, and in them he exhibited the talents and sagacity

*See Private Journal of Aaron Burr, by M L. Davis, New York. Harper, 1838.

so pre-eminent in his character. In a letter from New York of 20th November, 1816, to Governor Alston, he states:

"A Congressional caucus will, in the course of a month, nominate James Monroe for P esident. Congressional nominations are hostile to all freedom and independence. If there be a man in the United States of firmness and standing enough to afford success, that man is *Andrew Jackson.* Jackson possesses all the attributes to rule such a people. He is a man of iron will. But he is not a scholar, one urges. It is not necessary for a President to be a scholar. Andrew Jackson does not rule by books. He is a man of sound sense, and rules by will."

Burr lived long enough to see this prediction of "his prophetic soul" realized.

As to financial matters, Burr never was prudent in the use of money. In his early practice his revenue was equal to any lawyer of his day. He said "that he made $40,000 in one case alone." But, at the same time, his style of living and his wild speculations in real estate, his taste for books, paintings, statuary and other luxuries exceeded his income. His residence at Richmond Hill was ornate, not only with every appliance and means of comfort, but with extravagance; it was a home where Calypso and her nymphs might have revelled in luxury. His hospitality was unbounded; not confined to his own countrymen; but Talleyrand, Volney, Louis Phillippe and Jerome Bonaparte were among his welcome guests. But in his latter days, ("*Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*") he was pressed by debts and beleaguered by creditors. His immense expenses for his trial had never been paid. He owed the Duke of Bassano and others in Europe, and for years his ingenuity was taxed to keep out of the prison bounds. And then his sense of gratitude and generosity was stronger than that of justice. For instance, on his return to New York, he found Luther Martin, who had been his counsellor and devoted friend, a ruined man—ruined by high living and deep drinking. Burr paid his debts and maintained him until he died (1826, aged 81 years). He relieved, also, a dissipated relative of Dr. Hosack. As he grew older the habit of indiscriminate charity increased. No old soldier of the revolution, or their children, ever applied to him but he relieved them, to the last cent he had or could borrow.

As to his religious sentiments, if any man could have been pious

by inheritance or descent, Burr should have been; for his father was an eminent divine and his mother the daughter of one of the greatest theologians of his or any other age. How often do we see reprobate sons of pious parents? During his last year in college a religious excitement seriously impressed his mind. He applied to Dr. Witherspoon, then the President of the college, who was not very favorable to sensational religion. Burr determined to examine for himself, and with this intent, entered a theological seminary of Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Connecticut, and studied with him. Dr. B. prided himself on the Socratic method of argumentation. With one of Burr's mind and mettle this was a dangerous game. After a few months, Burr wrote to his friend, Ogden, that "he had the good doctor under his thumb," and contended that the road was open to heaven alike for all. Often religious letters were sent to him to which he never replied. He, however, often attended the Episcopal Church, and said he would have gone oftener, but for his impatience in hearing dull and ill-prepared discourses and sectarian discussions. He thought, says Parton, that the Bible was "the Book of Books." After the Bible, he esteemed Shakespeare, Burns and Pope.

As a man of gallantry, his fame has been, doubtless, exaggerated. His brilliant person and winning ways made him a favorite with both sexes. But his life was too busy to have allowed him to be a profligate debauchee. Of him it could not be said, as John Adams did of Hamilton, that "he was guilty of prostitution of power for purposes of sensual enjoyment." That he was an admirer, to the last, of the sex, is shown by his marriage in 1832, in his 77th year, with Madame Jumel, the widow of Stephen Jumel. Doubtless her liberal jointure had much to do with this match, which was by no means a happy one. For, with Hamlet, it might be said of both—

> "You cannot call it love; for, at your age
> The hey-day in the blood is tame; it's humble,
> And waits upon the judgment."

But Burr gained his object—the management of the madame's exchequer—which he disbursed with a liberal hand, much to her opposition and regrets. This produced remonstrance on her part, then complaint, estrangement and separation. She filed a bill

praying for a divorce, charging him with infidelity. A decree of divorce was granted, as Burr made no defence, and she assumed her original name. Doubtless, like all ill-yoked couples, they both were willing to be separated. *But the curtain was soon to drop on the stage of life so long occupied by this extraordinary man. In 1833, when walking Broadway with a friend, Burr suddenly faltered in his steps and leaned heavily on his friend's arm. When asked what was the matter, he replied, "Something stops my walking ; I can't step. I have no feeling or strength in this leg." A carriage was called, and he was driven to his office in Nassau street. A physician was summoned, who pronounced the attack paralysis. The active man was now prostrate. His wife, with whom he had not lived for some time, heard of his illness and went to see him. "Come home," said she, "where you can have proper attendance." Her carriage was at the door, and he went home with her to Fort Washington, where, by kind nursing, he was partially restored. But, a few months later, a second attack entirely deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. For two years he laid in this helpless and hopeless state, free from all pain, wearing away by degrees. In the summer he was removed to Staten Island, where he had the portrait of Theodosia (about which we commenced our lecture) brought and hung so that he could see it from his bed. There, while gazing on her lovely features, on a pleasant afternoon of the 14th of September, 1836, the spirit of Aaron Burr took its flight to another world, without a struggle or pain, while his dying lips faintly uttered :

"THEODOSIA."

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*Madame (Burr) Jumel died in New York City on the 16th of July, 1865, at the age of 91 years, leaving an estate of a million of dollars or more in landed property, which she bequeathed to various charitable institutions, leaving but little to her relatives. This, as is usual, the heirs contested, and suits are now pending in the courts. M'me Jumel was an extraordinary woman Born at sea, her mother died giving her birth. To her have been applied the exquisite lines of Cornwall—

"The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the rainy hour when I was born.
The porpoise played, the whale it blowed,
The dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And ne'er was heard such outcry wild
As welcomed to life this ocean child."

She was brought up in the quiet town of Newport, Rhode Island, until the age of seventeen, when she eloped with an English officer and came to New York. Here she allied herself to a rich French wine merchant, and Miss Cafet became Mrs. Jumel. They then went to Paris and lived in much splendor. They returned to New York, where he died, at the age of seventy. While a widow she renewed her acquaintance with Aaron Burr, who, from being employed as her lawyer, offered his hand and became her husband.

What Shall Be Done With the Turk?

A COMMENCEMENT ORATION BY ROBERT STRANGE, JR., A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

Five centuries ago, on the eastern shore of the classic Hellespont, a youth lay dreaming. He was a Turk, the grandson of the renowned Othman, the founder of his house, and the hardy warrior, who had converted a rude Asiatic tribe into a compact nation and started it on a career of conquest and oppression, to which the world has seen no parallel.

In his dreams, "the crescent moon, emblem of his race, rose up before him, uniting the continents of Europe and Asia in a chain of silver light; temples and palaces floated up out of the great deep, and mysterious voices, blending with the sounding sea, excited in his heart a yearning for predestined enterprise and a sense of supernatural summons."

Such a vision accorded well with his adventurous spirit. He accepted that summons as a reality, crossed the Hellespont, seized Gallipoli, the key of those famous straits, and planted Turkish power in Europe.

Reinforced by savage hordes, the fierce invaders, regardless alike of the threats and entreaties of the impotent ruler who then sat upon the throne of Constantine, quickly overran and subjugated the fertile provinces of the Byzantine Empire.

Turning their conquering arms against the more warlike Sclavonic tribes, they utterly routed the combined forces of Servia, Bosnia and Bulgaria, on the hard-contested fields of Marizza and Kossova, and converted these unfortunate countries into Turkish provinces. Alarmed at such rapid progress, the Pope preached a crusade against these hardy followers of Mahomet; but the chivalry of Christendom was laid low by the fierce Bajazet, at the decisive battle of Nicopoli.

Since the first crossing of the Hellespont, scarcely one century had passed away when the last Christian successor of the Cæsars had manfully yielded up his life in the deadly breach, and the victorious banner of the crescent was proudly floating over the blood-stained ramparts of Constantinople; and if, after the lapse of

another hundred years, the young Turk had returned to earth, his dream would have seemed to him no idle vision, but a prophecy about to be fulfilled.

For, under Solyman the Magnificent, the Turk reached the summit of his glory. His iron rule was felt from Belgrade to Bagdad, from the grassy slopes of the Carpathian to the desert sands of Nubia. His fleet sweeping the seas and spreading ruin and desolation along the fertile shores of the Mediterranean, consigned his unhappy captives to the slave markets of Constantinople, or condemned them to eke out the remnants of a miserable existence in the galleys of their savage captor.

Europe trembled at the rapid increase of Turkish power, and all Christendom was threatened by the crescent, in its fiery course of conquest.

But the decree had gone forth: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." The tide of success which had hitherto attended Turkish arms was now gallantly stemmed and gloriously turned by the steady bravery and heroic efforts of a Monteculi and a Sobieski, and the blood-stained crescent began to wane before the increasing glories of the cross.

After this began that system of misgovernment which, eating into the very vitals of the Turkish Empire, has brought it down to our time as a miserable dependency, owing its existence simply to the forbearance of the European powers.

"*What shall be done with the Turk?*" has agitated Europe for nearly a century. Let us glance at the causes which have brought this question before the world, and seek an answer thereto.

The Turk has given to his subjects no government at all; the central power can neither restrain the exactions nor punish the crimes of its own officials. Truly can it be said of the Turk—

> "Sufficient to him the simple plan
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can."

He has failed to civilize himself, or to imitate, in any way, the progress of Western science and refinement. He is still the same barbarian who set foot on European soil five centuries ago. The appreciation of woman—that true index of a nation's refinement—is, with the Turk, *nothing*. She, the very jewel of our Christian civilization, which we have placed in a setting far brighter than

our own, and before the shrine of whose beauty we, as willing captives, bow, is there a bundle of merchandise, ever for sale to the highest bidder—is there a mere plaything of an idle hour.

The condition of the Christian subjects of the Turk is truly deplorable.

They are first compelled to pay a yearly tax to their lord and master, the Sultan, for the poor privilege of living.

Their testimony is utterly worthless in courts of justice, if such mockeries can be so designated.

They are allowed to hold no property in their own right; all belongs to the Sultan, who can, at his capricious pleasure, thrust them from their homes upon the pitiless charity of their Mohammedan neighbors. The Turk, alone, is allowed to bear arms, and, being subject to no law, cruelly maltreats the Christians, who are forced to submit to every species of degradation, and to bear, without a murmur, indignities and outrages unmentionable to a cultivated audience.

Upon the slightest provocation, terrible massacres have, from time to time, added deeper disgrace to even Turkish annals. This bloody series culminated, just two years ago, in a butchery, conceived in treachery and executed amid such orgies as even hell itself would blush to witness.

The Turk came, by force of arms, into the possession of a country upon which Nature has lavished her choicest treasures.

The eye rests upon outstretched plains, clothed in the richest verdure; gentle valleys, watered by sparkling rivulets, and sunny hill-sides, on which the vine and the olive flourish in the wildest profusion. Meandering streams everywhere intersect this natural garden, pouring their "laughing waters" into the placid waves of the Euxine sea. Instead of "scattering plenty o'er this smiling land," Turkish tyranny has converted it, in most places, into an unproductive waste. Instead of the golden grain, gracefully bowing to the summer breeze, the rank grass waves its lonely requiem to the passing wind. Along the verdant slopes are no signs of human habitation; while "the banks of the winding streams are marked by the ruins of cities and villages." Amid such scenes of desolation, "the thoughtful traveler mourns over the extinction of

the human species in the very garden of Nature—the spot best on earth adapted for its reception" and subsistence.

The inhabitants of these fertile provinces, subjected to the devastating incursions of the Osmanli cavalry and the malignant exactions of tyrannical pachas, have been forced to leave their prosperous, but unprotected homes, and seek, among the inaccessible mountain crags, refuge from the unprovoked attacks of their ferocious oppressors.

Shall such oppression, which the Turk is accustomed to exercise, be upheld, or even allowed to exist?

For nearly a century England has been doctoring the "sick man," (as the Turk is contemptuously termed in diplomatic circles), and protecting him from the powerful hug of the "Russian Bear." But shall the mercenary policy of England prolong the maintenance of such a despotism?

On the one hand, the cries and prayers of eight millions suffering fellow-beings, whom "Turkish tyranny has crushed and Turkish avarice plundered," smite our ears, beseeching their Christian brothers for pity, for deliverance from the galling bondage under which, for five centuries, they have been groaning.

On the other hand, the dread advance of the Russian colossus casts its giant shadows athwart our path and bids us pause. But shall the threatened encroachments of Muscovite ambition deter us from lending a ready ear and a helping hand to the calls of Christianity and humanity?

Even if Russian supremacy were the price of the deliverance of the Christians from Turkish bondage, we ought not to hesitate.

But this is an imaginary terror. For the overthrow of the Turk and the establishment of a vigorous Christian government is the only sure barrier to Russian aggression. Cannot England—cannot Europe better afford to support a robust child which will soon be able to support itself, than to doctor an old "sick man," whose life is surely ebbing away, and into whose exhausted frame no energy can be infused?

We are told to Europeanize and reform the Turk. Well, this has been tried for over a century; and with what effect? In every essential element of progress and refinement, he is as deficient now as he was one hundred years ago. As long as he is a

Mohammedan, reform with him is impossible. He regards the Koran, not only as his religious guide, but also, as the ultimate authority on all matters of law and policy. And it is as insurmountable a barrier to the progress of civilization as are the frozen seas of the North to the persistent advances of the enlightened explorer.

It is a fit standard for the conduct of a horde of barbaric conquerors; but utterly unadapted to the common necessities of a civilized community. As soon expect an infant, encased in rigid armor, to reach the just proportions of manhood within his unyielding covering as to look for reform and enlightenment in a Moslem nation.

It is said that the Christians in Turkey are a miserable set of people, as bad as the Turks. If such is the case, was it not Turkish barbarity which has brought them to such a condition? And will they not so remain as long as this barbarity shall continue to be practiced with impunity? What else can be expected of a people upon whom, for five hundred years, the galling fetters of servitude, with all their crushing weight of woes, have been pressing—who have been, for that length of time, mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to worse than Egyptian task-masters; and out of whom every vestige of manly independence has been crushed, by a system of most revolting cruelty and oppression?

It is argued that the doctrine of non-interference must hold with the Turk; he is there, and by international law, we have no right to interfere with his exercise of power. International law expressly declares that "when some extraordinary state of things is brought about by the crimes of a government against its subjects," interference is justifiable. Is there not now, in Turkey, an extraordinary state of things brought about by that very means?

They argue as if we were dealing with an enlightened and refined nation, and not with rude barbarians, who cast but a flimsy veil over their savage actions.

Has not the poor Indian been steadily forced to follow, with heavy heart and weary footsteps, the course of the setting sun, because he was a savage, rude and unlettered, and would not make the fertile soil yield its increase? Were not the infidel Moors driven out of Spain by Spanish arms, with the applause of

Christendom? The Turk is no better than the former, and far worse than the latter; and had it not been for Constantinople, and the jealousies of the European powers respecting its possession, he would long ago have been driven out of Europe, and pushed back into Asia, the ancient habitation of his ancestors, and his own natural home. "The Turk is an alien, in blood and religion," and has no interests in common with the rest of Europe. He is simply a barbarian, who has been encamped upon the soil of Europe for five centuries. He is only encamped, never amalgamating and forming one nation; but having acquired possession by the sword, by that power alone he now supports his rule. He will not civilize himself, nor will he allow others to civilize him.

He can never be a member of the great European family; for European progress and refinement are, in him, opposed by Asiatic immobility and barbarism. He has been, for nearly a century, the cause of innumerable dissensions in European cabinets; he is the direct cause of the gigantic war with which Europe has been threatened. In short, he is a cancer on the fair face of Europe, marring its beauty and threatening its existence; and a cure can be effected only by utter and complete eradication. Therefore, in the words of England's greatest statesman, "What civilization longs for, what policy, no less than humanity, requires, is, that united Europe shall pass sentence, in its might, upon a government which unites the vices of the conqueror and the slave, and which is lost alike to truth, to mercy and to shame."

Yes, policy, civilization, religion and humanity demand that the crescent shall be driven from the land it has so long disgraced back into the Asiatic wilds, whence it first issued, at the head of its barbaric followers; that the cross shall again be planted upon the dome of St. Sophia; and that the fairest portion of this green earth shall yield its bountiful increase to an industrious and happy people, rejoicing in the benefits of a just and liberal government.

Let us see a civilized, an enlightened and a Christianized Europe; from the frozen shores of the Arctic seas to the sunny slopes of Greece;

> "From where the rills
> Leap, laughingly adown high Ural's hills
> To where the Atlantic lifts its voice to pour
> Its song of praise on Erin's emerald shore."

Let the shadow of the cross spread its blessings, carrying everywhere the "glad tidings of peace on earth, good will toward men!"

April 15th, 1878.

A Glance at Logic.

(Written by a student of 1859, for the old Magazine, under the *nom de plume* of Wm. Ichabod.)

I remember well (and to my sorrow) when I formed the acquaintance of Logic, the polyglott lady; for never yet have I been able to learn what was her *native* tongue. It was a sultry afternoon in last July, after a big dinner, that I entered the book-store, and, with a *nonchalance*, asked for "Whateley's Treatise on Logic." Having procured it, I returned to my room and read the title page very knowingly, "Elements of Logic," &c., till my eye reached that "jaw-breaker" of the sixth line, when, scholar-like, I hauled down my "Webster"; but alas! the "metropolitana" was wanting, and I was left in doubt concerning the very first page of my new book. However my knowledge of Greek was brought to bear upon the question, and my mind was soon satisfied that the *stranger* was composed of *metron*, a measure, and *polis* or *politikos*, political, public; and by combination the meaning was public, *i. e.* common measure for the comprehension of the common people; and hence the book must be one of equal interest to all; yet I had my suspicions, for I heard not a few anathemas pronounced on the "boring study" by my predecessors. Pleased with my etymological attainments, however, I turned to the "Introduction," and after reading a few lines, and overlooking a few *incomprehensibles*, I stretched my limbs on my "scaffold of delight," as usual, and gave a yawn of approval at my first attempt to humbug myself. I then examined the mysterious book minutely, well appreciated the thought and became so interested that I fell asleep, hugging the dear source of my intellectual pleasure. Had my lot been that of a somnambulist, the world would not have lost the glowing, beautiful thoughts that ran through my mind, for they would have produced the best essay on Logic ever written or dreamed of; and Dr. Whateley may well mourn their loss! Summoned from my slumbers by the five o'clock bell, I hastened to recitation; finding that my speculations had been continued most too long, and calling myself a fool, all the way, for falling in *love* with such nonsense. My loquaciousness on the subject induced Professor ——— to call on me to see if, being in my *own* element, I had abandoned the *modesty* of giving no reply to his questions. "A short horse is soon

curried"; and a "*tolmiter*" is more easily "rushed"; for I was completely nonplussed at the natural question, "Well, sir, what is logic?" With an imploring look, I gazed on the 1st writers and at the same time muttered, "'It is,' *he* says, 'the elements of Metro-encyclo-politana'"; a dozen groans drowned my *epexegesis*, while a "brother-tol," with an idiotic grin, hunched me in my side, asking where in the d—l I got that long string of "tros," "cyclos," and "anas." My anger made me eloquent to no purpose, for a smile of the Professor persuaded me that my language was non-logical, absurd, fallacious, and most deplorably elliptical. He was sufficiently convinced of my ignorance to invite me to my seat; and after the "circus" was over, I bent my footsteps homeward, cogitating deeply the propriety of cutting short my *new acquaintance*, and retiring in seclusion; at least, from anything like that curious text-book. The question was decided in favor of my *taste;* but like Alexis, the hero of our "French novel," I intended, at some future day, to avail myself of an opportunity to prove "*que le noir est blanc*," or *anglici;* that black is white. How my intention was fulfilled, can be learned from

SCENE NO. II.

One evening (the 23d of August), as I was meditating on my idle course in college, my attention was called to a piece of verse entitled, "Try, try again." Ambition, of a sudden, warmed my soul; and, determined on a change of life, I snatched from the shelf the volume that had last foiled my attempts to master it, opened it with a vengeance, and began to read what appeared to me the most high-falutin string of broken English ever written (for it's Choctaw to any one who hasn't read the *prelude*). But to my agreeable surprise, on the next page was a poetical quotation; or, I fancied it thus, as I was nurtured by the Muses, and used to think at "prep." school that I had the "feu sacre" from heaven. How Campbell had too truly said,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

for on closer inspection the jingle was found wanting, and there was even considerable doubt as to its being that most uninspiring of all productions, denominated by its author's *blank verse*—in fact

it had too little sublimity for verse of any kind; but here it is—you may judge for yourself:

White is a color,
Black is a color; therefore
Black is white.

Next the idea struck me (powerfully, too,) that it must be prose chopped off at each end, to humbug somebody; for I began to think 'twas "humbug all the way." But it was false certainly in the last line—and prose, too—impossible! So, lastly, my conclusion was, that it must be one of the author's poor *attempts*, and a lie "by the authority of the poets." On the next page, to my chagrin, there was some more of the same sort—*a la premiere*—and that was *no* poetry, no blank verse, and all independent, isolated lies! A wondering gaze at the name of the author, and a more wonderful opinion of his unparalleled thoughts, closed this interview with my intellectual *thaumatrope*. A few days after, the Professor, thinking I had sufficiently recovered from my first logical error, kindly requested me to define "Aristotle's Dictum." If he had asked me how long it took the "old gentleman" to make whiskey punch, or say his prayers to Jupiter & Co., I could have come nearer at it, by arguing from the uniformity of human nature; but the "Dictum" was a fact too independent for my cause—and effect turn of mind. *Silentia regnat!* Professor, thinking my powers of illustration were, perhaps, superior to my powers of definition, asked me to give an example of a syllogism. Making a random guess that it was something like that "curtailed prose," and elated at the idea of improving on my author, I threw my eyes upward, and quoted, in a theatrical tone—"He plucked a quill from the wing of an angel, dipped it in the hues of the rainbow, and wrote"—and here I was stopped by the cry, "O! thou born of the Muses, brush the wet off your head," emanating from a logger-headed *confrere*, and a smile of contempt from the astounded Professor. My wounded heart was somewhat healed by the idea of the awful impression I had certainly made as to my extensive information on general subjects, and especially as to my proficiency in remembering sublime expressions. A seat was my next resort, for I had entirely exhausted my supply of *syllogisms*, in the one memorable quotation, which I had learned from hearing my chum (who was in love) repeat it every time the moon shone out, or he

received a letter from his "duck." I had now to choose the alternative of mastering the mysterious work, or risking the chances of the Professors recommending me for a bench lower in the *synagogue.* Now, you must have guessed, by this time, that I was not *the* boy to mourn over the past, (for in *my* past, there was always something "pleasant" as well as "mournful to the soul,") or to injure my health by reading what was not especially appointed for my lessons.

When the day arrived for my next recitation on logic, I had learned enough, by intuition, to understand the purpose for which those nonsensical pieces of any-thing-else-than-poetry were intended. But, as it happened that day, I had to prepare, among a dozen others, the ninety-first page. Beginning there, I read on indifferently, till I came in contact with—

> Light is contrary to darkness,
> Feathers are light; therefore
> Feathers are contrary to darkness.

It was a more than herculean task for my infantile *logical* mind to straighten this; but the last line was certainly untrue, for if you will come to my room any night at half past ten, I will expose the fallacy by showing *them* quietly supporting my frame, fatigued by three hours of application to something immaterial (no matter) in both senses of the word; and I take great pride in saying that my *premises* or "what is laid down," is by no means *unduly* supported by my bed-tick, on four posts, although there is a continual metamorphosis going on in the part where the *strength lies;* and not unfrequently I have to introduce an "*argumentum ad hominem*" to my friends of the "genus bed-bug." Now, all know the persevering disposition of a "mite-man," especially on a warm evening; so, after some desperate efforts, which were lamentably futile, to learn the *quo-mode* of the above syllogism, in the most reckless state of despair, I threw my Logic from my sight, and on the bed sat down. I now was at my last resort, (and one which can soothe all our cares,) so with all the *ennui* of an overtaxed mind, I resigned my frame to the arms of the grief-assuaging gentleman. My mental exertions, of course, brought on a fever; and logical visions came clustering 'round my pillow as thick as sugar-plums did Christmas night, several years ago. You must allow me, however, to depict my dream in the last, and remarkable

SCENE NO. III.

Suddenly all around bore the aspect of a sick-room. I was the patient and was about to become (I feared) the glorious cause of "a one day's snap" to my fellow-students; for the Doctor was there, writing ineffectual prescriptions in the form of syllogisms, and repeating after each one the trite expression, "now that's logic." In my imagination there was but one thing that could effect a cure, viz: the application of "Aristotle's Dictum" to a fallacy which lay in my undistributed middle; and the Doctor was very sorry to inform me that his last *one* had been used a few minutes previous in curing a case decidedly more dangerous than my own. (Yet, I now believe if he had made a substitute of a mustard plaster, he would have succeeded, although my night-supper was composed of only four plates of oysters and two of scrambled eggs, "whiskey afloating," apropos.) Attendance, however, was by no means wanting; for Professor ——— was there to act as apothecary in mixing doses of "barbara," "celarent," &c., to give temporal ease until the doctor could have his other prescriptions filled. One after one was tried in vain, till the doctor, having determined to "kill or cure," ordered a gawky-looking "Major-term on two sticks" to take the sarcasm from the middle of that "particular affirmative," cut off the predicate of a "universal negative," mix it with the fallaciate of Hume's argument against miracles, dissolve the whole in half a pint of sophistry, and hand the whole to Professor ——— to be administered. The order was promptly obeyed; but when Professor ——— reached out his hand to take it, the impudent "term on two sticks" threw the dose in my face, and crying our "illicit process of the major!" I awoke from my revery, and discovered that the whole vision was produced by my chum's reading his lesson out loud, and his throwing a glass of water in my face to stop the interruption of my incessant begging for the application of "Aristotle's Dictum."

My dream is finished. My tale is told. And what class I shall be in next session, no one can tell; for I haven't seen inside my logic since; and, as I never intend to look in one again, you must allow me to give you my deduction by way of a

POST SCRIPT,

in which (they say) a woman's mind is always expressed; and

> In which, kind reader, I fear you'll find
> The false conclusions of a NON-LOGICAL mind;

viz: In the first place, that logic was made for the most credulous portion of the human race; secondly, that a man of good common sense had as well try to keep up the connection in a dictionary; thirdly, that "humbug" begins with its title-page, and extends as far as I have examined; and fourthly, that I will commit it to the flames the next punch-drinking, and declare myself one of those *cupidi rerum novarum.* Yours, truly, WILLIAM ICHABOD.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

At no time in English history was there more activity, in all the forms in which an energetic people may be active, than in the age of Elizabeth. The sway of the Romish Church over men's minds had been broken, and other interests enlisted their powers. The intellectual life had been revived by the influx of the literary riches of Greece and Rome. A new world had been discovered to become the theatre of action for the daring spirits of the age. Colossal schemes of war and conquest were engaging the powers of Europe. The mighty host of Catholicism was arrayed in arms to crush Protestantism in Europe, and to place the Pope at the head of Christendom. Such an age was favorable for eliciting the powers of men in all the various branches of enterprise. The soldier could find an ample field for the display of his daring by joining in the religious wars of the continent; the sailor had the fabulous wealth of a great hemisphere to call him to sea; the statesman could find employment in safely guiding his nation through the complicated affairs of Europe; the poet was in no need of the grandest themes to call forth his genius. With such circumstances and such inducements for action, great men and great deeds necessarily followed; and if there is any one of the great men who reflects these times more accurately than others, that man is Walter Raleigh. He possessed a mind remarkable for its breadth and versatility; a will strong and unconquerable; a spirit bold and proud; an industry never flagging, and an endurance never surpassed. Such qualities, in such surroundings, made

him the most ceaseless in activity and the most versatile in enterprise. While many of his cotemporaries acquired eminence in one or more of the channels of activity, Raleigh took all within his compass. While yet a student, the gallant struggling of the Huguenots for religious freedom stirred his aspiring soul and induced him to leave the university for a soldier's life. When in France there was a hell in warfare, the young soldier joined the royal forces to liberate the suffering Netherlanders from the tyrannical rule of Spain. Already distinguished in arms, he was called to fight more valiantly for his Queen in Ireland. The despised Spaniards were there, stirring the Irish to rebellion; and in the massacre of Deloro, Raleigh inflicted the first of the wounds which the hated Spaniards received from him.

But the soldier of Moncontour and the victor of Deloro was to perform his most brilliant exploits on the sea. His youth had been spent on the Devonshire coast, and his fondness for sea-faring life had been early formed by stories of buccaneers returning from piratical expeditions against the Spaniards, or from the wonders of the new world. To Raleigh's mind, thus eager for maritime adventure, there were many inducements for leaving the gay court life, or the quiet of Sherborne castle, to seek his fortunes on the ocean. The fabulous wealth of a Cathay or El Dorado; the hope of colonization; the robbing Spanish vessels of their rich burdens; all these carried the restless Raleigh to sea; and, while he gained wealth, he gained glory in defending his country in naval combat.

The victory over the wonderful Armada, which was to restore Protestant England to Catholic Rome, was due to the skill and prudence of Raleigh. The fate of the English at Cadiz was decided by the same skill and prudence.

Raleigh, brave in arms as Sidney, daring on sea as Drake, was as accomplished at court as Leicester.

The habits and life of the camp and the ship were exchanged for those of a brilliant court. Here we see the victor in many battles, richly bedizoned in magnificent livery, lending the graces of his person and the charms of his cultivated mind to the pleasure of an admiring Queen; escorting her to tournaments and tilts and accompanying her at her gorgeous pageants.

But Raleigh had higher aspirations than the mere courtier. His ambition was to be a great statesman. The prudence and fore-

sight that gave him the victory in battle gave him might and importance at the council board. To extend the power of England, he saw the way in colonization. The Spanish power had spread in South America, and from her wealth the Spanish sovereign was rich enough to carry on gigantic wars, while his Queen, from her poverty, was compelled to practice economy. To enrich England and destroy Spanish rule, Raleigh labored in a statesmanlike manner for English colonies. As a member of Parliament, he advocated measures reforming the imperfect method of taxation, supported freedom of labor and freedom in agriculture, a foreshadowing of the free trade doctrine of the present century.

But the man who had massacred the prisoners of Deloro, who had gallantly battled against the powerful Armada, who had plundered treasure ships in the southern seas, who had planted colonies in the new world, was fit for less daring and more peaceful pursuits. The friend of Gilbert and Drake was the friend of Spenser and the club-mate of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson. To him, as a mark of friendship, those poems which enroll Spenser among the greatest of poets were dedicated.

And now, to the soldier, the sailor, the courtier, the statesman, add the man of letters, with the historian and chemist, and you have Sir Walter Raleigh.

Anacreontic.

BY T. H. HILL.

Fill up! fill up!
The poison-cup
With Lethe to the brim;
I yearn—I pine—I faint—I thirst
To see the brilliant bubbles burst
Around its rosy rim;
Then let me drain
The bowl again,
And fill it up once more;
For fearful phantoms haunt my brain,
And at the open door
A ghastly group of friends appear—
Their hollow laughter racks my ear;
See! how malignantly they leer
Upon the wreck they've made;
They little care that honor, wealth,
And home, and happiness, and health
Are blighted and betrayed!

Fill up ! fill up !
The sparkling cup;
It is with Lethe fraught !
It devours reflection, palsies thought,
Binds Memory in chains,
And bids the hot blood leap and dart,
Like molten lava from my heart
To fire the sluggish veins !
Fill to the brim and I will drink,
"To Memory and Thought,
Eternal Death." For O, to think
Is with such sorrow fraught—
That hell would be
A heaven to me
Were Memory no more !
Aye ! could I ever think again,—
Never the past deplore,—
I should no longer here remain;
For hell can have no penal pain,
In all its fiery domain,
So fearful unto me,
As the scorpion sting
Of that terrible thing
Which we call Memory !

* * * * * *

To dream of all that I am now,—
Of all I might have been;
The crown of thorns upon my brow,—
The gnawing worm within;
Of all the treasures I have lost,
Like leaves autumnal, tempest-tost,—
Of sunbeams into clouds withdrawn,
Their momentary sparkle gone,—
Of murdered hope, and blighted bloom—
O God ! how horrible my doom !
Yet fill, fill up !
The crimson cup
With frenzy to the brim !
I wildly burn—I madly thirst
To see the blushing bubbles burst
Around its ruby rim !

EDITORS' TABLE.

☞ *We must apologize to our readers for consolidating the November and December numbers of the* MAGAZINE. *Heretofore we have been issuing it at the end of the month in which it was dated, but in order to keep up with custom we must issue it at the beginning of each month. Hence, in order to publish the next number on the first of January, we have been obliged to consolidate the November and December numbers. We hope, with this apology, our readers will rest satisfied, promising in our next to make up for all deficiencies.*

A Plea for a New Chapel.

Imposing architecture gives a certain tone to every occasion on which it is brought into use. Our commencements should be dignified, striking and impressive. The impetus which a successful commencement gives to the ensuing session has been verified in the experience of every one who has attended them. In order for our commencements to be dignified, our chapel must present an aspect in perfect consonance with the occasion. There must be a tinge of solemnity mingled with the outward gayety; the full significance of the occasion must be recognized; and every one must feel impressed with the exercises.

Our chapel does not present an appearance calculated to inspire any feeling of reverence in an assembly. The style of architecture is too commonplace, and its proportions are not striking. It resembles a common lecture hall, and would do very well for a political assembly. In addition to this, its dimensions are so small that visitors cannot be seated comfortably, and a large number are not seated at all. We, who wear out our brains in preparing for the occasion, do not feel like it is the gala day of our existence, and our parents and friends depart disappointed and unimpressed. We have heard it stated that the commencements at the denominational colleges in the State impress their visitors more than those at the University. This must be attributed partly to the fact that they possess chapels which are not only spacious, but exhibit an ornamental and inspiring architecture.

It has long been evident that the University needed a large and well-proportioned chapel. It is impossible to conceive the interest which would be added to our commencement occasions. Let us have one that appears like it is worthy to be the habitation of

sages, and is ramified by an atmosphere of learning. The necessity of such an accession to our campus is evident; but the prospect of obtaining it is discouraging. The alumni association is said to be organized to assist in propagating knowledge, and to stand by and aid its *alma mater*. Never before has there been a wider field opened for testing the loyalty and munificence of its members than at the present time. The University has children scattered over every Southern State, and many Northern and Western States. Many of them are wealthy, and occupy stations of influence and power. Perhaps all of her graduates have not been apprised of her resurrection; but this should be done by their class associates and friends.

Now, the erection of a chapel that would comport with the dignity of the institution, will demand a considerable outlay of money. This cannot be raised immediately; but the sooner a subscription is begun the sooner the amount will be raised. It depends upon the alumni, whether they will listen to the necessities of their *alma mater* or not, and supply her wants. An organization can execute a project more easily and quickly than a few men, and if the alumni association will make the erection of a chapel a settled fact which they intend to accomplish, we will hereafter be enabled to offer a more tempting bill of fare to our commencement visitors. But the alumni are not the only class of persons immediately interested. Every student should contribute his quota, however small, and should also make direct personal appeal to his friends.

Reading at College.

There is nothing, in our opinion, which is more pernicious in its effect upon the study and progress of a boy in college than the habit of reading the many trashy books to be found in all public libraries. We do not propose writing a phillipic against novel-reading, nor to declaim against the growing tendency of our youth to waste their time upon the light literature, which is daily becoming more abundant; but our primary object is to remind our young men that their first duty at college is to prepare well the lessons which are assigned them. Nothing is more common than to hear young men remarking that some distinguished man or other devoted his time at college to the reading of Walter Scott, Shakespeare, or, perhaps, Addison; and, therefore, it is only necessary to do likewise, in order to become renowned. This argument will neither stand the test of logic nor observation. In the first place, it is a too hasty generalization to argue that, because one man who neglected his duties at college afterwards rose to distinction, all other men who substitute a promiscuous course of reading for the entire curriculum will become equally

honored. In the second place, observation shows us that the boy who either has, or affects to have, a contempt for his college studies, rarely becomes more than a mediocre man. It is the slow, laborious, pains-taking, *persevering*, *duty-performing* boy who becomes the man for noble and illustrious action. He who shuns the difficulties of college life, and forgets his duties in the pleasantries of fiction, will never be able to overcome the obstacles which will barricade the ascent to fame. Young men too often enter college with the view of obtaining a degree with the least possible amount of labor and the smallest sacrifice of pleasure. Such persons soon find themselves in hopeless *ennui*, and seize the first novel that comes to hand, in order to "kill time." Fiction itself soon becomes almost intolerable; but studies are worse, and so novel after novel is brought into requisition, until the four years have been passed and the young men leave college for the active duties of life, untrained, unprepared and encumbered with false views. It is superfluous to trace the progress of such men. But while deprecating the indiscriminate and wholesale reading in which many boys indulge, to the neglect of their studies; yet we earnestly commend to students to spend their *leisure* moments with the "great masters"—"spend days and nights with Addison"—live with Shakespeare through ages past and yet to be.

Theo. H. Hill.

It is much to be regretted that the author of the "Anacreontic," which we publish in this issue, Mr. Theophilus Hunter Hill, of Raleigh, should have ceased to lay his offerings at the shrine of the Muses. About twenty years ago he published a volume of "poems," which were greatly praised by the critics, as showing much poetical genius.

Mr. Hill is a native of Raleigh, son of the late excellent Dr. Wm. G. Hill, and grandson of Wm. Hill, who was, for over half a century, in all mutations of parties, Secretary of State. He is a young man yet, not over forty years of age, we presume, and we hope he will shortly take his harp from the willows, and favor the world with some of the sweet strains which he is so able to evoke from its strings.

Hon. Richard Speight Donnell.

We chronicle with pleasure the fact that the Societies are constantly adding portraits to their halls. To our credit it is said that nowhere else in North Carolina is there any collection of the portraits of the prominent men of the State. It is useless to dwell on the advantages of such collection—the cultivation of art being

one of the best educators. It has been said that from a few words of a nation's literature its past history can be written. Who can tell but that the advance of phrenological science may be able—in the absence of written testimony—aided by tradition, to write from the faces of our portraits the history of our State? The Philanthropic Society may consider itself fortunate in securing a handsome oil portrait of the Hon. Richard Speight Donnell. The portrait is one of the happiest efforts of that celebrated artist, W. Garle Browne—a former Carolinian.

Richard Speight Donnell was an able lawyer, Legislator and Congressman. As a member of the Convention of '61, he was opposed to the war; but when the voice of his State was cast against him, with patriotism, he aided, with his learning and purse, to sustain a righteous, yet lost cause.

It was not as a distinguished advocate, or a brilliant debater, that Mr. Donnell was so great. It was as a citizen, a friend, a genial companion, a kind and devoted brother, that the qualities of Mr. Donnell's character were so predominant. We doubt if any man in the State was more beloved by all. None knew him, but to love him, nor named him, but to praise.

☞ The newspapers in the State having expressed a wish that some one would undertake the task of writing biographies of her most distinguished sons, Col. John H. Wheeler, author of the History of North Carolina, has consented to do so. Col. Wheeler, having been intimately acquainted with nearly every public man in the State during his lifetime, is eminently fitted for the task. Still there are a great many facts which, of course, did not come under his observation; and, in order to render his biographies complete, he desires to get more accurate information. All persons who can furnish him with any papers, documents, written or printed, or any information whatever, will please favor him by transmitting such to him at his residence, 28 Grant Place, Washington City, D. C.

"Kate Weathers; or, Scattered by the Tempest."

Very little of real merit is found in the mass of fictitious literature with which the country is now flooded. The average novel is but a tale of love—giving no insight into traits of character to be desired or shunned. In short, the average novel is but a creature of fancy, built upon a foundation which will not bear the inspection of a critic. Occasionally in this great mass, which is supplied with fresh material as fast as the old becomes stale or is considered

"trashy," there are found works not only of interest, but of instruction. Such is the book before us—"Kate Weathers"—Vaughan. This is one of the best novels, of a recent date, we have ever read. It is written by Frank Vaughan, Esq., of Elizabeth City, N. C. The plot of the work is layed on the Northeastern Coast of the State, and the first lines show that the storms of the great deep are to furnish the characters for the book. It depicts, in exquisite and elegant language, the waves and storms of ocean; the wreck floating unguarded upon the surging deep; or stranded upon the dark yellow sands. The life of the Banker is given in detail. The heroine—Kate Weathers—is the wife of a rough and humane, though misguided, banker. She is a woman in whom many noble traits of character are exhibited. For the plot, the story, the scenes, incidents and dramatic finale, the reader is referred to "Kate Weathers; or, Scattered by the Tempest." There he will feel sad when beholding the ruin of the ocean; his imagination will be heightened by the wierd romances; he will weep with Kate, a true woman; he will despise the meanness and degradation of the hag, Nancy, and of Peggy Stuble; he will feel sad with the unfortunates who are wrecked, and he will be indignant at the mutiny of the ship's crew; he will sorrow with the afflicted who are cut off from friends, but will laud the faithful ones who aided them in distress; he will find much amusement in the "pear theory"; and his soul will be gladdened by the happy union which the close of this estimable novel exhibits. It is a wonderful work. Its author has entered a field where none but geniuses can reap. We believe his harvest will be bountiful.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Department of Political Science.

The ultimate object of all education in the South, at present, must be to fit her sons for a practical life. The niceties of literature, the speculations of science and the refinements of art are delicacies which few of us can afford. However, we anxiously await the day when, along by the side of such statesmen as Calhoun, Clay, Graham and others, we may also behold scientists, artists and literati inferior to none of our sister States at the North.

No study is calculated to prepare a young man in the South better for assisting to increase her wealth and educational means than the study of Political Science. We congratulate ourselves that President Battle has seen fit to place it in such a prominent position among other branches of study. He fully recognizes its worth in a scheme of education, for he himself has been intimately associated with its practical workings for many years. Having filled many stations of financial trust, he is fully capable of explaining to the students the present phases of the currency question. The supplementary lectures delivered are upon subjects which come within our sphere of action daily, and with which we must grapple, in order to succeed. His observations upon such subjects are such as have been gleaned from a long experience with them. On certain days, the questions which are brought forward and speculated upon by political economists, are discussed by members of the class, in the presence of President Battle and visitors. In addition to this, even the text-books used upon the subject are rigidly criticised. The effects of this thorough course in Political Science will be felt in years to come, and no student who attends the University, however limited in means and time, should neglect it.

☞ Professor Simonds, having recovered from his illness, has recommenced his lectures on Zoology and Geology.

☞ With all due deference to the syrens who lift up their melodious voices in the Chapel at prayers every morning, we would suggest that they tune their guttural chords more systematically. Let a regular Glee Club be organized, who shall practise songs both secular and sacred, and be prepared for any and every occasion when their services may be necessary.

☞ Dr. Phillips has been suffering from his customary sickness this month, but will not succumb to it. He still continues to lecture on his favorite subject, "The Functions of an Angle."

☞ A "Soph.," some time since, indited a few lines to a young lady, requesting her correspondence. The young lady did not answer the letter, and the verdant youth, remembering the old maxim, "Silence gives consent," continued to write, without receiving a line in return. Finally he wrote to her and requested to be released from the correspondence, as it prevented him from studying; whereupon, his letters were returned, with seals unbroken. A few days since he was seen purchasing several bolts of calico, numbers of gaiters and other female garments, previous to emigrating to Utah.

☞ The number of students, up to the present, are 175. Only four have elected Junior Mathematics. A large number attend Chemistry lectures; but, alas! how few become enamoured of the volatile goddess. The two studies most lavishly patronized are "Fresh" Rhetoric and Junior Logic. We anticipate for next year an abundant crop of orators and literati. The course in Moral Philosophy has been increased by the addition of Jouffroy's Ethics.

☞ Analytical Chemistry Laboratory—verdant freshman (gazing round, with open mouth,) to Senior Chemist: "Mister, what is that big black thing on that desk?"
Senior: "That? That's an aspirator."
Freshman: "Oh!"

☞ The Annual Announcement of the University has been issued. The University was reopened in September, 1875. This is its fourth year, and the number of students has increased from 69 during its first session to 175 at the beginning of this, the fourth session. It confers the following degrees, upon examination of the applicants, viz: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Law, Master of Arts, Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy.

☞ Prof.: "What are the inhabitants of Holland called?"
Fresh.: "Hollanders, sir."
Prof.: "Of Sweden?"
Fresh.: "Swedes, sir."
Prof.: "Of Turkey?"
Fresh.: "Turkeys, sir."
Of course, we left just then.

☞ Mr. W. B. Phillips, Ph. B., '77, Assistant State Chemist, delivered, recently, a lecture on "Marls," before the Agricultural Society of the State. We hear he made quite a fine impression.

☞ The Dialectic Society has just been made the recipient of a handsome donation of books. The donor is Hon. Samuel F. Phillips, United States Solicitor General, an *alumnus* of the University, and one of the most honored members of the "Di." The books are "Appleton's New American Encyclopedia" and "Picturesque America." They are beautifully bound and most valuable.

☞ W. L. Hill, '79, has returned from his European tour to work for his degree by commencement.

☞ Mr. A. L. Phillips, one of our associates in the editorship of the MAGAZINE, has resigned. Mr. Phillips had the success of the MAGAZINE at heart, and was punctual in his duties. We regret to lose him, but we consider ourselves fortunate in having Mr. R. L. Patterson elected to fill his place.

☞ The Philanthropic Society are on the alert, looking for a Commencement orator. We hear that they have made good selections, and confident in securing their man. The Seniors, also, have elected their preacher, but we have not been informed of his name.

☞ The Senior class are exercising their oratorical powers. Orations are delivered by them regularly every Friday morning in the English Literature class. Never has there been such an overflow of literature in the market. Philosophy, Poetry, History, Biography and common sense (?) are hurled about as carelessly as a football. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and every one, hereafter, will, for some time, at least, look upon those formerly dignified studies as ridiculous and disgusting.

☞ The class in Political Science, during the session, have discussed two very important questions. The first question under discussion was: "Is the Division of Labor, as Practiced in the Manufactories of the United States, Injurious to the Laboring Classes?" The disputants appointed were, on the affirmative, Messrs. W. J. Peele, John Manning and R. P. Pell; and on the negative, Messrs. James Manning James Forbis and R. W. Winston. After the question had been amply discussed by these gentlemen, the class united in calling upon Mr. F. D. Winston, who combatted the argument of the negative very successfully. The second question for discussion read: "Is Protection, or Free Trade Best for the United States?" The following gentlemen were appointed, and discussed the question very satisfactorily: On the affirmative, Messrs. Bell, Daniels and Kent; and on the negative, Messrs. Reid, Noble and Vaughan. After these gentlemen had discussed the question, President Battle called upon Messrs. R. Strange, Robbins and Forbis, who presented very forcible arguments for both sides.

☞ The following officers have been elected by the Senior class: President, W. J. Peele; Secretary, R. B. Henderson; and Historian, F. D. Winston. The following committees were appointed: Committee on Invitations—Messrs. John Manning, Kemp P. Battle, Jr., and G. A. Robbins; and Committee on Obtaining a Preacher for Commencement—Messrs. James Manning, Robert Strange, Jr., and I. M. Taylor. Although we do not desire to intrude upon the grave privileges of the Seniors, we think they should increase the number of officers. Why not have a class day, say, Tuesday before Commencement, and appoint, in addition to the Historian, a Poet and an Orator? We understand that they have appointed June, 1889, for their reunion.

☞ President Battle, by special request, delivered, some time since, before the State Agricultural Society, an address on "Higher Education." The papers of the State all compliment it very highly, and are fully convinced that he is the right man in the right place.

☞ The University of North Carolina has been intimately connected, for nearly a century, with the best interests of the people of the State. Its history has been remarkable, in many respects, and the pioneer efforts of our people, in establishing a liberal education, should be familiar to every citizen. It affords us much gratification to state that President Battle has consented to undertake the task of writing its history, and we present our readers, in this number, with a small portion of it. It will be continued in each number of the MAGAZINE until completed.

☞ It is a prevalent opinion among delinquent subscribers that editors dun them for their subscription fees simply for the lack of better matter with which to fill their periodicals, and that printers' ink, paper, &c., are *given away free, gratis, for nothing.* We most earnestly desire to dissipate such a vain delusion with respect to our MAGAZINE, and to inform our subscribers that it requires every cent which they owe us in order for us to pay the printer. Therefore, they must pay us, and save us the mortification of imposing upon the good nature of our printer.

☞ W. T. Blackwell & Co.'s Printing Establishment, managed by J. B. Whitaker, Jr., obtained the premium at the late State Fair for best specimen of Bronze Printing.

Væ Victis!

Six thousand years have swept by. Link after link has been added to form the chain which unites us to the Beginning. "We stand connected to the Past by an endless line of graves," the history of whose occupants is, "Born, lived, and died." Millions upon millions have risen, run their race, and sunk back to earth unknown and unloved, save by a little coterie of friends. Many caused men to wonder "as well at the briefness as the splendor of their brilliant deeds"; then, like a brief and dazzling comet, soon sank below the horizon and were forgotten. Each one pursuing his own course—blinded by ambition, fettered by selfishness, and fed by inspiration of hope, cast not even a pitying eye upon a less fortunate neighbor whom circumstances had hurled into the mud of despondency or left upon the bleak desert of despair, where the soul is never gladdened by even the phantom of an ever-deceiving mirage. The "Good Samaritan" in those days, as in ours, might well furnish a theme for praise and song. *Væ victis!* was then the battle cry. Down with the weak! onward, onward! every man for himself—no stop, no stay—the battle is to the strong—the race, to the swift! Stay, friend, stay! you are in an evil work! cries some less daring soul; you have no right to take that which is your neighbor's. Loose me, madman! "Might makes Right." This is a day of action, and he who stops to consult his conscience will lose the race.

Thus spoke the first generation of the world; the second was no better, and where, may I ask, do we stand in the Nineteenth Century? the great age of improvement! the century of progress! the century of peace! the century of broad views and philanthropic deeds! the century which is reaping the harvest which past ages have sown! Surely the millennium is close at hand! Ah! yes; perhaps it is, Mr. Enthusiast; but before you become too enraptured let us calmly and dispassionately view only a small portion of the glories (?) of this end which you uphold for the wonder and imitation of future ages. You forget, perhaps, that the last century died amid the groans of French Terrorism, and that the same tocsin which sounded the birth of this glorious 19th Century called to arms the braves who perished in the Napoleonic wars. You fail to remember that it took the thunders of a Waterloo to crush the

ambition of its greatest God. This despot, this hero of this lauded century, was the Jupiter before whose awful nod thrones crumbled and monarchs bit the dust. Freedom—which for ages before 1776 had been cloven down, and which again at Lexington in a contest more glorious than Marathon, planed its wings for a nobler flight —was again plucked of its pinions by this military god, and fell to such a depth that three-fourths of a century have scarcely enabled her to rise above the reach of a hungry mob. But then Napoleon was a great man, and the world has no right to complain if he distanced them in the race for glory and thereby made them slaves! The race must be to the swift; the battle to the strong. Those who cannot reach the goal must perish on the way. There is glory for the few only. The many must stoop their shoulders as a step for their more fortunate neighbors. The many, ah! they are so many! must be left behind. No one can lend a helping hand. "*Væ victis!*" shouts the giant, as he rushes to the front. Is there no one who will give a lift to this man who, oppressed with care and sorrow, is fighting his way up the rugged heights of life? No, no! down with the fool! put your foot upon him, it will lift you a little higher! 'Tis a glorious thing to be first man! but second—who will be second? They are so many! Still press them down! There are only a few who should rise to the temple of Fame—then fall in! now for the contest. You are my friend; but bear in mind I can give you no help. I know the bible says do as ye would be done by, but then "Charity begins at home," "and so the devil take you, since it must be you or me." This is the 19th Century—a century without sympathy of mind to mind. A century in which every man pursues his own course unmindful of his fellow. True the country is teeming with charitable institutions. True the body is clothed and the stomach fed; pestilence is met and combatted, places of learning are prepared for the poor, and the infirm have their asylums; but no where do we find that great *mind-sympathy* which proclaims men brothers. *Worth is measured by success.* Let worth fail and it is worth no more. Let meanness succeed and success makes it honorable. That is a sad and true satire on humanity which Sir Jno. Harrington once uttered—

Treason doth never prosper—
What's the reason?
For, if it prosper,
None dare call it treason.

The man who steals a fortune has simply embezzled a few thousand dollars; but the poor wretch who takes what is necessary to save him from starvation is guilty of stealing. Men are judged by their externals. Innocence in rags is scorned, while guilt in "brocade and silk" is worshiped as a goddess. Then, too, we are becoming a tender-hearted people. The whipping-post is barbarous, and capital punishment a disgrace to civilization, but the lash of libel, which robs a man of his reputation, and the ax of slander, which destroys his honor, bring glory to him who uses them, *provided he does it successfully.* What is to be the result of all this anxiety to be first—to be one of the few upon whose brow Fame shall set her laurel wreath? I much fear that in our eagerness for the palm of victory that we shall forget those eternal principles of honor and truth, justice and humanity, which should bind us together as one common brotherhood—"heirs of the self-same heritage, children of the self-same God." There is then a task for us all—to immolate self upon the altar of humanity.

C. B. Aycock.

The Sandfiddler Out Sandfiddlered.

One of the most curious little animals, which it was ever my good fortune to behold, was a sandfiddler. You, gentlemen from the mountains, having never met anything which can run in more than one direction, except possibly a man, will not believe me, when I say that a sandfiddler makes just as good time going sidewise as he does going forward. And you, gentlemen from the ocean, may equally well be amazed when you hear that I propose, this morning, inviting your attention to an object which runs, not only forwards, sidewise and backwards, but all three at the same time—the modern optional freshman. He starts from Currituck or Cherokee, and, as an idle candle-fly, is attracted by the glitter of the educational luminary upon this ancient Hill of learning. Bear in mind he is no poorly educated youth; that affecting story of old Tray, in the veritable blue-back, he has long since mastered; McGuffie's sixth Reader has been mowed in the progress of this intellectual scythe. Mr. Jones, his recent preceptor, has declared him to be the sharpest boy at Dawson's ⋈ Roads; and therefore,

of course, in the State. With these ideas deeply imbued in his mind, he enters the room just opposite this. The heart of the venerable old man, who presides over the Greek department, you will know almost breaks, as he says, "Well, sir, I have a class just below the first class in Greek, which you would better enter, until Christmas, at least." In Latin, likewise, he is pronounced deficient. By this time his feathers are considerably ruffled; but he summons his remaining courage, and, entering the room over this, is completely floored on the relationship between a brickbat and the bellyache. Poor fellow! Night, soon following, is in accord with his melancholy feelings. Do you not pity him? Far from home and friends; unknown to all; neglected in Latin, Greek and Mathematics; he sits down and ruminates. And what does he determine to do? Go home? No. Go to some other institution? No. Wait until he is better prepared? No. Enter the preparatory department, where he belongs? No. Well, what does he decide to do? Why, to enter the Junior and Senior classes. For he sees that no previous preparation is required to thoroughly comprehend those little studies written by Aristotle, the old fogy, and Billie Hamilton; by such men as Agassiz, Fresenius, Roscoe, and the like. But, says one, he does well in those departments. Maybe he does. The Senior class has under discussion the principles of the Division of Labor. Our hero smiles placidly. It is his hobby. The President observes this, and asks: "What agreement, sir, would a blind man and a paralytic be likely to make to facilitate their progress through life?" "Let the paralytic shoulder the blind man, and the latter do the seeing."

A few days after this, the comparative values of specie and paper money are being considered. All ears eagerly listen to catch the words as they fall from his mouth. "Sllver is the hardest," says he. Ah, well, you say, let him be in these higher classes; he detracts nothing from their dignity, and, doubtless, improves himself greatly.

Granting this. But right here his unaccountable movements come in. For, standing in the Junior class, with the eye of a Napoleon, he scans the field, and comprehends it; and with the execution of a Murat, he collects the shattered remnants of the Fresh and Sophs' courses; and, breathing the same atmosphere

with those on the eve of graduating, thinks that he must graduate too. Hence, the disagreeable question is forced upon those of the students staying here four, or three years, by the old catalogue, if A, having the same amount of previous training as B, graduates in two years, and it takes B four, either A is twice as talented, or else B has wasted two years of his time. In which horn of the dilemma do we labor? That some one else is twice our superior, vanity prevents our admitting. That our time has been unemployed, the well-worn leaves of our Leddell's and Scott's and Andrews' Lexicons, the familiar formulæ of Dischanel, and the homelike book of Todhunter's Mechanics, firmly and emphatically deny.

Four years ago I entered the lists. A long ways off then seemed the goal. But, glittering in the distance, it was still perceptible. Our barks were ten. Manned and equipped, "they did buffet it with lusty Seniors." The wintry blasts blowing fearfully, two of our gallant barks did founder. Old Boreas was tossing among the islands, and our skiffs well tried by three seasons, when, looking back, we saw skiffs of the same ton burden as our own, setting out upon the same journey. But behold! A calm has come upon the waters; and, with one tremendous dash, the boats we lately saw far in the lurch are ahead of ourselves. O, Boreas, thou must be chained in thy cave! O, moon, thou dost fail to draw the waters as once thou did! O, quicksands, thou hast fled before our more lucky competitors. The harbor for the rest of us, bearing aloft the beautiful *ensignia* of hope, is in the near future. Let us sail safely in, and we will teach those bright little cherubs, contesting for the class cup of '79, the art of substituting and of gouging the Faculty.

How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!—*Coleridge.*

Words are so twisted and tortured by some writers of the present day, that I am really sorry for them—I mean for the words. It is a favorite fancy of mine, that perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with—that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication.—*Sam'l Rogers.*

The Earth's Old Age.

Doth old age tell upon this earth that counts
Its sixty centuries? Or is it made
Subject to the law of decline and death
Like those by whom it is inhabited?
Or have its great agencies grown weary
In their allotted task; Nature's machinery
Signs of senescence shown, and all her grand
Phenomena fallen into confusion?
'Twould seem to be quite true, as one hath said
This huge rotundity we tread grows old.
Yet think not so. A power Omnipotent
Its vast, exhaustless stock of energy,
And perpetual activity supplies;
Recruits the fountain—central orb of light
Whose streams of splendor radiate the world,
And trims the lamps of heaven from age to age.
Creation's mysteries explore! and ne'er one
Symptom of decay unquestionable
Or single token of death absolute
Can science or philosophy detect.
Great scavenger of the aerial sea
Huge plow—shore of the deep—mysterious wind,
From its four quarters bloweth everywhere
It listeth, still. For overhead sail fleets
Of clouds—conveying their freight—rich moisture
From the sea, unlading on the needy
Land in copious undiminished showers.
The soil as ever yields with lavish store,
Its varied kindly fruits, its generous wine;
Whose gardens bloom with fair and fragrant flowers;
Nor doth its goodly crops deteriorate
That are extracted from its bosom broad.
Millions of men are on its corn still fed,
Myriads of flocks still on its herbage graze.
As in primeval forests, there are tons
Of timber in its countless trees; and green
Leaves—as sands on the shore as numberless—
Have in successive beauty risen or fallen
Yellow and sere. And yet the ground has gone
As gladly to its work, as if the toil
Of rearing giant oaks, or stately palms,
Were naught but simple play. The elements
Their mission ne'er forget; rarely at rest
The wild waves of the deep; nor ceaseth fire
To burn with cheerful glow; the tireless winds
The atmosphere to sweep. Nor yet has man
Yielded to his progenitors in point
Of form, nor conceded that in strength
Below them he has fallen; as brilliant still
And fertile is his imagination,
And more inventions grand has he sought out,
Nor less searching and profound his intellect.
Thou great Creator of the universe!
Even Thou, art to be feared, as long as sun
And moon endure, or stars their places hold.
He upon earth his mandate sendeth forth

Swiftly his word and fiat stern doth run
That will its garment old, and vesture change.
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
His arm, shall swear by Him, "Time is no more."
And at his beck the sun shall darkened be
The moon no longer give her light to man—
The lordly being for whom it was created—
Pride in his port, defiance in his eye.
Oh! who may point the hour! when we shall see—
Earth's glory, grandeur, all things pass away
With fervent heat dissolved. And when fulfilled
The task assigned the mighty ministers
Of His will—whose ghastly work will distroy
Alike, memorials of man's art and man's
Iniquity, in that avenging flame,
The earth regenerate and rejoicing
Will in its primal purity come forth
Clothed in the garments beautiful; of peace
And righteousness—lasting as Eternity!

XENAS.

The Voice of the People.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BY DAVID BELL, OF ENFIELD, N. C., A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

The voice of the people is the unified result of all the mental forces of humanity. It inaugurates presidents, dethrones kings, declares war and makes treaties of peace. It holds in its hands the wealth and power of nations; bestows honours and crowns, in lavish abundance, upon its favorites, and crushes its enemies into dust. When it speaks, lords tremble, kings obey, and generals sheathe their swords. It is supreme in all its functions, selfish in all its purposes, and rash in all its deeds. As yet, it is something of an untutored savage; but it is the genius of the nineteenth century, and, with one stamp of its foot, has shaken the globe. It has broken the routine of thirty centuries, written constitutions with the point of the sword, and confounded all wisdom and calculation by doing whatever it pleases. Although it has been rude, rash and often cruel, yet it is the only real power in any state, and has never failed to be victorious over every foe. It is the pioneer that has blazed the path of the astronomer, the chemist, the philosopher, the merchant and the statesman. It has led to the demonstrations of the systems of the universe, and read earth's history, inductively, from the unchangeable tablet of the rock. It has produced all the great men, all the activities of life, and all

that is noble in history, or dear to the human race. It has been said that "Demosthenes of old formed himself to the perfection of eloquence by means of addresses to the crowd," and "the great comic poet of Greece, emphatically the poet of the vulgar mob, is distinguished above all others for the incomparable graces of his diction." At the revival of letters, a distinguishing feature of the rising literature was the employment of the dialect of the vulgar. Dante used the language of the populace, and won immortality. Wickliffe, Luther, and, at a later day, Descartes, each employed his mother tongue, and carried truth directly to all who were familiar with its accents. Every beneficent revolution in letters has the character of popularity; every great reform among authors has sprung from the power of the people, in its influence on the development and activity of mind. Scott, in spite of his reverence for the Aristocracy, spurned a drawing-room reputation. The secret in Byron's popularity lay, in part, in the agreement which existed between his muse and the democratic tendency of the age. German literature is almost entirely a popular creation. It was fostered by no monarch; it was dandled by no aristocracy. It was plebeian in its origin, and, therefore, manly in its results. In like manner, the best government rests on the people, and not on the few; on persons, and not on property; on the free development of public opinion, and not on authority; because the munificent Author of our being has conferred the gifts of mind upon every member of the human race, without distinction of outward circumstances.

Whatever of other possessions may be engrossed, mind asserts its own independence. Lands, estates, the produce of mines, the prolific abundance of the seas may be usurped by a privileged class; avarice, assuming the form of ambitious power, may grasp realm after realm, subdue continents, compass the earth in its schemes of aggrandizement, and sigh after other worlds; but mind eludes the power of appropriation; it exists only in its own individuality; it is a property which cannot be confiscated, and cannot be torn away. A government of equal rights must, therefore, rest upon mind; not wealth, not brute force. The sum of the moral intelligence of the community should, therefore, rule the state, for society studies to eradicate established abuses, and to bring social

institutions and laws into harmony with moral right; not dismayed by the natural and necessary imperfections of all human effort, and giving way to despair, because every hope does not at once ripen into fruit. Therefore, the government by the people should be, and is, in very truth, the strongest government in the world. Discarding the implements of terror, it dares to rule by moral force, and has its citadel in the heart. Such is the political system which rests on reason, reflection and the free expression of deliberate choice. There may be those who scoff at the suggestion that the decision of the whole is to be preferred to the judgment of the enlightened few. They say, in their hearts, that the masses are ignorant; that farmers know nothing of legislation; that mechanics should not quit their workshops to join in forming public opinion. But "true political science does, indeed, venerate the masses." It maintains, not, as has been asserted, that "the people can make right," but that the people can discern right. Individuals are languid, blind and corrupt; the masses are ever wakeful, and the spirit of God breathes through the combined intelligence of the people. Thus, the opinion which we respect is, indeed, not the opinion of one, or a few, but the sagacity of the many. It is hard for the pride of cultivated philosophy to put its ear to the ground and listen reverently to the voice of lowly humanity; yet the people collectively are wiser than the most gifted individual; for all his wisdom constitutes but a part of theirs. "When the great sculptor of Greece was endeavoring to fashion the perfect model of beauty, he did not passively imitate the form of the loveliest woman of his age; but he gleaned the several lineaments of his faultless work from the many." And so it is that a perfect judgment is the result of comparison, when error eliminates error, and truth is established by concurring witnesses. It is when the multitude gives counsel that right purposes find safety; theirs is the fixedness that cannot be shaken; theirs is the understanding which exceeds in wisdom; theirs is the heart of which the largeness is as the sand on the seashore. It is not by vast armies, by immense natural resources, by accumulations of treasures, that the greatest results in modern civilization have been accomplished. The traces of the career of conquest pass away, hardly leaving a scar on the national intelligence. The famous battle grounds of

victory are, most of them, comparatively indifferent to the human race; barren fields of blood, the scourges of their times, but effecting the social condition as little as the raging of a pestilence. Not one benevolent institution, not one ameliorating principle in the Roman state was a voluntary concession of the aristocracy. Each useful element was borrowed from the democracies of Greece, or was a reluctant concession to the demands of the people. The same is true in modern political life, and it is the confession of an enemy to democracy that "all the great and noble institutions of the world have come from popular efforts." It is the uniform tendency of the popular element to elevate and bless humanity. The exact measure of the progress of civilization is the degree in which the intelligence of the common mind has prevailed over wealth and brute force. In other words, the measure of the progress of civilization is the progress of the people. Every great object, connected with the benevolent exertions of the day, has reference to the culture of those powers which are alone the common inheritance. For this the envoys of religion cross seas and visit remotest isles. For this the press, in its freedom, teems with the productions of maturest thoughts. For this the philanthropist plans new schemes of education. For this, halls, in every city and village are open to the public instructor. "The defense of public liberty, in our own halls of legislation, has long since penetrated the plains of Poland, was echoed along the mountains of Greece, and ever pierced the darkest night of Eastern despotism." This living, moving spirit, feeling its right to liberty, cannot be convinced by argument, nor controlled by force; it cannot be awed by antiquity, or terrified by kingly rage; but, springing from oppression itself, it has forced humanity to crown it monarch of all. The undimmed splendor of æsthetic Greece, the unparalleled sway of imperial Rome, the vast nation-making power of England, and the origin and life of the American Republic, all came from this predominant power. The voice of the people is the unity of the masses, and is always dangerous. In calm times it is gentle as a lamb; in madness, a mob, with one soul and a million of destructive hands. The same multitude that came out with oxen and garlands, ready to offer divine honors to the great apostle of the Gentiles were influenced, on the morrow, to lacerate his

back, and leave his contused body to welter in its own gore. The same multitude that greeted the Savior with hozannahs, and welcomed Him to the Holy City, with shouts of "Thou Son of David!" were ready, on the next day, to cry, "Away with Him! away with Him! Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

The question is not who will put down the voice of the people, for none can do it; but who shall teach it discipline, and how can it be done; who can teach it either morals or manners, wash its hands from the blood of the past struggles, and give it a conscience loyal to the right. This must be done, and done quickly, for this fierce spirit hears no one in the time of its frenzy. The greatest and saddest things have come from the arm of this supreme will, and any day the same wild fury may rage again. The spirit of the people never did and never will need agitation. We need pure, liberal, clear, and instructive, political, social and religious thinkers and talkers, to solve the problems of the times, and direct the movements of the masses. We need gigantic leaders to work upon principle, and not upon men; to work for their country, and not for pay; men who can teach and humanize public opinion; men who are able, and who dare oppose, knowing well that they must die for their opposition. For this fierce spirit frequently kills its leaders, and learns wisdom only of those whom it tramples to dust. The rights of the people must be respected and maintained, but it is folly to suppose that an undisciplined multitude will care for their own rights or those of others; they are more frequently influenced to revolutionary fury by some ideal, than by any acts of wrong; for they learn nothing by experience, and history can teach them no wisdom. There are 10,000,000 of people in the United States to-day who are governed by nothing but the fiery edge of the law, and 50,000,000 in Europe would hail with joy the tocsin of carnage and death. The drift of the nation is now to the practical abrogation of all law, the contempt of all social restraint, and the inauguration of universal death. The ante-Sabbath laws of France and the civil rights bill of the United States, instead of appeasing the rage of the people, tended more to drive them to extremes that could only be curbed by the voice of artillery.

This predominant power needs teaching; it needs the wise, yet firm discipline that forms character while it prevents wrong, and

gives privileges without license. None desire to destroy the voice of the people, now dominant everywhere, and all may be destroyed by it; the question of the hour is, how shall an irresistible force be controlled, and how shall the scorner of all wisdom be taught? Ultimately it will prone to be its own teacher and work its own reform, while it moves on to the consummation of its sublimest end.

"Creeds, empires, systems rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future's page
To our humanity more truthful!
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of 'brother';
And time comes when brain scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!
Aye, it must come! The tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with the hot tears rusted;
The sword earth's mighty ones have leant on
Is cankered, with the heart's blood crusted—
Room! for true men of mind make way!
Ye robber rulers, pause no longer,
Ye cannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The people's advent's coming!"

Count Wallenstein.

In reading German and Austrian history we witness the dawn, first throes and rapid spread of the Reformation. We rejoice at the momentary peace under the tolerant and sagacious Maximilian II; behold with wonder the adroitness, despotism, and then the amazing leniency of Rudolph III. We despise the duplicity and diplomatic intrigues of Matthias, and see the flagrant violation of the "Letter of Majesty" by him at Klostergrab and Breman; and now a fearful struggle, a thirty years' war, begins its work of desolation. Religious convictions, by their potent energies arouse a people to a struggle, the termination of which lies beyond the wrecks of proud and fortressed cities, and beyond many blood-stained fields. The eloquent, intrepid and prudent Count Thurn fires the peasants and converts them into "hardy and trained soldiers, knowing scarcely any virtues but those of reckless bravery and uncalculating obedience to their leader." Bohemia is gained; Ailesia, Lusatia and Moravia are in revolt. The God of War has let loose the imprisoned winds of his fury, and they rage with

ferocious wildness. Count Thurn boldly leads his army into Austria, and pushes vigorously to the gates of Vienna. Ferdinand II., the sincere and conscientious bigot, is almost within the lion's grasp, but miraculously he escapes—to be crowned Emperor of Germany. "The devil is loose." The glad shouts of victory, which swelled from the hearts of the Protestants, are turned into groans of misery and despair. The battle of White Mountain is fought and ignominiously lost, after which, the volcano belches forth his streams of hate and fury. But all Germany is astir. The Protestant princes assemble at Moremberg, and form the Evangelic Union, with Christian IV., of Denmark, for its leader. Protestant and Papist defy each other; the Union on one side, the League and Emperor on the other, array their hostile files. Again the welkin thunders with the roar of cannon; victory ebbs and flows. Now the Protestant triumphs. The Emperor Ferdinand holds a powerless sceptre. He looks around him for rescue; but only an exhausted treasury, a desolated territory and panting armies, fleeing from the vengeance of the renowned Count Mansfield and the Duke of Brunswic, bring black darkness to the twilight of his despair. The gloom of an awful night rested upon his hopes, and his future lay, dark and cheerless, before him; but,

> "Night must it be, ere Friedland's star will beam."

Suddenly a brilliant light gleams from Bohemia, and begins to chase the shadows of night away; a Wallenstein moves. Mark the man, as he enters the crimson-dyed arena, his haughty and stately bearing.

> "This man was never made
> To ply and mould himself, like wax, to others."

This first undertaking tells his daring genius, aroused by ambition into fearful activity. His first proposal is ridiculed as chimerical; but who dares prescribe the limits to genius? At his own expense, from war-wasted Germany, he proposes to Ferdinand to fully accoutre an army, afterwards to be increased to 50,000 men, and of which he is to be given the sole command. The despondent Emperor clutches the seeming chimera, when, suddenly, it lifts him on the broad shoulders of an Atlas. Wallenstein erects his standard with magical effect. Tried soldiers and noble Dukes flock to the man, and soon he leads an army, 20,000 strong, into the field. The double-eagle of Austria waves in triumph. The intrepid general

marches to the north, with swelling ranks. The armies of the Evangelic Union retreat. Their generals, Mansfeld and Brunswic, are no more. The Danish King, Christian, is driven to bay and defeated.

> "Through Saxony,
> The fury Goddess of War marches on,
> E'en to the surf-rock Baltic, bearing
> The terror of the Emperor's name."

Wallenstein now commands an army of 100,000 loyal men, who idolize their leader. He is dangerous, for "he has the spirit of a ruler;" and, with this army, he has elevated the master, only to elevate the servant. Having adopted the principle of Mansfeld and Brunswic—that one war should be supported by another—Wallenstein overspreads Mecklenberg, Brandenberg, Holstein and Aleswic with his army; from which, under the guise of imperial approbation, he extorted immense sums, as contributions, and crushed all resistance. As some terrible monster, he wandered and plundered indiscriminately. His fame is but "the oil cast upon the ever-gnawing fire of ambition." The kingly Wallenstein towers too high, and jealousy begins to sow its poisonous seeds. The bigoted Jesuits, the sworn servants of the Pope, the secret enemies of Wallenstein, tremble for their master's supremacy, and fill the minds of their credulous Ferdinand with suspicions of his general's dark designs. The League fears for its independence, and sees its powers wane. The powerful Duke of Bavaria is envious, and plots. The Emperor is in a dangerous dilemma. Take either horn, and his destruction becomes more threatening. He is loth to sacrifice his general, the stay and support of his power, on the altar of jealousy; yet he must satisfy the demands of powerful allies; must defeat the great Richelieu, with "all the potent influences of intrigue and bribery at his command," to secure the election of his son to the throne of Germany. The College of Electors assembles at Ratisbon; the vaccillating Emperor is determined; Wallenstein falls. The proud general, deposed and stripped of his power, bows his head in humble submission, surrenders the command of his adoring soldiers, and seeks, in Prague, the privacy of his princely palace.

The genius of insulted Wallenstein never rests; it meditates and plots revenge, not vainly, for the "hero of the North" rides

into the lists and touches the Emperor's shield with the point of his lance, the signal for deadly combat. Gustavus Adolphus, by the deposition of Wallenstein, meets no hero worthy his steel. His easy subjugation of Pomerania, his rapid advances in other quarters, the glad shouts which welcomed this foreign protector to the chief cities of the Hanseatic League, the lost fields of Breitenfeld and the Lech declaiming the inability to cope with the Cæsar of the seventeenth century, terrified the Emperor, and again "the yawning chasm of destruction gaped wide open its mouth before him." Wallenstein sees, with evident satisfaction, these reverses; for he knows that every success of Gustavus Adolphus but increases the necessity for his reinvestment with whatever powers and whatever indemnification he may stipulate. The Emperor must win him, at whatever sacrifices; and, truly, never before or since, were such powers invested in a subject by his master.

Wallenstein, by entreaties, assumes the command only for three months, to reorganize and, I may say, re-establish, the imperial army. This accomplished, the Emperor, to retain him, clothes him with the following powers: That he shall be the Imperial Generalissimo and absolute commander of his army; that neither the Emperor nor his son shall enter the army; that he shall appoint all officers, dispense all rewards, levy all contributions and confiscate all estates of the vanquished enemies he pleases; and that the Emperor shall conclude no treaty without his consent—kingly powers upon a kingly man!

The immediate hope and energy which were infused, the sudden reversion in favor of the Emperor seemed to justify this choice and excuse the powers invested. For, at Meremberg, is interposed the first check to the impetuous King of Sweden, and the plains of Lutzen are stained with his life's blood. From this time, distrust and suspicion begin to undermine the general's influence. It is his revenge which Wallenstein strives to satiate; it is for this that he enters into treasonable communications with the Swede; it is for this that he meditates the coalition of his army with the Swedish against the Emperor, professedly to force him to peace; it is for this that he sacrifices his life and endangers his reputation. Wallenstein, after the capture and release of

Count Thurn, marches to Pilsen, where the desertion commences; thence to Egra, where, at the head of his faithful "Tenth Legion," he hears of his discovery and condemnation. He is undaunted, though his astrologer, the faithful old Seni, by his mystic love, tells him his doom, written in the heavens. It is night in the city, and to-morrow the Swedes come to receive its keys. "There is a sound of revelry" coming from the governor's castle; all is gayety; when, at a signal, the song of merriment ceases; the clash of arms is heard; Tertsky, Allo and Kinsky, Wallenstein's coadjutors, fall. The assassins rush to the apartment of the great general, who, terrified, springs from his couch, and, without a word, receives the deadly lance into his heart.

That Wallenstein was one of the greatest generals of that age of renowned generals, is little questioned; that he was extremely ambitious, is less doubted; but the *Ultima Thule* of that ambition has puzzled historians. Some allege it to have been the crown of Bohemia, others justly discredit this. Wallenstein's principle, says Schiller, was to depress the princes of the empire, to destroy all gradations of rank between the latter and the Emperor, whose power he secured, and resolved to elevate beyond all competition; to make the Emperor independent of every person in Germany, except him, to whom he should owe that independence. He was munificent in his rewards to the worthy, and severe in the punishment of the unworthy. He was liberal in his views, for he opposed the act of restitution. He was guilty of treason; but it was to secure the peace of Germany, which was postponed for fourteen years longer. He prevented the complete humiliation of the House of Austria by Sweden and France. He was a dangerous opponent to the Protestants in war; but, in peace, he would have been tolerant, if not friendly. Y.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it. He does not beat about the bush for difficulties or excuses, but goes the shortest and most effectual way to work to attain his end, or to accomplish a useful object. There is stuff in him and it is of the right practicable sort.—*Hazlitt.*

Address by President Battle of the University of North Carolina.

DELIVERED IN GERRARD* HALL ON "UNIVERSITY DAY," OCTOBER 12TH, 1877.

The Trustees of the University have ordained that one day in the year shall be set apart as a holiday, in which shall be reviewed its past history. Its name in the Calendar is to be "UNIVERSITY DAY." The recalling the virtues of the great men, who assisted in the establishment of the institution, and of their successors who reared it up to the full magnitude of its usefulness, the pointing out the great work it has done in the past, it is hoped, will nerve all friends of education to labor for its increased usefulness in the future. The date selected is the 12th of October. On this day, in 1793, eighty-four years ago, was the corner-stone of the first building, the "Old East," laid. On that day anxious hearts of wise men, the enlightened Fathers of the State, throbbed at the proud thought that a beginning had been made towards realizing a project so long hoped for and prayed for by the best of the land.

On this, the first celebration of its "Memorial Day," it will be my endeavor to give you as vivid a picture as I can of the beginnings of the University. Let us be content with recalling the first chapter of the history. We will leave to future anniversaries the continuation of the annals.

It is difficult for the men of our generation to put themselves in the places of a former generation. When, as in some periods, poetry and fiction and painting and sculpture all combine to aid the historian, the task may be, to large extent, accomplished. In my effort to-day I will have no such aids. No Tennyson or Scott or Hogarth or Canova, no Longfellow, or Cooper or Trumbull or Powers, have thrown the sunlight of their genius on the characters and events of North Carolina of the last century. No Macaulay has brushed away the dust which has settled upon and obscured them. I, therefore, ask your charitable criticism.

I have already, from this rostrum, called attention to the fact that the true birth-day of the University was in 1776, one hundred years ago from last December. I bespoke your admiration for the

*G-e-r-r-a-r-d is the true spelling of this name, as is shown by many documents.

wonderful equanimity and courage and far-seeing wisdom, which led our ancestors, in the midst of the throes of civil war, to provide for the education of the people. I did not tell you that the men entitled to the greatest meed of praise for this noble providence were descended from the brave Scotch-Irish, who made the defence of Londonderry famous in the annals of human endurance—the men of Mecklenburg—the ancestors of our Grahams, our Brevards, Alexanders, Averys, Polks, Caldwells. They were distinguished among the colonists for culture and love of learning. Wherever the Scotch-Irish went they carried with them their preacher, and their preacher was not alone a stern moralist, but the rigid disciplinarian and instructor of youth. Their efforts to obtain a charter for a college in Charlotte had been frustrated by the unwillingness of the King to give to dissenters the power to influence the minds of the rising generation. Smarting under this evil action, they instructed their delegates to the State Congress, which met at Halifax and formed the Constitution of 1776, Waightstill Avery, John Phifer, Zacchaeus Wilson, Robert Irwin, Hezekiah Alexander, to demand the fullest religious liberty and the encouragement of education by the establishment of colleges. Three of these delegates were on the committee which reported the Constitution, and it was, doubtless, their urgency in carrying into effect the wishes of their constituents, which made the requirement of the University a part of the fundamental law.

Inter arma silent leges. When Caswell was beating McDonald at Moore's Creek Bridge, and Shelby and Cleveland and McDowell were capturing Ferguson's forces at Kings Mountain, and Cornwallis and Green were wrestling for the victory at Guilford, and Fanning was carrying off from Hillsboro the Governor of our State, and the momentous question, whether our ancestors were patriots or traitors, was still undecided, there was no time for building Universities. And when the clouds of war were dispersed the Sun of Peace shone on an exhausted people. Industry must have time for restoring plenty to wasted land, and statesmanship to form a settled government and more perfect union in the place of a nerveless Confederacy. In the month of November, 1789, our State entered the American Union, which, more happily than has ever been known in history, has succeeded in combining the autonomy of the individual states with the strength of a common government.

In the next month of December, as if forming part of a comprehensive plan, the charter of the University, introduced and advocated by Davie, was granted by the General Assembly. The Trustees, under this charter, composed the great men of the State —the good men of the State—the trusted leaders of the people. As I read their names you will recognize many counties and towns, called by a grateful Legislature in their honor. All branches of the government are represented. The Federal Judiciary furnished two great leaders, appointed by Washington, to the Supreme Court Bench, James Iredell and Alfred Moore. The first District Judge of North Carolina, likewise appointed by Washington, the sturdy Col. John Winston, of Forsythe, was among the number, as was also John Sitgreaves, his successor. The Judiciary of the State was represented by the first three judges, under the Constitution of 1776, Samuel Ashe, Samuel Spencer and John Williams. Of those, who at some period of their lives held the high office of Governor, were Samuel Johnston, Wm. Richardson Davie, Benjamin Williams, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Benjamin Smith, besides Samuel Ashe, already named. Of those who represented the State, in the Congress of the United States, were Samuel Johnston, Hugh Williamson, Wm. Blount, Charles Johnson, Benjamin Hawkins, Wm. Barry Grove, Alexander Mebane, Joseph Dixon, James Holland, Benjamin Williams. And there were those who had been prominent in the civil and military duties of the Revolution, Archibal McLaine and Stephen Cabarrus, Adlai Osborne, Frederick Hargett, Gen. Henry Wm. Harrington, Willie Jones, Cols. Wm. Lenoir, Joseph McDowell and Thomas Person, Gen. Davie, and Gen. Joseph Graham, the father of our Governor Graham, the last efforts of whose honored life were spent for the University. By contrast to these men of war was the sturdy man of God, Rev. Samuel E. McCorckle, who was high authority in those early days, as a man of learning and of piety.

At the same session the General Assembly made a grant to the University of certain debts due by tax-collectors, called arrearages, prior to September, 1783, and also of escheats. It was fondly hoped that funds would be realized from these sources and would contribute a handsome endowment. But the experiment of collect-

ing old tax claims failed then by reason of deaths, insolvencies, abscondings—as such attempts fail in all times.

The grant of escheats, by the act of 1789, was of real value—the source whence the chief endowments of the University were ultimately obtained—and from which, with the aid of private donations, most of the buildings were erected. Perhaps it may be best for me to explain this more minutely than would be necessary to an audience of lawyers.

Escheats are those lands which, for want of a legal owner, go to the State. Now before the Revolution, as this country was commercially dependent on Great Britain, many natives of that country settled in North Carolina. Of these a considerable number, not sympathizing with the colonies, on the breaking out of the war, fled to their old homes or joined the invading armies. Many of these denizens of foreign birth left no heirs who were citizens of North Carolina, and under the law as it stood until 1871, their lands escheated to the State. And in like manner obscure soldiers, to whom land warrants were granted for their services in the war, died leaving no heirs to inherit their claims.

Of course the revenue from this source naturally diminished as the years rolled away from the Revolution, and it was still further diminished by acts of the Legislature giving the lands to a remoter heir, being a citizen, when the next heir was an alien, and giving the widow all the estate if her husband should die without an heir. At this day the chances of an escheat are worth very little. An alien stands on the same footing with a citizen, in regard to the possession of real estate.

Handsome sums dropped in, from time to time, in an irregular and spasmodic way, notwithstanding which the University, although on paper owning imperial tracts of the rich lands of Tennessee, was often on the verge of bankruptcy. It was for years much like one of the claimants of those great "Drake" or "Jennings" deposites in the Bank of England, like one of the Jarndyces waiting for the great suit of Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce to be decided by the Chancellor.

It is of pathetic interest to know that those ignorant soldiers, who, after countless sufferings filled uncoffined graves, were not only gaining liberty for their country but, unintentional benefactors, were building a great institution of learning. They did glorious

work, those "unnamed demi-gods of history," as Kossuth calls them, suffering martyrdom for a cause they dimly understood, but that cause triumphant and leading to never-ending blessings of free institutions and liberal education.

It was not from parsimony, but hard necessity, that the long services of those patriots, in hunger and thirst and cold and nakedness, were compensated in a paper currency, like that of which the conquered Confederates have had such bitter experience. To this was added, for faithful service, warrants for land to be located in a country of vast fertility, but the home of bears and panthers and not friendly Indians, the Western region of Tennessee, then a part of North Carolina.

To a private was given 640 acres; to a Captain, 3,840; to a Major, 4,800; to a Colonel (or Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding), 7,200; to a Brigadier, 12,000; to the great General Greene, who had, by his genius, retrieved the fortunes of the war after Gates' disastrous failure, they gave 25,000 acres.

The State ceded, in 1789, all the territory of Tennessee to the United States. The new State, after it was admitted into the Union, claimed all the rights of sovereignty and refused to give effect to the grants made by North Carolina. It is thus evident that it was a long and difficult task to make available the well intentioned grants.

The State of North Carolina would never have secured one acre of these lands. It required all the ingenuity and management of our Trustees and their agent, Judge Murphy, under the plea that they were designed to aid in building up an institution of learning, to get even a partial recognition—the University being required to surrender two-thirds of the warrants to the College of East Tennessee and the College of Cumberland. It was not until 1835, after the College had been repeatedly on the verge of bankruptcy, staggering under a debt of nearly $40,000 to the banks, that funds were gathered from this source, and the donations of Smith and Gerrard and others, to lift its head above the waters.

With the exception of $10,000, loaned by the State for erecting buildings (afterwards converted into a gift), I find all the benefactions of the General Assembly only of such interests as could be of little, if any, advantage to the State. This fact is expressed in

the preamble of one of the Acts—"Whereas, the State possesses certain bonds from which no profit is yielded, but which, by the zeal, activity and united exertions of the Trustees of the University, might be rendered productive," &c.

The gift of confiscated property was of this nature. The Trustees had collected a handsome sum from debts due Henry Eustice McCulloch, the agent of Lord Granville, for lands sold by him previous to the Revolution; when, behold, our Conference Court, then the supreme tribunal, decided that they could not be taken from McCulloch, and the University was forced by the Legislature to disgorge—the solitary instance, in my knowledge, of a corporation performing, by compulsion, or otherwise, an act so disagreeable and "contrary to nature."

OTHER COLLEGES.

Earlham College.—It seems that the students at Earlham College, having become enamoured of archery, engage in amateur warfare. Two associations have been formed for the purpose, the gentlemen comprising the "Locksley Archery Club," and the ladies comprising "The Olympian." We think before this game is ended, the gentlemen will either be wounded by the cupidian shafts of their fair antagonists, or be compelled to exchange their bows for shields.

University of Virginia.—The number of students at the University of Virginia, up to the present time, 335. Mr. W. W. Corcoran has presented the University with $50,000, in Virginia bonds, for the purpose of endowing a chair of Natural History in the Brooks Museum. A Professor for this department will be elected in February. Mr. Leander J. McCormick offers his fifty thousand dollar telescope to the University, on condition that the friends of the University shall raise sixty thousand dollars to build the Observatory and endow the observer's chair.

Princeton.—Mr. T. W. Wilson, a North Carolinian, obtained the prize for the best essay at Princeton last year. The College has ten well-endowed fellowships. Prof. Guyot has resigned, in order to devote the remainder of his life to the pursuit of scientific studies. The College is in its 133d year. She has at present 520 students, and the Freshman class numbers 100.

Cornell.—Prof. Godwin Smith delivered six lectures on English Constitutional History before the students. The University will compete with Harvard for the honor of going to England, as the champion of American Universities in boating.

HARVARD.—The University received a bequest of $352,000 during 1877–'78. There are two hundred and thirty-three Freshmen in attendance. The Library contains 228,000 volumes.

YALE.—Yale has 210 members in the Freshman class. Any Sophomore caught hazing a Freshman is dropped into the Freshman class regardless of previous standing. The Library has received a gift of 1,300 volumes in Chinese from Alumnus Yung Wing. The College received a bequest of $175,000 during the past year.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Mrs. Bloomfield Moore has given ten thousand dollars to the University, as a memorial of her late husband, to be called the "Bloomfield Moore Fund." The fund is to be applied to the education of a number of ladies, not exceeding six, who propose to become teachers. Ten members of the Junior class have elected Mathematics. Prof. Lesley has recently returned from Europe. While there he received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of Dublin.

PERSONALS.

Julian Meredith Baker, '77, is studying medicine in Baltimore. Success is sure to crown the efforts of one of his ability and perseverance.

Thaddeus Batts Barlow was cut out for a musician. Those who knew him as Mr. Barlow of the Fiddle, are now introduced to him as foremost in the Tarboro Brass Band.

David Bell, '80, ex-Representative of the Philanthropic Society, is with us again, contrary to his expectations. Welcome back, Dave! Bang!

James Hicks Faison, A. B., '78, intends going into the drug business in Goldsboro. May he be as great a success among vials and pill-boxes as he is among the ladies.

Bennett Franklin Hester, '80, feeds in the quiet pastures around Oxford.

Isham F. Hill, '79, who was called away from us some time since, has returned. The rest and quiet of home have caused his eyes to recover entirely.

"Gen. George Washington" Means, having "done up" Bingham's, University, and Poughkeepsie, enjoys, at present, the pleasant vicissitudes of a Commercial Tourist's life. The General *Means* business.

Capt. John E. Dugger, A. B., '57, is Principal of the Graded School at Raleigh.

F. M. Johnson, A. B., '58, is engaged in merchandising at Farmington, Davie county, N. C. He represents his county in the present Legislature.

C. F. Dowd, A. B., '60, is a physician and farmer at Apex, Wake county, N. C.

Capt. Fred. Phillips is a successful lawyer at Tarboro, N. C.

Thomas M. Norwood, '60, is President and founder of a Texas University.

H. W. Faison, '41, is located at Faison's Depot, N. C. He is a practising physician, and enjoys a fine reputation among the medical fraternity.

The cold and piercing winds of winter have caused the "Bird" to fly to the more genial climate of Eastern Carolina. The third floor, Old East, no longer rings with his cheerful lays, and his owners now wear crape. Shoo!

For two weeks they dwelt upon the banks of the Eno, under the reign of "*Annáchy.*" They have at length returned, and are under the treatment of Phisic(s).

Andrew Jackson Smith, '78, is in the revenue department at Wilmington, N. C.

The "*Mayn*" source of knowledge lies in *Books.*

James S. Southgate, '80, that indefatigable wooer of the Muses, and, as a consequence, of tangible objects belonging to the feminine order, is engaged in the very unpoetical occupation of running up "figgers" in a bank at Raleigh. We also understand he is rubbing down his shanks, preparing to walk against Weston.

George McCorkle, A. B., '78, is studying law at his home, in Newton, Catawba county, N. C.

J. H. Dobson, '78, is studying law at Dick & Dillard's Law School, Greensboro, N. C.

Charles Wilcher Gallaway, B. S., '78, a member of the editorial staff just preceding us, is studying law at his home, in Mt. Airy, N. C. It is said that he accompanieth his legal lucubrations by some weird air, which, ever and anon, stimulateth his energy to greater exertion.

Nathaniel Hawthorne Street, B. S., '78, the man who never failed to enchant us with his violincello, is studying Physic at Newberne.

John Henry Dillard, '81, who returned this session, betook himself homeward rather suddenly. We understand that "Jacky" intends realizing the bliss of a marriage state early.

Duncan. M. Williams, '79, resides in Wilmington, N. C.

Some of our friends, including the various newspapers, have criticised us for having a department of Personals after the above style. This department is intended to interest the students at the University alone, since they only are acquainted with every allusion and nick-name used. No student ever enters College, and remains any length of time, without revealing some trait of character which invariably calls forth a nick-name from his fellow-students. These nick-names are mutually understood, and generally imply a bit of humor, to which the victim never objects. In recalling to the memory of the students those who have left us, the nick-name being the most familiar, immediately causes recognition.

EXCHANGES.

—In reading Mr. G. W. Moon's criticism on "A Plea for the Queen's English," we had almost come to the conclusion that one man, at least, was perfectly at home in that unenviable department of literature; but, upon reading further, now and then our attention was attracted by some sarcastic expression, or hypocritical allusion, which almost caused us to retract our opinion. The criticisms indulged in by college monthlies never fail to savor sufficiently of this unpalatable ingredient; but, of course, rival college periodicals are excusable for any method which they may adopt for elevating their own institutions. Therefore, if, in our zeal to sustain this most pleasant (?) part of our MAGAZINE, we fall into the sloughs which critics greater than ourselves have never been able to avoid, we crave pardon, and will not grumble at retaliation.

—The *Cornell Review* for November does not possess quite so interesting an interior as the October number. The contributions are not such as will attract much attention, but the Scientific Department is a good indication of the thorough text-book training in vogue at Cornell. This is a feature which has not hitherto been introduced in many of our contemporary college periodicals. We think it offers a most agreeable recreation from the usually stale and dull papers upon other subjects, neither didactic nor entertaining. Cornell sends two representatives to the I. C. L. A., Mr. Hathaway, to compete in Mathematics, and Mr. Haight, in Greek. So far, Cornell has come off victorious, to a large extent, and strongly advocates its continuance, while Princeton, not having been so successful, of course, thinks it a failure. It has occurred to us, for some time past, that Princeton needed a short sermon on "Envy."

—The *Virginia University Magazine* still continues to preserve its reputation as a college monthly. The articles are distinguished by a manly style, and prove that the contributors have long since donned the *toga-virites* of essay-writing. We are happy to learn that one of our North Carolinians, Mr. B. F. Long, acquitted himself so well at their Commencement. The exchange editor, after distributing his commendation and abuse promiscuously, anxiously attempts to soothe the victims of his "slashing" propensity in the following manner: "Whatever may have been the unfavorable words we have uttered regarding our college pieces, in our criticisms of our exchanges, we must remember that we must look beyond this, and know that, beyond the petty sayings of, perhaps, ill-informed editors, there exists, ever, among the colleges of America, a community of purpose that binds us into one whole." We fully accord in these sentiments, but not in the English.

—The *Earlhamite* is a new exchange, to us, at least. We know nothing of the *Earlhamite's* previous career, but the present number appears to be a college newspaper, in a magazine form. It reminds us of what Lord Byron, in criticising the poet Brackett, said of crabs found in the heart of a rock—

> "The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
> But wonder how the devil it got there!"

We think the lines entitled, "Leaves" are rather sickly, and would recommend more physical and less mental exercise for the author. The *Earlhamite's* "Facts and Figures" are miscellaneous and well stated. The other articles possess indifferent merit.

—The *Southern Collegian* surprised us this month. We looked forward for some time to the arrival of the paper, which we thought rather deteriorating to the reputation of the University, but were not prepared for a magazine of 64 pages. This is certainly a sudden flash for the "Wash. and Lee," but we hope it may not flash out. That paper entitled "A visit to James Russell Lowell," beset our fancy at once, and we dived into it, expecting the very thing which greeted us—a fine piece, evidently the product of a ripe mind—probably a contribution from a Professor. The articles entitled "The Trials and Triumphs of the Youthful Spirit" and "The March of Civilization," are too trite and commonplace to be put in a magazine containing such meritorious productions as the piece mentioned above, Buddha, &c. The article entitled "Rambles" is well supplied with adjectives, but lacks originality. On the whole we think this number quite a success, and hope the coming issues may equal it.

—*The Nassau Lit.* for November contains, as usual, a number of light, gracefully written articles. We must give our friend, the *Lit.*, the opinion of a Freshman upon its appearance, which we

think rather uncomplimentary to both. He entered, and, after staring vacantly about the room, as Freshmen *will* do, picked up the "*Lit.*" and our own MAGAZINE. We continued our lucubrations, not noticing him, when suddenly he blurted out "Hum! our catalogue's (?) better'n their'n." We immediately grasped him by the hand and exclaimed, "Thou art the man!" We really do not think the *Lit.* should arrogate so much importance to itself. It compliments *The Cornell Review* very highly on being such a successful plagiarist.

—*The Pennsylvania University Magazine* disappointed us this time. We consider it a very good newspaper, but would suggest that the term magazine is rather a misnomer. The following verse of poetry, clipped from it, is a good illustration of the extravagance of youthful imagination:

> " O heart, with mighty, moving ebbs and flows!
> O eyes, *far deeper than a forest well!*
> O lips, far redder than the richest rose!
> O sweet voice, *throbbing like a far-off bell!*
> Farewell, farewell!"

The editorials in the *Magazine* are spirited, pointed and racy. The news is gleaned from all sources, and comprises the most pleasant portion of the monthly.

—In addition to the above we acknowledge the receipt of the following State papers, all of which are firm and lucid exponents of popular sentiment, and should be warmly patronized, viz: *Wilmington Star*, *Charlotte Democrat*, *Tarboro Southerner*, *Goldsboro Mail*, *Greensboro Patriot*, and Durham *Tobacco Plant*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. S. BARNES & Co —This well-known firm should be patronized by every North Carolinian, who desires to purchase text-books. They have furnished the Normal School with many books gratuitously, and have evinced a most generous spirit in the cause of education. Their monthly *Magazine* for teachers should be in the hands of every one. It is excellent. Terms only $1.50 per annum. R. L. DeLea, of Richmond, that genial and warm-hearted gentleman, is their agent.

E. J. HALE & SON.—Every North Carolinian either knows or has heard of Mr. Hale, and we need only to mention the fact that he can furnish all the standard literary works at low prices. Patronize him.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,
PHILANTHROPIC HALL, Nov. 30, 1878.

In the city of Raleigh, on Wednesday, November 27th, 1878, Hon. BARTHOLOMEW F. MOORE departed this life. His death was not unexpected. Gradually had his giant frame, weakened by a long life of patient toil and study, succumbed to the ravages of age, for he had long since passed beyond his three score years and ten. His death was gentle. The silver chord of life was gently untied by the hand of age. The orphaned bar of his native State laments its departed Father. In the callings of life, civic and domestic, Mr. MOORE was an ornament to the State.

Resolved, That so great a loss as the death of Hon. B. F. MOORE, deserves, and should receive of the people of the State in convention, a befitting and appropriate recognition.

Resolved, That the sad announcement of his death is received, by the Philanthropic Society, in the deepest sorrow and profound regret, and that in his death the State of North Carolina has lost a citizen and patriot, the Society a member, a friend and a benefactor.

Resolved, That his portrait be draped in mourning, and that these resolutions be published in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and the daily papers in Raleigh, and that a copy be conveyed to his family, with whom we mourn and sympathize in the sad hour of their bereavement.

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